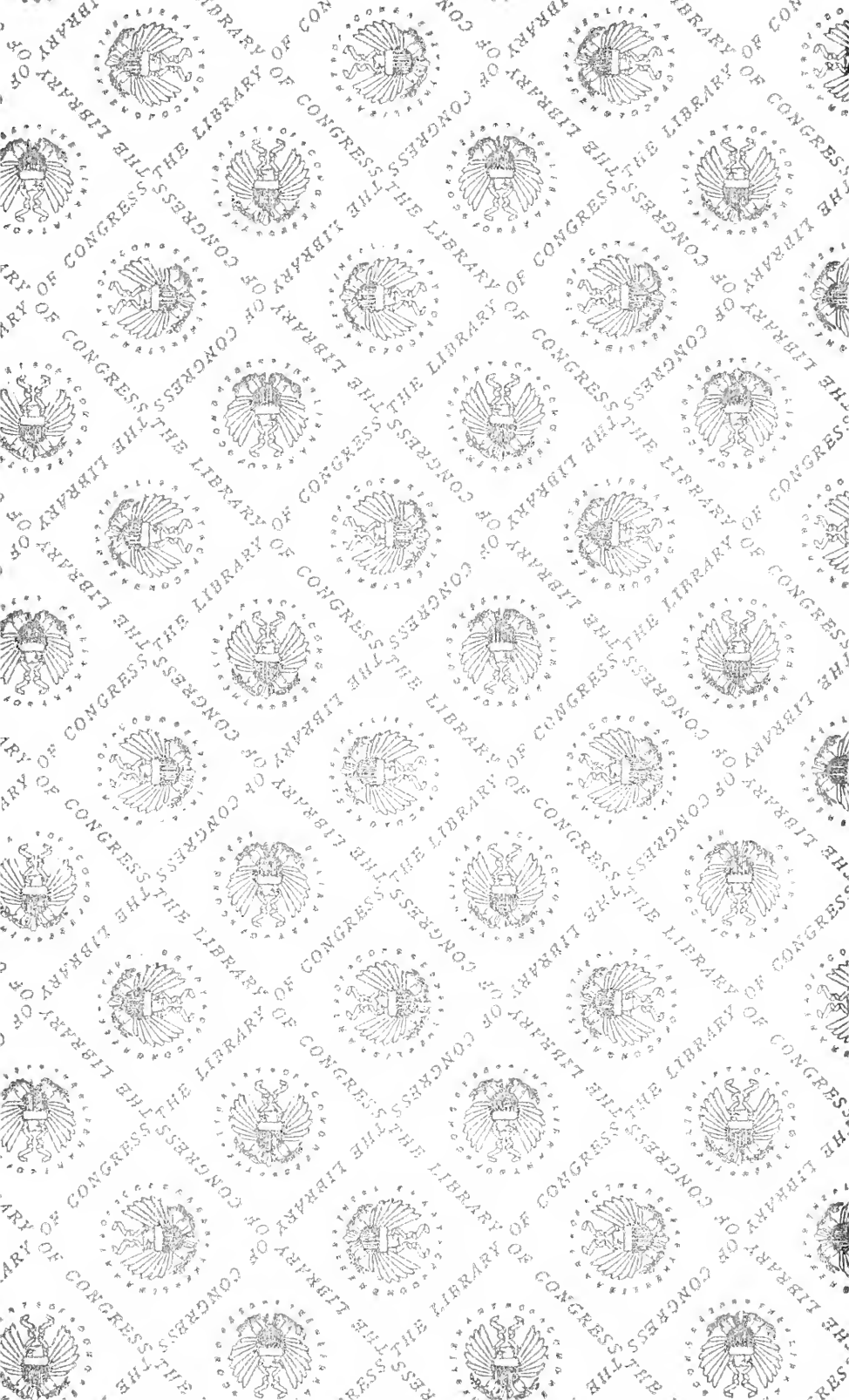
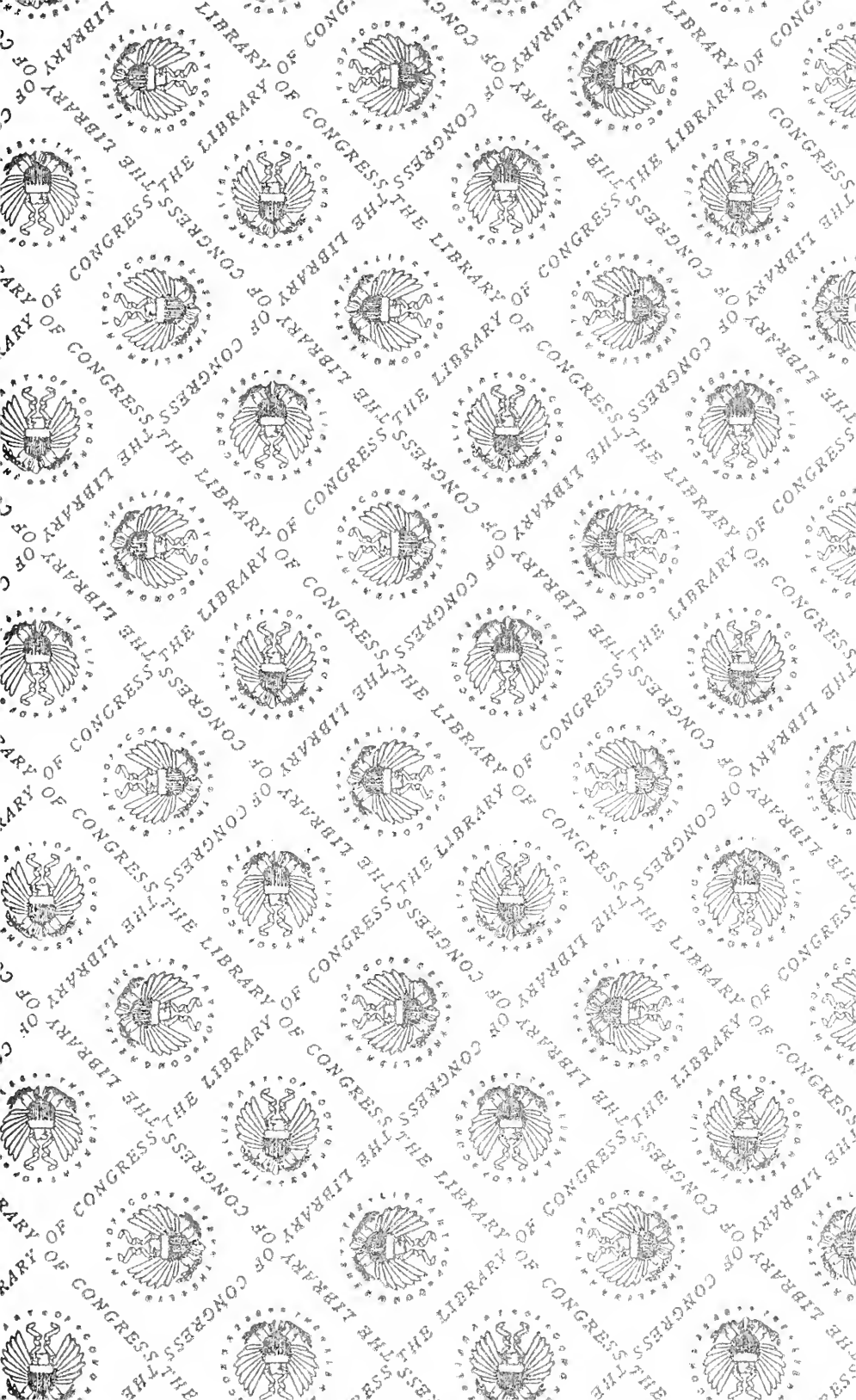


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LETTERS OF CASPAR HENRY BURTON, JR.





*Casper Henry Burton, Jr.,
4th Kings (Liverpool) Regt.*

Letters of
CASPAR HENRY BURTON, J^R.

Edited by his brother
SPENCE BURTON, S.S.J.E.



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TO
OUR PARENTS

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I
HOME
1887-1905

LETTERS OF CASPAR HENRY BURTON, JR.

I

EARLY CHILDHOOD

CASPAR HENRY BURTON, JR., was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on July 11, 1887, and at once began to make friends. That was his chief occupation throughout his life. Never was a life-work more unconsciously undertaken, more consistently pursued, or more successfully accomplished. He did it intuitively, inevitably, automatically; therefore he had no idea that he had an occupation, and so in the latter years of his life he habitually thought of himself as a failure. Because I believe in the Communion of Saints I am confident that he is going on gladdening his friends, old and new. "These are they who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." "I call you no longer servants, but friends." Caspar will be glad to learn that life in eternity is on the basis he understood in time. He will enjoy the friendship of Him who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Caspar's talent for making friends began, I suspect, before his birth. His mother and he were already good friends by the time he consented to take up an existence separate from hers. They never got much farther apart than that. He did not look like her, he did not seem like her, but he did inherit from her a restless, roving spirit, a

quick wit, a keen interest in people, his talent for friendship, and a superlative ability for *abandon*, for "going the limit," for throwing himself overboard, for losing his life to save it. Whatever interested Caspar, in that Mother developed an absorbing interest, and when his interests changed, hers changed with his. This she did not only with Caspar, but also with Father and me. One result was, as a shrewd physician remarked, "She is on the verge of nervous prostration from trying to keep step with three grown men all with different gaits." But as Caspar replied, "She is too busy to prostrate." She kept up with him always. They never seemed to exhaust the interests they had in common. They never got talked out. I doubt if there were any limits to the subjects they discussed, but I recall to mind mostly talks about plans, people, books and religion.

Father and he were each other's "best friend." I doubt if a father and a son have ever been more intimate than they were throughout the thirty-two years of Caspar's life. He bore his father's name. Caspar sometimes thought that was rather a mistake, especially when Father unintentionally opened some of his bills! Save for that slight inconvenience (to them both) there was nothing to be said against Caspar being Caspar Henry Burton, Jr. He was that in every sense of the word. He looked like his father, and when he was little they seemed temperamentally alike. It was later that extravagant and volcanic characteristics, Spence and MacLeod family traits, began to develop in Caspar. They were all in Mother, but she had never had a good chance to let them loose, for at eighteen she had preferred to marry a Burton. That means staying put. Not being married to a Burton, but merely being partly one, Caspar did not "stay put." His letters tell that

story. When he was born, however, he was a baby edition of his father. He developed the same even temper, friendly smile, gentle voice and comfortable ways that put him in a position like his father's — above correction. No doubt that was a comfortable position for him, but it meant difficulties for those who tried to bring him up. I have an idea that Father did not need much "bringing up." I knew too well his mother's adoring love for him and her tact in dealing with us all to imagine that she had many "scenes" with her son. Also I remember a stock phrase with her servants, "I wouldn't like to bother Mr. Harry." That system of "natural development" worked well with Caspar Henry Burton, but Caspar Henry Burton, Jr., seemed to his brother to need other methods. He did not so much need bringing up as bringing down, off that comfortable plane above correction where his amiability placed him. Certainly his father never made any attempts (visible to the naked eye of an older brother) to bring him up or to bring him down. They were too good friends for any such unpleasant relationship. Nothing altered that. No matter what Caspar did throughout his life, they always remained "chums." They played endless games together, from "This Little Pig" in his cradle to bridge on his death-bed. Caspar grew up playing games with Dad; and when they were not playing golf, billiards or cards together, they were riding, shooting, fishing or talking baseball, golf or the woods. They liked to do the same things and to talk about them. Also they enjoyed just being together without saying anything. At home they were happy if they read together in the same room. In the woods, where they both preferred to be, they often spent hours together on the trail or in a canoe with very few words passing between them. They did not need to express their love in words; in

fact they were both shy about doing so. I doubt if Father said anything when he first held his infant namesake in his arms. It was fitting that, during the last three hours of Caspar's life on earth, while his heart pounded itself to pieces like a ship on the rocks, he should have been almost silent in his father's arms. In their silent love for one another, culminating in that long embrace of dying, there is an echo from Calvary, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

For me Caspar was, from the very first, a lightning rod to attract my persistent passion for planning. He never seemed to mind being struck by my bolts. My plans hit him, found a perfect conductor, and were dispersed into the earth without having burnt up the house or killing any one in it. That he seldom adopted my plans for him only gave me the fun of making new ones. My imagination devised countless dramatic scenes with him. Of all things he abhorred a scene and consequently avoided those I had planned. He did that even in his birth. For months I had been planning for my brother or sister. I was especially engrossed in the lining of the mahogany cradle, which had been bought for Father, with tufts of pink silk. I was only five years old then, but I had it all arranged in my own mind how I myself should lay *the* Baby on that pink silk. I had a little scene all planned. The Baby fooled me then, and always. My Grandmother Burton took me off that hot July morning to my uncle's place to play. Imagine my surprise to have a little girl from next door tell me, "You have a baby brother at your house." Surprise, annoyance, delight, all began at once and never subsided. For thirty-two years Caspar was always surprising me. Sometimes the surprises were pleasant, sometimes not; but life was never dull. Just as I knew he was going to be

born, but was surprised by the event; so, as I travelled westward on the Eve of the Annunciation, 1920, knowing that he was dying, I was surprised by the telegram that told me he was dead. A neighbor announced the former to me and a Western Union messenger handed me the news of the latter. During the years in between he provided me with a succession of surprises, annoyances and delights. Now it seems as if the orchestra had stopped and the lights had been turned out — an empty theatre. I have the sensation of longing to see the same performance all over again, comic and tragic parts alike. That play is not to be given again; but I continue to plan for to-morrow, when the curtain will rise, with him in a much better rôle.

Soon after his birth he began to make friends with me, or at least I liked to think so as he would grip one of my fingers. From that time on he stuck pretty close to me as to a friend, but never as to an older brother who had any authority over him. If I tried to manage him in any way he would simply howl. This was purely protest, not anger or pain, but he certainly could protest longer without stopping for breath than any child I have ever seen (or heard). I used to be ashamed of that, for I soon began to develop the now confirmed habit of boasting of my brother. That was due partly to admiration and partly to conceit. I felt that he was really part of me. So by bragging about him I was indirectly boasting about myself. So when he howled I felt ashamed for myself and blushed all up and down my back. This shame I felt acutely when he was baptized. I had boasted broadcast in the Sunday School of my brother. The christening took place at a Children's Service at Grace Church, Avondale. There I stood by the font, before all the other children, while Caspar yelled continuously. Not even our most highly paid soprano ever made as

much noise in that church as Caspar did the day he was baptized. He developed other methods of protesting, but he always found "renouncing the devil and all his works" painful. Not doing things, what he called "negative virtues," cramped his style and he had little use for them. With my plans in that direction he would have little or nothing to do. As he grew older he devised a method of protest, pleasanter for himself than that of crying, but rather more annoying to me — merely leaving with a friendly smile, but with no ear for me to talk into. He just hung up the receiver!

With my plans for doing things, "positive virtues" in his mind, he would from the first have a lot to do. If I proposed any kind of adventure, in the way of a game, a risk, or in fact any form of generosity, he would always go me one better. For instance, I proposed that he go to Newfoundland for a few months, and he stayed three years. When I saw he was determined to get into the War I hustled to have an ambulance job ready for him by the time the ice broke in the summer of 1915 and he could get away from The Labrador. He "stuck" my non-combatant job only three months and enlisted as a Tommy in infantry.

I seem to have forgotten that I entitled this section "Early Childhood," but it is impossible to make Caspar "stay put" in time or space. He made fun of Victorian biographies that began with the weather on the day of the hero's birth and proceeded with the characteristics of ancestors, the cunning sayings and cute tricks of the hero's childhood. He never had tried to write even a memoir of some one he loved.

As I said, he began making friends at his birth. I have tried to sketch the various characteristics of his friendships

with Mother, Father and me. We formed the inner circle of friends waiting for him, but we were not alone. His two grandmothers were there to surround him with love and to vie with us in spoiling the jolly baby and the amusing little boy.

He was born in Grandmother Burton's house, where Father and I were born before him, and there he died. It was always home. For a few years we lived in a rented house around the corner, and there Grandmother Spence lived with us a large part of every year. When she loved, she loved extravagantly. She believed you could not do enough for any one you loved. It was with such a love she loved Caspar. He did not care to be read to very much, as I did, so he was not as much with her as I was. He usually played in the back yard just outside her window. She was usually in her room, reading, writing and praying. On her desk she kept a bottle of Pond's Extract and soft bandages. These were in almost daily use. One minute Caspar would startle her by shouting to her from the branch of a tree just opposite her window. The next minute there would be a howl and Grandma rushing downstairs and out into the yard to pick up Caspar and apply the Pond's Extract and bandages. How he ever lived thirty-two years I can't imagine! It was inevitable that he should be killed rather than die of disease. He habitually attempted things beyond the powers of his little body. It could not do the things his spirit demanded of it. If he were climbing a tree he usually climbed too high or tried to swing to a branch too far away. We built houses, platforms in the trees, and lived in them like monkeys. I was almost six years older than he, and so with a longer reach. Besides I did not take chances. He did. If I fell it was usually into a sand-pile or a flower-bed. He usually hit cracked rock or barbed wire.

It is not mere chance that, while we are both in the thirties, I am fat and comfortable and he is dead of his wounds. He had plenty of them before his faithful "first aid," his Grandmother Spence, died. He was six years old then.

The first three or four years of his life we lived at the old house with Grandmother Burton. There he had plenty of boys and young men to play with him. Her other grandsons, Bob, "Little Harry," and Clarence Burton, lived there then, for their mother had to live in Colorado for her health, and their father, our Uncle Steve, travelled back and forth. We all loved "the kid" and enjoyed playing with him, both because he was so jolly and because he didn't want to be babied, and never tattled. I think that, all his earliest fun being with boys and men, he acquired his lifelong habit of always turning to boys and men for his fun.

Grandmother Burton adored him as a miniature replica of her "faultless" son. He presented no problems to her mind, for wasn't he exactly like his father? He didn't often give her a chance to read to him, and her amusements were too mild to ensnare him. Driving to town in the coupé or to the park in the landau seemed to him time wasted from the real occupation of life, play. They were, however, good friends. I don't believe there was ever a day, even after we moved to "the little house," that he didn't run in to see his Grandmother Burton. She never found fault with him, and there was usually a stick of peppermint candy as a bonus.

His devoted friends and playmates were the servants. Nursemaids were no terror to him. He could cajole them into letting him do anything. His usual method was to do it first and then escape punishment by pure charm. I remember when Mother was trying to scold him once, when

he was just a baby, he patted her hair, saying, "Money got pretty hair." How could one correct a child like that? I think I am the only person who ever spanked him. The result was not satisfactory — for either of us.

The servants frankly made no effort to correct him. He was something to be enjoyed like sunshine. No wonder, then, that he enjoyed being with them.

Mother, by a stroke of genius, had Ben, a shiftless, loyal, colored choreman, look after Caspar. Ben originally did chores for all the neighbors. He was like "Genesis" in "Seventeen." Gradually Mother appropriated him, body and soul. I suppose he had other duties than tending to the furnace, cutting the grass, and doing the heavy housecleaning. Caspar never suspected that Ben was his nurse. He used to beg Ben to get through his work and "come play." Ben was too clever to let Caspar know that taking care of him was his real job. To Caspar's entreaties Ben's soft voice would reply, "You, Cattie, go'n play with Spencey. I got clean yo' Ma's pretties." That meant all morning cleaning the drawing-room, and Caspar and I putting up with each other as second best. Ben even went away with us summers to the seashore. Immediately all the boys wanted to play with us. He was a genial and resourceful human. As Caspar never suspected that Ben's work was to take care of him, so I never suspected that Ben was to take care of me also. By the time Caspar and I woke up to this fact we were old enough to admire Mother all the more for her cleverness. Besides, Ben had given us a better time than any boys without a Ben had had.

I used to have fits of righteous indignation over the way Ben (and everybody else) was "spoiling" Caspar. One thing I objected to especially was the way Ben would undress him. Caspar would pitch himself on the bed and carry

on an animated conversation with Ben, while Ben took first one garment and then another off him. Caspar remained supine. Ben would even hold him up on one hand while he slipped off Caspar's breeches and drawers. He probably dressed Caspar the same way; I can't remember. Certainly Caspar always wore his clothes, especially his hat, in Ben's slouchy, darky way until the British Army got hold of him and made him a "smart" officer. He walked like Ben, too, not bothering to lift up his heels. Yet there was a jauntiness about him, even in his slouchiness, that gave him more charm than he would have had had he taken the trouble to put all the pieces of the same suit of clothes on at the same time.

It was Ben also who fixed on him his nickname, "Cap." I believe "Cappie" was originally Caspar's baby attempt to say "Caspar." This was contracted by Ben to "Cap." "Cap" he remained to us all.

Ben's death, when Caspar was still a small boy, was his first real sorrow. He loved Ben as his chum. Of course the boys in the neighborhood were his friends and companions, but not in the way Ben was. Caspar wept bitterly, but he had no time for protracted mourning. Besides, he loved all the other servants, especially Tom, the Irish coachman; Emily, who has been everything and everybody in our family; Tillie, Grandma Spence's maid; and Mary Kelly, Grandma Burton's maid. They were all in our family when Caspar was born and they were all still with us at his burial. Their love of Caspar was as real as his parents' love of him, and he gave them all his love. They are loving and beloved members of our family. Caspar always thought of them and treated them as such. They were always numbered amongst his best friends and they knew it. Each of them, in different ways, took care of him during the months

of his dying and loved an excuse to go into his room. They didn't need one, for Caspar counted on seeing each of them every day, from Tom's early visit to make up the fire to Tillie's last visit at night with a pitcher of ice water. In case Emily, whose work was downstairs, didn't appear for a few hours, Caspar would ask with a tone of annoyance, "Where is Emily? What does she do with herself?"

When Mother would send for her Caspar would greet her with, "Hello, Em! Where have you been keeping yourself?" Then they would talk like old cronies or hardly say anything to each other, like the lifelong friends they were.

All four months he was in bed Tillie hardly left the stairs outside his door. There she sat hoping there was something she could do for him. He used to say, "Tillie is on permanent guard duty."

I remember once, when he thought he had grown up, hearing his voice in the bathroom, saying to the laundress, who had gone in to get soiled towels, "Get out of here. I'm taking a bath." "Law, me, Cattie, you ain't no treat to me," came the soft reply. After that I don't think Caspar ever tried to be "grown up" with the old servants.

As new servants came he made friends with all of them and won their love and devotion. Margaret, the cook, who was part of the family by the time he went to college, considered my persistent opinion that Caspar had no palate a challenge. To the end of his life she never relaxed her devoted efforts to "feed him up." She fought physicians and nurses alike to be allowed to cook him food he could and would eat. She and all the servants would do anything for him. He asked them to do almost nothing for him and always thanked them as he would have thanked a friend.

He did all this instinctively, but he had a theory on the subject also. He gauged the breeding and the manners of

people by the way they treated servants. It was his acid test as to whether a man were a gentleman. Shortly before he died he was speaking to me of a rather elegant young man whom we both liked. I remember his ending the conversation with, "You think he's a gentleman until you hear him speak to a servant. Wow! If you want to like him, don't hear him speak to his chauffeur."

With the servants, with the family, with all his friends he was frank. He was never successful as a deceiver. When he tried he failed ludicrously. One summer evening, when he was hardly more than a baby, he conceived a great desire to trip me up. I don't know what I was doing that annoyed him, probably "steps" in a dance of some imaginary play I was rehearsing — a form of amusement with me that he always thought silly. In any case he kept crawling after me on the lawn and grabbing my ankles. With a kick I rolled him over. Wails and howls! When Mother picked him up with, "What's the matter, Darling?" she was told, between sobs, "Spence Burton kicked me." Then came my turn to explain. "But why were you tripping Spence up?" Mother asked. "I wasn't tripping him up. I was just seeing how his shoe-strings were tied."

Caspar was never more clever at deceit than that, and soon gave it up, even as a defensive weapon. One result was an habitual lack of effort to conceal his faults or his failures. As he grew to manhood he developed a genius for putting his worst foot foremost. Certainly his left hand never knew the good that his right hand did. That was glorious, but it was annoying that the general public should know whatever evil either of his hands did. He was willing to have it so.

Another result of his frankness, of his neglect and abhorrence of deceit was his readiness to confess. He wrote

almost unbelievable confessions to his father, his mother and his brother. He seemed to have a passion for letting us know of what he considered his worst failures. Value them? Of course we did, almost more than any other token of his confidence and love. Naturally we have omitted from this volume all such letters.

I must quote, however, from one of these self-abasing letters he wrote to me. It reveals more clearly than I could describe his complete freedom from deceit and conceit: "I will not play the regular game of saying that I try, but lose out. I try sometimes; then I win. This principle doesn't apply to all sin. A man can't become perfect by trying. Something I believe can be accomplished; but if a man could kill selfishness first he could then gather in as many little sins as he wanted to, but even then his friends could tell him of a lot."

How did he look as a little child? I thought him beautiful. I believe every one thought he was handsome, for I remember how proud I used to be when people on the street would stare at him and whisper, "Look at that child's hair." It was glorious. A tangle of little yellow curls, like an aureole of sunshine. It was charming in itself and it had the added beauty-value of hiding his worst feature, his ears. They stuck out wing and wing, even worse than mine. He always joked about them. When in college he became the founder and president of what he called "The Spinnaker Club." For membership only men could qualify whose ears fitted them to "sail before the wind."

In looking at Caspar, either as child, boy or man, the feature one always noticed was his brown eyes. They revealed him. They danced with fun, glowed with friendliness, and, in repose, reflected his thoughts.

II

SCHOOL

CASPAR's curls were cut off for him to go to school. He was five then, and it was not really school, only a kindergarten. Fortunately that lasted only a year. He knew it was not real work, and so did no work at all. As play he thought it was silly. He could devise much more amusing games at home. Its only advantage in his eyes was that there were more human beings there than in our immediate neighborhood with whom he could make friends.

The next year, when he was six, he went to the Avondale Public School. There he found hundreds of potential new friends and busied himself making real friends of them. He had not a snobbish instinct or thought then or ever. He was not aware of class lines. To him they were like the equator and parallels of latitude; they were invisible lines, even if they encircled the earth. People were just people to Caspar, and, at the age of six, all of them creatures to be liked. He treated them all just the same, as later in the Army he treated both his C.O. and his orderly just the same, as his friends.

Recess was the part of school he liked. Then he could play with his friends without the annoyance of lessons and discipline.

Lessons did not bother him much. He was quick-witted, and so had no trouble in learning and reciting his lessons. They were just another stupid thing that grown-ups insisted must be done. He did not connect them with life. He just endured them, and "got by" with as little inconvenience to himself as possible. That attitude of mind to-



Girl aged Three Years

ward his lessons persisted. He never thought them worth while in themselves until he went to Harvard. Professor Barrett Wendell was, I believe, the first teacher he ever had who made him appreciate that "lessons" as well as play could be fun. Such an esoteric conception never dawned on him at the Avondale Public School.

If his lessons did not bother him, school discipline certainly did. After he had recited he settled down to fooling while the other children recited. As the classes were large, and as he did not have to study hard to keep up, he had three years, in that school, of almost continual fooling. Consequently punishments were frequent, almost habitual. He took them as part of the game and bore no malice. Even the teachers, who had to try to keep him in order and who had to punish him, loved him. Three of them, who are still teaching there, remember him with affection and smiles, and are now proud to have been his teachers. They, with the present Principal of the Avondale School, arranged a memorial service and planted a tree in his memory on Arbor Day, shortly after his death. Hundreds of pupils in the school took part in this service and planted an oak in his memory. I like the words of their program: "We have gathered together to-day to do honor to the memory of Caspar Henry Burton, Jr., who gave his life for his ideals in the cause of honor and patriotism."

Caspar was wasting his time at the Avondale Public School. The classes were too large for him to receive as much individual attention as he needed. So, when he was nine years old, he was sent to the private school where I was, Franklin School. I was then doing High School work there preparing for Harvard. Caspar went into the Lower School, for the little boys. I enjoyed having him there. We usually went to school together in the morning, and at re-

cess I was always proud to see how popular he was with "the kids," and how the older boys took to him because he was such "a plucky little devil."

Even there, with small classes and much individual attention, Caspar did not bother to do any more than just get his lessons. Play was life. Saturday was the real day in the week. When it came he always ran from his bed to Mother's room. When he had got into bed with her he would say, "Please help me decide which plan is more fun for to-day. I have so many things I want to do."

That was entirely characteristic of him throughout his life — "so many things I want to do" — boundless energy and enthusiasm, but yet an inability to come to a decision. He was like a car with a powerful motor and a defective steering-gear.

The last letter he ever wrote tells this same story, with its unwritten appeal to his mother to help him decide.

He had no difficulty in deciding to escape routine and discipline if he could, and put in their place adventure and fun. This instinct led to the cause of his first letter. It was dictated to Mother. This is her account of it:

"One morning when he was ten years old, he walked into my sitting-room, looking very white and said, 'Mom, I have been sent away from school and can't go back until you write a note explaining why I wasn't at school for three days.'

"I said, 'But, Darling, where were you?'

"'You see, Mom, there was a circus near the school and I played hookey and drove the monkey-wagon in the parade. I had bad luck the last day for Mr. White¹ saw me.'

"You may imagine my surprise! I said, 'What can I write?'

¹ Mr. White and Mr. Sykes were the principals of the school.

"Caspar's face brightened up and he said, 'I've thought of that. Say, "Dear Mr. Sykes, Caspar played hookey for three days and drove the monkey-wagon at the circus. He had a splendid time and is now ready to take his punishment."' I signed my name and added, 'Dictated by Caspar.' He was kept in for an hour every day for the rest of the term and was quite happy about it."

That letter sums up Caspar's school-days. It also reveals lifelong characteristics.

The routine and the discipline of school were irksome to him. He never saw the point of them, in school or afterwards. Routine was dull and discipline was damnable. They were to be endured only until a way of escape were open to him. The circus provided just the excuse he wanted. Here was an adventure splendid enough and fun keen enough for his nature. Who could choose grammar and arithmetic when a circus parade and a monkey-wagon were within reach? I am certain he had not a moment of doubt or a qualm of conscience. Thank God he saw life in its true proportions.

How he got the job of driving the monkey-wagon I have forgotten, but I can guess that before the first parade he had made friends with the circus drivers and managers, had proved to them that he could drive six ponies, and that his tiny body, in a scarlet coat and brass buttons, was just what they needed on the gilt seat of that gaily painted van.

He could do anything with animals. He made them his friends, and, like his human friends, they would do anything for him. He began to ride, as I did, before he could remember it, on the front of Dad's saddle. He was usually to be found in the stable, with Tom and the horses. An old pony, Betsy, seemed determined to live on until every Burton boy had learned to ride. She had been bought for

Father when he was a boy. By the time Caspar came along she was a fat old lady, of mythical age, and "sot in her ways." No one could manage her, but any of us could climb up onto her, go where she wanted to go, roll off when she wished us to, and exhaust ourselves trying to make her gallop. She would do this only when headed for home, "homeing," as we called it. Then she gave us the sensation of riding a two-year-old to victory. Caspar soon graduated from Betsy to my pony, Franchette, and soon he had a little chestnut of his own, whom he named Ben. No one horse could keep pace with his spirits. At the Riding Club he rode a string of horses almost every day. He rode so well and was so light that members of the Club asked to have him exercise their horses. M. Léon de Gisbert, the riding-master, became like a second father to Caspar. He and Madame de Gisbert made Caspar feel that their home was his. Certainly he treated it as such. He almost lived there. M. de Gisbert, a retired French cavalry officer, really taught him to ride. He taught him also all the French that Caspar would take the trouble to learn. I don't think there was any one outside his family whom Caspar cared for more than de Gisbert, "Prof." as Caspar called him. The thirty years' difference in their ages did not count. They seemed to grow up together. From him Caspar learned not only how to ride, but also how to know and to care for horses. While still tiny Caspar rode with him at the head of parades through the streets of the city. He took Caspar to the races. Wherever there were horses there Caspar was with de Gisbert. I was also with them, until I went to college. Caspar was twelve then. If we had spent our time playing games we could not at that time have been companions, but as we rode whenever we were not in school we could have our fun together. Of course we rode,

too, with Father and Mother, both at the Riding Club and out in the country. Those are happy memories, all four of us riding together. It made us more intimate as a family than any one thing we ever did together. Through his riding Caspar got to know all their friends, and promptly made them his own. In Caspar's mind people were not divided into generations, any more than they were divided into classes. Older people were fond of him and he of them. He was intimate with them without being "fresh," polite to them without being deferential; in fact he treated them as friends. It was the only human relationship he understood.

Caspar came into his own at the Riding Club amateur circuses. Every year he was a star performer. He could do anything in the ring. Any form of riding or driving was easy for him. Also he was in great demand by amateur acrobats to toss about. He was light, strong, sure-footed and quick-witted. On one occasion there was real trouble in the family. Father vetoed a trapeze stunt in which Caspar was to be swung by the ankles from the roof of the building and come up with a jerk a few feet from the ground. Of course, Father was right, but I don't believe Caspar ever thought so.

This seems a long digression from the topic in hand, Caspar's love of animals; but one cannot think of Caspar without horses and dogs. He was always with them at the Riding Club and at home.

When he was born we had in the house an Italian greyhound, Beauty. She was as agile in body as he was in spirit. She would leap over anything into his cradle. Kate, his devoted old colored nurse, strove vainly "To keep Beauty off the Baby." It was not to be; Caspar had to have a dog literally on him. As soon as he was able to walk, Father

gave us a couple of Llewellyn setter pups, Don and Dandy. I cheated Caspar into choosing the less attractive puppy, Don; but, having adopted him, Caspar was loyal to him and maintained against all expert opinion that his was the better dog. Ben always had some old cur, like "Clematis" in "Seventeen," which he declared was "a coon houn'." To all Ben's "coon houn's" Caspar was devoted and talked of their points as if he were trying to make a sale.

To deal adequately with Caspar's dogs would make a small book itself. He always had one or more, and they influenced his life. He even owed his desire to be a physician indirectly to a dog. He was bitten by a mad dog, went to the Pasteur Institute in New York, and there met the physician who first interested him in medicine. In the woods he always had dogs for birds and for deer. In the North he travelled and lived with his dogs. Out of the War he brought Mick, and with the help of Mick's exuberant devotion he kept up his cheerfulness and fun during the four long months of his dying.

If one thinks of Caspar one thinks of him with animals. My mind reverts with unclouded joy to the picture of him playing hookey from school to drive that monkey-wagon in the circus parade. That he was "caught" only seemed to him hard luck. He offered no excuses and manufactured no lies. Never in his life did he say or think he had been "led astray" or "influenced by bad companions." He despised such excuses. Neither were lies part of his defensive armor. "He had a splendid time and is now ready to take his punishment." So he felt as a schoolboy and so he felt on his deathbed. He knew that he had had no right physically to "carry on" after he was wounded, but he knew that he had done a splendid thing and he was ready to take his punishment smilingly to the end.

His punishment at school was to stay in an hour after school every day for the rest of the term and memorize poetry. At that time and throughout his years at Franklin School he committed to memory miles of Shakespeare and the Victorian poets. That was the only real education he seemed to get there. He did not have to study to pass, and therefore he was satisfied just to pass. Lessons were a mere interruption in school life. He "made" football teams, the school fraternity and everything there was to be "made." He spent nine years there, from nine to eighteen; in fact, except for the two principals and Frank, the old colored janitor whom Caspar loved, Caspar became "the oldest living inhabitant of Franklin School."

As the time for him to take his preliminary entrance examinations for Harvard drew near it looked as if he could not possibly pass them. Mother had an illumination. Instead of keeping him at his desk after school she took him out of school, to the disgust of his teachers, and brought him on to Cambridge to visit me. It worked. After spending a week with me in Claverly Hall Caspar decided that Harvard was worth working for. From that time on there was never any doubt about his getting into Harvard.

II
HARVARD
1905-1912

I

COLLEGE

CASPAR passed his preliminary examinations for Harvard with flying colors, decided that all examinations were easy; consequently did no work during his last year in school and failed his final examinations. His surprise was acute. He felt Harvard had made a mistake, but soon learned that Harvard was immovably convinced that he, rather than his examiners, had made the mistake.

At that time I was in Italy and remember well the letters about this family tragedy. They could not join me in Europe because Caspar had "flunked his exams." Caspar could not go to Camp because he had to be tutored. This domestic catastrophe Caspar merely used as an opportunity to make new friends.

He spent that summer of 1905 in Cambridge with the famous tutor, "The Widow" Nolen. In Mr. Nolen Caspar discovered not only a real friend, but also a royal road to passing examinations.

In more senses than one Mr. Nolen prepared him for college. In his "select establishment" Caspar met the hand-picked blossoms of the expensive schools that say they prepare boys for Harvard. He found these irresponsible youths entirely congenial. Some of them were like Caspar, clever and care-free; some of them were stupid and sporty; all of them were generous and delightful companions. With them as his intimate friends, Caspar romped into Harvard.

Just before college opened he wrote this letter. It is characteristic of his summer with "The Widow" and of his joyous attitude of mind on entering Harvard.

Cambridge, Sept. 21, 1905.

DEAR MOTHER,

AFTER dinner I went to "The Widow's" and tutored. A man named Brown, his Chemistry man, tutored me. He should be made President of the United States or some other high position. He literally rained facts on me; he stupefied me. It was like reading a dictionary. However, he had a bad cold and would have to stop to "spit." When he stopped I felt like a prize-fighter when the umpire yells "time." However, some of his remarks stuck, I think, but from the faces of the boys who were there I don't think they learned much. He told me that he thought I would surely pass. But I am afraid I will explode something and kill a professor or two. However, I have decided that I shall wound myself too so that they will pity me. . . . I went down to the field with Bruce¹ to watch the football practice. It was fine.

Yours lovingly,

CAP.

Caspar and Bruce (or "Lamb") were together at school in Cincinnati and were intimate friends always. It seems significant that the first classmate Caspar mentions in his college letters is the devoted friend who came to see Caspar every day during the fourteen weeks of his last illness.

Friends, fun and humorous comments on studies and teachers make up most of Caspar's letters written in college. He always said he loathed writing letters. Probably he did, for even some of his best friends say they never received a letter from him. His letters were about them. He

¹ Bruce J. Graydon, Harvard, '09, became a second lieutenant of infantry, U.S. Army.



Caspar, aged Seventeen Years

enjoyed his friends when he was with them and did not bother about them when he was away from them, or rather when he was with other friends.

This frame of mind and real dislike for writing letters makes it the more surprising and praiseworthy that whenever he was away from Mother he wrote to her frequently, at times almost daily. Had he written to his friends this volume could give a truer picture of him. It does, however, reveal Caspar. He wrote to his family about his friends. It is with that fact in mind that we have made the following selections and excerpts from among his college letters.

The men he chose as his friends even in those jolly, careless years were men who, like himself, had the vision and generosity to offer their lives for us in sacrifice. In indicating their service in the War we have had to rely on the Harvard War Records.

FRESHMAN YEAR

Claverly Hall, Oct. 4, 1905.

DEAR DAD,

MOTHER got away all right, and did not break down. She finished everything here, so that the room is really beautiful. . . . I went to Slavic 4 today. I think it will be O.K., for all of the Varsity team are in it. It is one of Bill Reid's prescribed courses for football candidates. There is only one textbook, and the man who is giving the course wrote that himself. . . .

Sincerely,

CAP.

Mother had been on to Cambridge to furnish his room and to see him settled (?). That she left him without letting him see a tear he appreciated. He always dreaded

Mother or me being too demonstrative. It is with solid comfort that he turns to his congenially undemonstrative father and signs himself, "Sincerely." That was rather warming up, for as a child he ended a letter to Father, "Yours truly, Cap."

He is not conscious of futility or shame in choosing to begin college with a course on the History of Russian Literature, in translation. It was notorious as a "snap." He hoped it would not consume too much of his time. It didn't.

Most of Caspar's letters were written to his mother.

Oct. 6, 1905.

DEAR MOM,

It is a great mistake ever to have good food here, for you realize how poor the food out here really is. I have only had one meal in town and then I only had 75 cents to spend at the Touraine.

The bill¹ is O.K. I had to be recuperated with smelling-salts when it fell out of your letter just now. It was a terrible shock. It is "perfectly lovely" of Dad to pay it.

Oct. 6, 1905.

I HAVE just returned to-day from Medfield, where James Roosevelt² took me to spend Saturday and Sunday. We left here Friday afternoon, and arrived at the Norfolk Hunt Club about four o'clock, when we had a ride. Saturday morning we came back to Cambridge for lectures. James insisted that I go back with him and I did.

We had a ride to the hounds. It is just fifty per cent better than any other game I ever tackled. The run con-

¹ For tutoring with "The Widow" Nolen.

² James Alfred Roosevelt, Harvard, '06, became a major in a supply train of the A.E.F. He died on the transport on his way home.

sists of two halves with a check in between. Each half was about five miles long.

The first half was very new to me, of course, but great fun. However, I was purely an "also ran," as I waited at barways for ladies and older men to pass, etc.

James told me that the stunt was to get off next to the master and stay there. I did this in the second half and finished first along with James. He gave me a little thoroughbred to ride, by Imp July—April Showers; very ugly, but jumped like a bird and went faster every minute.

But I am afraid that this has spoiled me for just plain riding. There seems to be no object in it. James is going to Virginia for the American *vs.* English fox-hound trials. I will continue this in my next. . . . Send list of misspelled words.

Caspar did not restrict himself to the friends he had made at "The Widow's" or to his classmates. He began at once seeing friends of the family and friends I had made in Cambridge and in Boston.

This letter reminds me of a day in 1902 Caspar and I had on Exmoor with the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds. We were staying at Lynton with Father and Mother late in the summer. The hounds were to meet for the first time that season. The Cottage Hotel was full of hunting people. Cap and I longed to ride. The proprietor of the hotel and stables promised us horses. When the morning came he brought up a shaggy little pony for Cap. He was only fifteen then and tiny, but he had long ago graduated from shaggy ponies to thoroughbreds. His lip quivered and he had a hard fight not to weep by being thus humiliated before all the men and women who were mounting hunters. He was too good a sport to quit. How he did it

I don't know, but he kept up with all of us that day, even on that round pony, and was in at the death.

We did not kill until well on in the afternoon. Cap and I had no sandwiches and were ravenously hungry. We made our way to Perlock. There, in a picture-book inn with a thatched roof, we could get only a cottage loaf, grey as putty, cheese and beer. I told him he was too young to drink beer. His eyes snapped and then twinkled. I knew he would get even with me. He had ginger beer, the kind in stone bottles. I stuffed myself with stoggy bread and cheese, and washed it down with much heavy beer. As soon as we reached the bottom of Perlock Hill on our long ride back to Lynton, Cap said: "We've got to walk. Your horse and my apple-dumpling here are all in."

So that time I was tired and sleepy, but it was so obvious the thing to do that I could not dispute his advice. Then his fun began. I began to sweat beer while Cap danced circles around me and made merry remarks about me being too young to drink beer.

He scored also on the owner of the stables, for by walking home we brought in his pony and my horse in so much better condition than the others that the proprietor probably declared that he wished he had let his best hunter to Casper instead of to the cavalry officer who had brought her in, drenched and splashed with bloody foam.

JOHN R. RAY.

DEAR DAD,

I got back from my trip with James Monday. As I did not go to football practice Friday or Saturday I got kicked off the squad. About half the squad was fired.

I am going out for coxswain, in fact, I went out yesterday. It is pretty good fun and you meet lots of nice fel-

lows, both freshmen and upper classmen. I have met so many nice, "white-looking" fellows that I am utterly unable to tell one from another. . . .

I went to see John¹ and Fay² this evening. They were very nice, and John invited me to play golf with him tomorrow.

I went to Slavic today. It is very interesting. There is not a grind among the hundred fellows in the course, and nobody can be found who wants to be a monitor. The football players form a group, discuss plays and use coins to represent men. Others talk on different subjects, and some study their lessons. Lots will flunk the course, I am sure.

I am going to start in eating at the St. Mark's table tomorrow. Henry McCall³ pulled the wires for me.

I wanted to go to New York to see the automobile race and baseball game on Saturday, but after a look at my accounts I changed my mind.

CAP.

Tell Mother that I appreciated her not breaking down in her letter to me.

Oct. 19, 1903.

TUESDAY I studied all afternoon and went to a freshman reception at Fred's.⁴ You can picture Walter⁵ spending the evening by going from the bathtub, in which a keg of beer was, to the sitting-room, carrying two white pitchers and never cracking a smile.

¹ John Longworth Stertinius, Harvard, '04, a lifelong Cincinnati friend, at that time in the Law School. In the War he was at first on the Belgium Relief Commission and later a major in the Judge-Advocate-General's Department.

² Fay Ingalls, Harvard, '04.

³ Henry McCall, Harvard, '06.

⁴ Frederick C. Irving, Harvard, '06, became a major in the Medical Corps, A.E.F.

⁵ Walter W. Metcalf, Harvard, '06, became a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, A.E.F.

I see lots of George Wagstaff.¹ He is very amusing. I asked him what Anthropology was about, and he replied that "it was just about things in general." He was the first man taken in the Polo Club.

Oct. 25, 1905.

DEAN BRIGGS is a wonder. He is worth all the snippy little brainless imps of instructors put together. I am rotten on daily themes as a rule, but every now and then I rip off a corker. I got B+ on one the other day. The subject was "The Nuisance of Writing Daily Themes."

My instructor, an ass, says that, on the whole, my work is "very childish" and that he finds it "difficult to read it at all," but that at rare intervals I rip off a "rather amusing one." I will choke the little ass some day. . . .

Mother must have asked him to write her just what he was doing day by day. The following bit is characteristic of many letters. He enjoyed writing comments, rather than narratives.

Oct. 30, 1905.

SATURDAY I went to the football game with Dabney² and Huidekoper.³ In the evening I played bridge with John Suydam⁴ and George Roosevelt.⁵ Sunday I went to church and played tennis.

George Roosevelt says that when he and Teddy⁶ were

¹ George B. Wagstaff, Harvard, '09, became an ensign, U.S.N.

² Alfred S. Dabney, Harvard, '09, did ambulance and canteen work in France and Italy.

³ Prescott F. Huidekoper, Harvard, '09, became a major of infantry in the A.E.F.

⁴ John R. Suydam, Jr., Harvard, '09, became a first lieutenant in the Coast Artillery Corps, U.S.A.

⁵ George E. Roosevelt, Harvard, '09, became a lieutenant-colonel of infantry in the A.E.F.

⁶ Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Harvard, '09, became a lieutenant-colonel of in-

going to start in, his cousin, the President, said to them, "Well, boys, there are two ways of starting in at Harvard. One way is to have a good time and stay in if you can, and the other is to stay in, and have a good time if you can." . . .

It is grand that I belong to the Oakley Country Club. It is really fun playing golf on that course. . . .

This is the first letter in which Caspar mentions belonging to a club. His biography could be written under the names of his clubs. They made the background he liked. He liked people, sport and games. He refused to make plans and he disliked the responsibility both of host and of guest. At clubs he could meet friends without planning to do so and there enjoy them without any social responsibility.

In Cincinnati he could usually be found at the Riding Club, the Golf Club, the Country Club or the Queen City Club. While in college and even after graduation the Fly Club was his home when he was around Cambridge or Boston. In New York the Harvard Club was headquarters. Of all his clubs I think he liked best to be at the Pontiac Game Club in the wilderness of the Province of Quebec.

Nov. 4, 1905.

As regards the Russian crisis! What I don't know about it is not worth knowing. Wiener is very excited and talks about the crisis instead of regular lectures. It is very amusing. Everybody pretends to get excited. Wiener told a story. He said that a friend of his was imprisoned by the Government awhile ago. Another friend sent Wiener a petition to the Czar, after having had it signed by Harvard

fantry in the A.E.F.; wounded; Croix de Guerre with three Palms; Legion of Honor; Distinguished Service Cross.

Professors. Wiener replied: "The Czar is a coward; he does not dare to keep Mendeleff in prison, and besides the Czar is not worthy that an American citizen should send him a petition." The class stamped their feet, whistled and somebody in the back of the room yelled "A bas Nicolas." If the Czar is deposed next Wednesday we think there will be no hour exam.

I played tennis with Sam Bush ¹ yesterday. He is the nicest fellow I have ever known, the best athlete St. Mark's ever had, president of their last year's class, and as simple and unaffected a fellow as I have ever seen. He turned down the Polo Club.

Fritz ² has been appointed Captain of the Freshman team. He has been playing wonderful football and is without doubt the best man on the team.

Nov. 12, 1905.

I PLAYED golf, tennis, and took hour exams. all last week. I killed Slavic. I enclose the paper. Useful for a business man to know, isn't it?

I got a letter from one of my "brothers" at school, telling me all the news. He said that they had only four dollars in the treasury, and that the secretary had spent it to have an in-growing toe-nail cut out.

Too bad about the football game, isn't it? But we have a good chance with Yale.

CAP.

Knowing Dad's sporting qualities, tell him not to take that prophecy seriously.

¹ Samuel Dacre Bush, 2d, Harvard, '09, enlisted in the Field Artillery, Officers' Training School. That "he turned down the Polo Club" is Caspar's way of saying his morals are good.

² Frederick Forchheimer, Jr., Harvard, '09, a lifelong friend of Caspar's in Cincinnati, became a second lieutenant of infantry in the U.S. Army.

Nov. 15, 1905.

LIFE at Claverly has become exciting, to say the least. Everybody has pass-keys. My friends have all found out how I love to be fondled. They turn up at all hours of the night, in groups of two or three, and pull me out of bed. I am having two huge bolts made for my door. . . .

There is now a golf course laid out on my floor which causes much amusement and more noise. . . .

Dan Forchheimer,¹ I hear, was taken into the Fencing Club. Fritz turned it down. It rather amuses me, for the Fencing Club is composed mostly of dropped Freshmen and fellows about nineteen, who are anything but the Doctor's² ideal. It won't hurt Dan any, I don't think.

I was amused by an invitation from the Wiborgs.³ On it was their coat of arms with the motto: "Conquer Death by Virtue." If you will kindly tell me what it means I will be much obliged.

How about my spelling?

Nov. 20, 1905.

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LAST Saturday the Freshmen got beaten by Yale. I went with Bill Wendell,⁴ a fellow named Biddle,⁵ and Dacre

¹ Landon Longworth Forchheimer, Harvard, '09, Fritz's younger brother, became a first lieutenant of field artillery in the A.E.F.

² Dr. Frederick Forchheimer, of Cincinnati, their father, our family physician and friend.

³ Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiborg, of Cincinnati and New York, and their daughters were intimate friends of Caspar's.

⁴ William Greenough Wendell, Harvard, '09, became a first lieutenant of infantry, Intelligence Section, A.E.F., and was on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. He and Caspar remained intimate friends for fifteen years. The day after Caspar's death he wrote: "Dear Cap, I shall miss him awfully. How loyal a friend he was, how brave a heart! In his friendship there is no regret but that it lasted such a little while."

⁵ Francis B. Biddle, Harvard, '09, was in an Officers' Training School in the U.S.A. when the Armistice was signed.

Bush to have dinner with Sam Vaughan.¹ Bill told me that he lived on the right-hand side of Beacon Street. For a while I was horrified that such a nice fellow should live on the *wrong* side, but, as I rather liked the boy, I accepted. Imagine my relief to find that he really did live on the *right* side in a very grand house. We had a wonderful dinner. I have got it doped out so that I can get about one or two meals a week in Boston, and it is nice. You know what my ideas on dressing ² for dinner used to be. Well, they have changed. When I first started in I used never to wash for meals. Now I always wash and the other night changed my collar. By the way you can wear a collar here³ until it wears out unless you fall down or something in order to get mud on it.

Nov. 21, 1905.

TALK about a social blunder! I committed one, worse than being seen by a Bostonian reading a Hearst's Boston American, which by the way I always read. A fellow here, who I know quite well, is named Wendell. He eats at the table, and lives with Sam Vaughan on my floor. It never entered my mind that his father was Barrett. I went in to dinner with him at Sam Vaughan's house last Saturday. I can remember of talking to him on several occasions on the subject of English instructors and professors in general.

All my friends are on probation. I was pretty fortunate to escape.

CAP.

¹ Samuel Vaughan, Harvard, '09, enlisted as a private in 1917 and became a first lieutenant of infantry in the A.E.F. and an officer in charge of civil affairs in occupied territory in Germany.

² Caspar always considered changing his clothes a bore.

³ This is in contrast to Cincinnati's soft coal soot.

Nov. 27, 1905.

WELL, it is all over. It was one of the greatest games that there has ever been. Of course it is too bad that we lost, but we did much better than we expected to. It was the most wonderful sight that I have ever seen; 43,000 people all excited and crowded, but perfectly good-natured. . . .

Mark ¹ was with the Glee Club. We had a wonderful time. Such a sight as that big Boston Theatre I have never seen. All Harvard men. The show absolutely a farce. Everybody threw confetti and streamers.

After the show there were hundreds of people all wanting to get on the same cars. When they did get one, they never paid any fares, threw the conductor and motorman off and ran the cars themselves. No brutality at all! I did not see a single man get into a fight. I can't describe it all, but it was really wonderful. . . .

Mission House of the Society of St. John the Evangelist,
33 Bowdoin Street, Boston,
Nov. 30, 1905.

DEAR MOTHER,

SPENCE arrived last evening at six. We had a fine talk and turned in early. We are to have dinner here and are going to see Nat Goodwin tonight. . . .

We have decided to buy an Irish terrier for Dad if we can get a good one. *What do you want?*

I want a bath-wrapper (a smooth one without an "itch"), one cuff button to match my gold one, socks (serviceable ones), neckties, underclothes and *money*. I don't want any fountain pens, books, pen-knives, *Gibson girls*, or any little fool luxuries. I should also like a mershaum pipe

¹ Mark Mitchell, of Cincinnati, a relation and lifelong friend, at that time an undergraduate at Yale.

(one with a flat bottom, called a poker pipe). I want no pictures or anything for my room. It is perfect. This is a concise and full list.

Lovingly,

CAP.

If I must have things I don't need I prefer things for the woods. I pity the dog who I take care of for three weeks.

*Claverly Hall, Cambridge,
Dec. 2, 1905.*

LAST evening I got a letter from Dean Wells¹ putting me on probation. To say that I was surprised hardly expresses it, although I knew that I did not do well. Spence and I went to see him this morning, but could do nothing. I got two "C's" and four "D's," but the "C's" were in half courses. I naturally feel very badly about it, and blame nobody but myself. I think, however, that it will do me no harm, and I feel perfectly sure that I can get off at the mid-years. But I realize how much hard work I have to do and intend to do it, without the aid of a tutor.

What makes me feel so badly about it is the fact that I did not get such high marks so that I would not have been on the boundary line. I did do some work and I also worked regularly, but I did not do enough and did very poorly in the exams.

I hope that you won't take it too seriously, for it will do no good. I must suffer for not working enough and not you. My one object now is to get my marks up to "C's" with a chance for "B's," instead of "D's" with a chance for "C's," and what's more it has got to be done.

I realize that the work must begin at once and have al-

¹ Edgar H. Wells, Harvard, 1897, at that time Assistant Dean of Harvard College. In the War he was at first a major, American Red Cross, later a captain, Q.M.C., and was appointed Assistant Military Attaché, American Embassy, London. Decoration: Military Cross (British).

ready been studying about two or three times as much as I did. The results have shown in my last conferences and I know they will show even more.

Spence will tell you just what probation means, technically, so there is no use of my repeating it.

Don't get an idea into your head that I am going to get dropped, for the chances of that are infinitely less than if I had just skinned through, or don't think that I have any idea of leaning on the Widow, for I haven't.

Tell Dad that I got his check.

Lovingly,

CAP.

There is lots more news, but it is insignificant.

Caspar's friends thought it a good joke on him that I should arrive to visit him just in time to get the news of his probation. He thought it fortunate that I should be there to "explain" to the family and so save him the discomfort of doing it. Such a division of labor was not unique or uncharacteristic. He refused to let his peace or happiness be disturbed by such a detail, but he did study enough to get off probation.

Dec. 12, 1905.

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FIRST questions! In regard to bath-wrapper; it may be fuzzy, but not sharp and itchy like Father's. . . .

I got a B+ in History last week. As George Wagstaff said, when he killed his hour exams., "You can't keep a good man down."

It has been so cold here that I feel as if I would snap right in two if I were shaken. I have been wearing both my suits of underclothes. I am praying for warm weather

soon so that I can have them washed and wear summer ones. That was no joke about my wanting underclothes and money.¹ . . .

In spite of the weather, the Office and nine o'clocks, I am getting to like it better every day. Even the studying is not so bad as any other I have ever done. Don't think from this that I am not working, for never in my life have I worked so regularly.

I have just finished a nine page biographical portrait of Father Powell.² It is a literary gem. I hope I can convince — ³ of it. . . .

I thought that I knew most of the nice fellows in our class, but I was mistaken, they spring up from everywhere. There are hundreds of them. We have undoubtedly the best class that ever entered college.

I am getting anxious to get home. I ought to have a wonderful time. I enclose the letter of my friend ⁴ Dean Wells. He is very nice; it is Hurlbut⁵ that causes all the trouble.

The following letter suggests that while he was at home for the Christmas holidays there were conversations on the subject of study.

¹ At this time Father had the fantastic idea that Caspar must dress on his allowance.

² Rev. F. C. Powell, now Provincial Superior in America of The Society of St. John the Evangelist.

³ The instructor in English composition who called Caspar's writing "very childish" and whom Caspar called "an ass."

⁴ That they really were friends is evident from what Edgar Wells wrote us when he heard of Cap's death: "You will remember my acquaintance with Caspar began many years ago and under circumstances which do not always lead to friendship, but I saw then his intrepid, unselfish spirit which all of us learned to salute with profound respect and admiration as the circumstances of war called forth his greatest efforts. He is a great loss that cannot be replaced, but if I may venture to say so, your sorrow may well be assuaged by solemn pride in his splendid achievements."

⁵ Professor B. S. Hurlbut, Dean of Harvard College.

Jan. 14, 1906.

.

LAST week I worked along in "John-horse"¹ style until Friday, a day which will long remain in my memory. Then I worked from 6.45 in the evening until three in the morning and have been "stale" ever since. I read most of the Old Testament, two French plays and James Roosevelt's notes in Eng. 28. There is only one thing which describes such an act. It is hell! Saturday I recuperated. I slept until lunch time and played bridge with Ted Roosevelt, Shaun Kelly² and "Skein" Hadden³ in the afternoon. In the evening I did a little work in a gentlemanly fashion and went to bed. This morning I got out of bed, with a great effort, and went to Church. There you have me up to date.

For the next three weeks each day will be worse than the preceding one. Bright prospect, isn't it? But "Cheer up."

I must tell you an amusing thing Mr. Nolen said to me — I met him on the street just as I was mailing a letter. He said as he passed, "I am working hard. Your loving son Caspar."⁴

.

My English A man said in regard to my long theme "The man⁵ you write about may be interesting, but you

¹ A slow, steady, uninteresting trot. The reference is to Grandmother Burton's carriage horses. He thought they were no good and despised their manner of progress.

² Shaun Kelly, Harvard, '09.

³ Harold F. Hadden, Jr., Harvard, '09, became a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army Ambulance Service in France.

⁴ At the same letter box, shortly after Caspar's death, I met Mr. Nolen. In speaking of Caspar's death I said, "We are very proud of him, but we are very lonely." His reply was a real comfort, "The pride will increase, but the loneliness will decrease."

⁵ Father Powell.

conceal it well." That is discouraging, but works of art are never appreciated while the author is alive.

Jan. 17, 1906.

DEAR DAD,

I RECEIVED your letter and check yesterday. When I read Mr. Nolen's letter I confess I was red hot, but on consideration I decided to say nothing. Talk does little good now. It is results we want; nevertheless in order to make you feel a little easier let me say that I think he is wrong both when he says, "I am inclined to think that even now he is a little over-confident," and when he says, "He might put forward even more endeavor than he does with advantage."

The first of these statements is the result of the fact that he does not know that I was scared when I was put on probation and that I have been doing my work regularly ever since.

Let me say in regard to his second statement that I fail to see how I could do very much more work than I am doing right now, although there is no limit, and your letter will make me open the throttle wider still.

But as I said all this is of very little value. I hope to show you by results that what I say is true, and if I don't it will be because I am a fool.

Lovingly,

CAP.

It just occurs to me on reading the "Widow's," my, and your letters through, that he has just about accomplished what he aimed at!!!

Jan. 21, 1906.

DEAR MON,

.
 I WORKED part of this evening and loafed the rest. I have just one week more in which to prepare.¹ I have gone over my work pretty well, but have only hit the high places. Next week I polish. . . .

Don't let Dr. F.² bother you.

Jan. 25, 1906.

.
 I STRONGLY advise you go to bed and rest up and *do not run up and down stairs*.³

I finished lectures yesterday so now there is plenty of time for study. Last night I went to the Widow's and covered the Constitution of the United States in one hour. Going some, isn't it?

Father Tovey⁴ came to see me yesterday. He is very amusing, and about the best man I have ever seen. He is so good that it is a shame. It sticks out all over him. He seems so out of place with people shouting across to Randolph, "Jim, for God's sake bring back those printed notes." These, by the way, are wonderful in going over lectures.

I have made so many outlines that I dream of skeletons. Everybody says make an outline and work after its pattern.

¹ For his mid-year examinations. He knew he had to pass them creditably in order to get off probation.

² Dr. Forchheimer did not regard probation lightly for either his sons or his friends' sons.

³ Medical advice to a mother with tired nerves.

⁴ Rev. A. E. Tovey, S.S.J.E.

Feb. 2, 1906.

I got Dad's telegram this morning. It is too bad you are sick. The thing to do is to rest up and not worry. . . .

Now a proposition. If you have no objections I am going to room with Francis Biddle in Dunster next year. . . .

Francis is a dandy, awfully bright and attractive, and doesn't get on my nerves at all. I think it ought to be an ideal arrangement. We would both rather get the double room if we can, but this is doubtful. . . .

Francis is a cousin of Edmund Coxe ¹ and went to Groton. As George Wagstaff says, "Pretty high life, I guess!" His sister is the one you read about in Town Topics who is always "raffling off Persian kittens." . . .

Feb. 20, 1906.

.

I SPENT last evening holding the hand of a great friend of mine who has just been dropped. I never felt sorrier for anybody in my life. The poor fellow knows he is a fool, and yet feels that there is nothing to be done about it and that he isn't worth anything, etc. I left him and played bridge for a time. I went to get something to eat at about twelve, and was surprised to find this fellow, whom I pictured weeping his eyes out, surrounded by a crowd of fellows saying, "When I was in college," etc., and having a fine time. . . .

Feb. 21, 1906.

I AM so sorry to hear that you are sick, but if you calm yourself I think all will go well. . . .

Went to Boston with Hal McCall in the evening. He is a wonder. It's too bad he is in love. John Suydam, who is

¹ E. J. D. Coxe, Harvard, '03, and an intimate friend of mine.

a second edition of *Madame*,¹ says the girl doesn't like it. She is a fool.

Feb. 22, 1906.

I AM off probation. I got a C in English A and the Dean took me off himself. If I should get all C's at the end of the year I would be on the Dean's list next fall. That would be wonderful, but I fear it could never be.

Feb. 28, 1906.

FATHER's check arrived this morning. It arrived at a most opportune moment, as we are having a big dinner tonight for "those who are going to leave us," and I was in sore need of money.

Sunday morning I went to Church, ate breakfast at that hotel near the Church, returned to Cambridge, and talked until three o'clock. At three I went to Oakley and played squash with John Stet, had tea and returned to Cambridge, where I spent the evening "among my books."

Monday I went to lectures, all of them, talked awhile, coxswained awhile, and spent most of the evening reading "Tom Jones," which I like very much.

Yesterday I went to lectures, read, coxswained and played bridge with Hugo² and the two Roosevelts. We played all evening and stung the Roosies good and hard.

I am having great sport coxswaining. I know everybody on the crew, which is the rottenest on the river, and so have great sport cussing them out. I heard the coach say the other day, "Robinson,³ get more bevel on your oar."

¹ Madame de Gisbert, of Cincinnati, always has "inside information" about the latest news.

² Hugo Gibert de Fritsch, Harvard, '09, was in a F. A. Central Officers' Training Camp, U.S.A.

³ Monroe Douglas Robinson, Harvard, '09, afterwards his room-mate and frequently referred to as "Mose." In the A.E.F. he was at first with a Supply Train and later a captain in the Q.M.C. He received a divisional citation for bravery.

So I, remembering that, yell out at the top of my voice, "Number 3, you have got to get more bevel on," at which Mose falls to laughing and puts the whole crew out, for he knows that I haven't the vaguest idea what bevel means. The stroke, Eggie Denny,¹ tells me what to say and I proceed to say it in very harsh terms to somebody. I had them fooled for a couple of days, but they are on to me now.

The rooming business is getting more complicated every day. John Suydam is back in the running again, as Nick's² mother doesn't want to sign his lease. Hugo has to have a very cheap room and we seem to be unable to find one, but are still hunting. I shall get a good single if I can in Claverly and hold on to it until the sky clears. Then if it does so, I will give up my single, after which I will sign the double lease, but will let you know before I act.

Lovingly,

CAP.

Mose brought the hat back, or what was left of it. I know Secretary Taft sat on it at the wedding.³

I am going over to Randolph to live with John for a while, and if I like it may stay all year.

Mar. 9, 1906.

I AM so sorry to hear that you are still sick. What is the matter? Tell Dr. Forchheimer that I want you to be well.

Everything goes on just the same here. Tuesday I heard the most interesting lecture I have had so far. Barrett Wendell said, "Richardson's ideal was to be superintendent of a Sunday School; Richardson had not a spark of genius;

¹ George Parkman Denny, Harvard, '09, captain, Royal Army Medical Corps, B.E.F., in 1916, later a captain in the Medical Corps, A.E.F.

² Richard Winslow Nickerson, Harvard, '09, seaman, U.S. Naval Reserve Force.

³ Of Nicholas Longworth, Esq., and Miss Alice Roosevelt.

gentlemen! I think you will agree with me that genius in a Sunday School superintendent is a contradiction in terms." He has a way of summing up the characteristics of a man in a few sentences that remain with you always. . . .

I just saw Francis Biddle. He has been on what is called here a "God-helping" expedition to Nashville, Tenn. He had a wonderful time. He and Skein Hadden lived in a Southern family, where Francis fell in love with the daughter and went riding every day. As far as I can find out he never heard of any convention or speeches.

I should like very much to go to New York and visit Spence, but I can see no hope. Ahead of me is a region of utter financial darkness. I could get together enough to go, but it would be like a candle going out with a flicker. I owe nobody anything, however, and could not even if I wanted to, which I don't. Everybody here who has been given money by the year is simply flooded.

Mar. 17, 1906.

I GOT your letter about half an hour ago. For goodness' sake, don't think that I meant to criticize your letters. Far from it! They are wonders. I simply said that a particular one was slushy, and I don't mind slush.

April 29, 1906.

.
LET me know whether you are coming on or not. I do hope you will, for you will have a much better time than before, I am sure.

Father would love it here now. On the 26th, I think, there are track athletics and a boat race. He could also play golf.

I have ordered a dress-suit, which I think will keep me

in debt for life. It is going to take me most of this summer in the woods ¹ to come out even on the year at any rate.

May 6, 1906.

ONE reason I have not written you for so long is that I have been up at St. Paul's² since Friday morning and have not had a second free.

What I did in the first part of the week I do not remember, but I think I worked. I also worried a bit about money matters. Talk about "frenzied finance"!

Never have I had a better time than I had at St. Paul's. "Mose," "Lamb," Du Pont Irving, Jack Harrison, Victor Oñativia and Elliot Cowdin³ all went up.

Friday afternoon we spent canoeing, playing ball and shaking hands, which seems to be the national sport up there. Friday evening we were all dead, and after making remarks about what rotten condition one gets in after a winter in Boston, etc., we went to bed.

Saturday we took a long canoe trip. I find that my beautiful nature has become spoiled. Little things annoy me. This is not a pose, but a sad fact. I find that when I get on a bum horse and saddle or when the stern man in a canoe insists on turning his paddle the wrong way and wasting all my valuable energy I grow peevish. There is one good thing, I am so small that nobody will take much "sass" from me. I am going to try stopping coffee.

Saturday night we went to Communicants' meeting

¹ At the Pontiac Game Club.

² St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire.

³ Elliot C. Cowdin, 2d, Harvard, '09, was in the American Hospital Ambulance Section, November, 1914-February, 1915. French Army, Aviation Section, sergeant, February, 1915-January, 1917. Médaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre with two Palms and Star. Major, Air Service, Aeronautics, Special Mission for Bureau of Aircraft Production, A.E.F.

where Father Huntington,¹ Spence's friend, talked. He is O.K.

Sunday we slept over most everything until 11.30 Church. It is just like the services in England. "Jack," who used to sing at Eton, sang in the choir and said they sang wonderfully. Father Huntington preached wonderfully. He is a great favorite here. In the middle of the sermon "Mose," who was fast asleep, fell out of his stall with a dull, sickening thud.

Today we spent calling on the different Masters. I will have a talk with you about St. Paul's when you get here.

[Here follow suggestions for improving the school! *Editor.*]

I think I must be in love, for I wrote a description of a small rapids in springtime for English A. Maybe that's what makes me peevish.

*Harvard Polo Club,
May 11, 1906.*

I HAD an eye-opener the other evening. I went with Morgan² to collect money for the class fund. We went up to Walter Hastings Hall and then along some streets way north of there, where I never had the slightest idea that any men lived. Why, there are any number of fellows who live up there and some in Somerville, I find.

But most surprising of all were the fellows themselves. All of them were pretty generous and gave all they could, and some of them were charming. We stayed and smoked a cigarette with one fellow, who was as much of a gentleman as anybody I have ever known. What I can't understand is why such a fellow will come to college. Why he wants to give up an opportunity to make some money

¹ Rev. J.O.S. Huntington, at that time Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross.

² E. Morgan Gilbert, Harvard, '09, became a captain of infantry, A.E.F.

simply to learn that the Battle of Adrianople occurred in 1376 and other equally valuable pieces of information, I can't understand.

When we came to Claverly and Randolph we heard tales of selling dress-suits, watches, guitars, banjos, etc., and did not get much money except from a few rich fools who are stung by everybody.

I have been studying all week, not from any sense of duty, but because of the ever present fact that I have \$13.50 to last out the month with. When you come I shall have three meals a day with you. I saw Father Powell¹ Monday. . . .

A few days' fishing wouldn't be half bad now.

CAP.

My peevishness was due to coffee, not love.

*"Overlook," Orange, N.J.,
June 12, 1906.*

MANY things have happened since I last wrote you. I have taken all of my exams., except Government, which comes next Monday. I feel pretty sure that I am a Sophomore, and I hope I have and will do myself proud.

I came down here with "Mose" on the midnight. He also has Government and we brought along a fine line of books, notes, etc.

Last night in the Touraine I saw Merlo,² who has been sick for four months. He said, "When is your brother ever going to work?" I replied that he was in New York now. Merlo then said, "He was only joking about being a minister, wasn't he?"

¹ Caspar's references to Father Powell are usually too intimate to publish. He understood Caspar, and Caspar admired and loved him as a priest and a friend.

² My old friend, the headwaiter in the Café at the Hotel Touraine, Boston.

We had breakfast with Elliot Cowdin. He lives in Gramercy Park, and has, I think, the most beautiful house I have ever seen.

Directly after breakfast we came out here. This house is right on the top of a very heavily wooded mountain, from which you can see all the way to New York. The house is, I think, the prettiest I have ever seen. They have one huge living room with a billiard table in the middle, which is undoubtedly the most interesting, comfortable and attractive room I have ever seen. And to see old, unshaven, lumbering Mose giving directions to "Perkins" the butler, is the most amusing sight I have ever seen. George Wag calls Mose the Patrician Vulgarian, and it is a good name for him.

But the stables! His father's hobby is horse-flesh. There are sixteen horses in their stables, and four grooms. It sounds like a circus ad, but it is true. There are three Texas Polo ponies, two thoroughbred ponies, numerous "hacks," carriage horses, etc.

His family are *simply lovely*, and all laugh at, with, and like Mose, whom they adore. His sister is really beautiful, and "lovely brought up."

I have no plans or money for after the eighteenth and may come home. I will let you know.

Mose's father rides every morning at seven, goes to town at nine, plays polo at five, and, as far as I can make out, seems to make a "nice living." That is a wonderful combination, isn't it?

Mose said a little while ago, "Let's study." He took a bath and then said, "I feel better, let's not study." But we are going to do wonders!

Claverly Hall, June 23, 1906.

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PLANS

I LEAVE Sunday evening on the cruise,¹ as they have finally hired a boat. There are about sixteen going and bedding for eight; but the Captain, who has made the trip before, says that nobody ever wants to sleep at the same time.

I can only take a dress-suit-case along, so I am going to freight my trunk and gun to Father. I will surely be home by the first.

As to going abroad! Nothing ever surprised me more. I should like to go very much and know how you would love it. But why Italy? Why not Norway, Ireland, England, Châteaux Country, Holland, Russia, or, if all these don't attract you, Germany? Why not take one of your cheap houses in Country Life, with "fourteen bed and one bath room"? That would be great sport.

But don't worry. Please do not wear yourself out thinking about it and nothing else. It won't hurt you to talk about it, but don't think. Why not say, some evening at seven-thirty, we'll give each other until twelve tonight to fight this out and after that we will have no more discussion. Or better yet, toss up a coin. I bet you are all getting peeved and cross talking it over. Tell Dad I got his check. It saved my life.

Caspar did not have a high regard for our ability to make summer plans easily. They turned out well, however, and we four had a happy summer together in Europe. It was

¹ The Polo Club cruise from Boston to New London, for the Harvard-Yale boat races.

his only visit to Italy. Whenever he was hot or bitten by a flea he blamed me for taking the family to Italy in summer; but, in spite of heat and fleas, he was keenly sensitive to the beauty and the charm of Italy. When we got to France and to England he was at home. How impossible it would have been then to imagine that in a few years he would be fighting for England in France! Even then, and at the time of the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1910, he would not go to Germany. His chief objection to Switzerland was that it was full of Germans.

He first went to Europe in 1900, when he was thirteen. Then he had his first glimpse of Ireland, which he was later to enjoy, his first visit to England, which he was later to serve, and his first real stay in France, where he was to suffer. We spent most of that summer in Paris. I had just completed my freshman year at Harvard and was feeling too much "a man of the world" to associate in Paris with my little brother. Therefore I do not know what were his first impressions. Almost every morning he went with Father to the Exhibition. Afternoons I imagine he spent with some of our cousins, either at their house or driving in the Bois. Certainly from this time on he was devoted to them all, Mrs. Leggett, her sister Miss MacLeod, Alberta and Hollister Sturges, her children by a former marriage, and France Leggett. At his Cousin Betty's magnificent house in the Place des États-Unis, he saw for the first time prominent people of every nationality and listened to their interesting talk. He woke up to cosmopolitan life and international problems. From that time he never contracted his horizon. He was determined to live all over the world. Also he never again thought provincially. America came first, but she was part of a larger whole. If she was not fighting for Right he must enlist under any flag that was.

This wider outlook than he had at home was renewed by subsequent trips abroad. The long vacations of 1902 and 1904, when he was still a school-boy, he spent in England, Scotland and France. He became more and more intimate with the same group of Mother's cousins, by paying them long visits in England and meeting their English friends. He developed a taste for English country life and a feeling of being at home in both London and Paris.

He was never again condemned to a summer resort. From the time he was thirteen he spent his long vacations in Europe or in the Canadian woods. After his graduation from Harvard he spent every summer but one abroad until he went North. From Newfoundland he went to Europe again, "to get in the war." One wishes there were letters written during his early trips to Europe. I believe they would reveal seeds that flowered in his sacrifice. But during those early trips abroad he was with "the family," and that meant for him a holiday from writing letters.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

Sept. 24, 1906.

DEAR DAD,

.

Now about the room!

I went this morning to Thurston ¹ and received a little encouragement. I was just going out when Templeton Briggs ² came along. He asked me what I was doing, and, when I told him that I was hunting a room, he said that he

¹ Agent for students' rooms.

² Templeton Briggs, Harvard, '09, his room-mate for three years and one of his most intimate friends. "Tempy," like Bruce Graydon, never missed visiting Caspar even a single day during the fourteen weeks of his final illness. In the War he was a first lieutenant of field artillery, A.E.F.

was doing the same thing. We then met Norman Prince.¹ He had just gotten a room in the new Ridgely Annex. This is a new building which has been put up in the Court between Claverly and Apley. There are only four suites in it. So Tempy and I took the only remaining double suite. . . .

Tempy is quite a hard worker and in every way a good room-mate; so all ought to go well, and we can both save money at the same time.

Sept. 26, 1906.

DEAR MON,

WASN'T meeting Tempy Briggs a lucky accident? The room is really fine and the arrangement seems perfect. Tempy says he can put up with me easily to save \$300. Monday evening I talked to Bruce and went to bed early.

Tuesday I spent just shaking hands and having a good time generally. I have also been getting a line on courses and will see Barrett ² tomorrow. . . .

Fritz is back as a special on probation and the Doctor has been seen prowling about. . . .

Sept. 30, 1906.

THESE are the answers to your questions:

- (a) There are two bedrooms and one study in our suite.
- (b) The suite is on the ground floor.

¹ Norman Prince, Harvard, '08, Volunteer Aviator, French Army, December, 1914. Organizer of the Lafayette Escadrille. Died of injuries at Gérardmer in the Vosges. Médaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre with two Stars and four Palms, Cross of the Legion of Honor.

² This is Professor Wendell to whom he refers so familiarly. Caspar admired him greatly and valued his advice. Mr. Wendell took a real interest in Caspar and admired his self-sacrifice in the North and in the War. Shortly before Caspar's death he said to me, "Had he died that winter he was ill so long in Beacon Street, we should have only the memory of a pleasant and witty friend; now we have the inspiration of an epic hero."

(c) Allowance is gratefully received.

(d) Tempy lives in Boston, played on the Harvard Golf team, Freshman Hockey team, and was Captain of the Freshman Baseball team. He was in the Polo Club. Besides all these he is really awfully nice.

Friday I saw Barrett. I am going to try for a Degree with Distinction in the History and Literature of England. I shall take English D, English 8a and 8b, History 12a and 12b, Economics 1 (all terribly hard), Fine Arts 3 (fairly easy), and German 25 (reputed to be easy). I am sending a catalogue. . . . Yesterday evening Tempy and I worked for three hours on this room and finished everything up except putting in a piano. Everybody thinks we have the bargain of the year, and it does look nice.

I must tell you about Mose. He went off and bought a big picture of Nancy Hanks for his room, as he thought the walls looked bare. I am bound for St. John's.

CAP.

I have just asked Tempy to let me see his teeth, and they look like a hound's.

Professor Wendell seems to have accomplished by this talk with Caspar what no other teacher had ever done. He effected a connection between Caspar's mind and studies. From this date Caspar's letters are full of what he was reading. Even as a small boy he had read widely, provided the book had nothing to do with school. Scott, Dumas, and Kipling he had swallowed whole. While he was reading "Les Trois Mousquetaires" nothing could divert him. I remember him reading it even while driving to a picnic.

Oct. 16, 1906.

DEAR DAD,

.

LAST night I went into town with Pren Willetts,¹ had dinner at the Victoria and walked back again talking all the time. We played the Sophomore game good and hard, and it is O.K. I did not think it was going to be, but it is all right. We seemed to run into loud-talking freshmen making fools of themselves at every corner and we both went to bed with Sophomore swell heads.

Oct. 23, 1906.

DEAR MON,

YOU speak as if you did not intend to come on. That is an idle fancy. Of course you will. We will have a wonderful time watching football games, etc. I want no excuses. Just pack up and come. This is final!

Spence and I have been enjoying ourselves thoroughly. We had dinner alone at the Victoria. It was good fun. . . .

Caspar's peremptory invitation to Mother is characteristic. No parents were ever more cordially and forcefully urged by a son to be with him. Such appeals recur frequently throughout his college letters. By the time he got into the Medical School nothing would satisfy him short of their going to Boston to live.

Nov. 13, 1906.

EVERYTHING has been going on about the same since you left. . . .

It is too bad Father missed the moose. Tell him to write me about it if he can bear it.

¹ Prentice Willetts, Harvard, '09, really his best friend in college, died shortly after graduation.

*Ridgely Hall, Cambridge,
Nov. 14, 1906.*

I HAVE just been elected into the Institute of 1770 and the Dickey on the Fourth Ten. I was the tenth man! Did ever fellow have such luck? The others were Ned Currier,¹ Arthur Newbold,² Bartow Crocker,³ Harold Edgell,⁴ Bertie Hoffman,⁵ Louis Shaw,⁶ Frank Reece,⁷ Sam Hoar⁸ and Ted Roosevelt in order named. Our own class elected this ten. The first three were elected by the upper-classmen, and that was the only way I got in so soon. I assure you I and everybody else were so surprised that we almost collapsed. Nobody thinks I "deserved" it, and everybody apparently thought they were the only person who voted for me.

I must now keep from getting a swelled head, and from some of the terrible examples loose here, I ought to have learned to do it.

Caspar's classmates by electing him a member of these two most desired sophomore clubs showed that they recognized his charm. His talent for making friends won as much undergraduate recognition as if he had "made" athletic teams or been a conspicuous success in any form of college activity.

¹ Edward Putnam Currier, Harvard, '09, became a major in the Signal Corps, U.S.A.

² Arthur Emlen Newbold, Jr., Harvard, '09, became a major of Field Artillery, A.E.F.

³ Bartow Crocker, Harvard, '09, entered the Q.M. Officers' Training School in the U.S.A.

⁴ George Harold Edgell, Harvard, '09, was on the Committee on Public Information, Central Inter-Allied Commission, in Europe.

⁵ Albert Lincoln Hoffman, Harvard, '09, was at first with the American Red Cross Commission to Europe and later a captain in the Signal Corps, U.S.A. Recommended for the Legion of Honor.

⁶ Louis Agassiz Shaw, Harvard, '09. ⁷ Franklin Reece, Harvard, '09.

⁸ Samuel Hoar, Harvard, '09, entered the Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School, U.S.A.

Ridgely Hall, Nov. 25, 1906.

SINCE Thursday when I wrote you last more big events have occurred. On Friday morning Clarence Pell¹ came to tell me that I had been elected into The Fly. I am to be taken in with Pren, Monk Jones,² Henry Wilder,³ John Suydam and probably two other fellows on the sixteenth of December. It is all over now, and it surely does make one feel happy. I am so glad I did not go into some poorer Club, that I can fairly jump with joy over it, and I guess it was a very close shave too, for I know of two men in The Fly who literally hate me. . . .

This next week I am going to do a larger amount of work than any undergraduate has probably ever done.

The Fly, or the Alpha Delta Phi Club as it was then also called, is a small "final" club for upper-classmen. It became in Caspar's mind a second home. Its members were the group of friends from which he chose his intimates. Wherever he was in after life he always thought and spoke of returning to The Fly. In it was focussed his love for Harvard. When, on the night before he went out to France as an officer in The King's, Father and Mother asked him what memorial he wished if he were killed, he told them he would like to have a scholarship founded in his memory at Harvard. He wanted it controlled, if possible, by William G. Wendell and me. He wanted Wendell to represent The

¹ Clarence C. Pell, Harvard, '08, enlisted as a private in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, and became a captain in the Air Service.

² Arthur R. Jones, Harvard, '09, became a captain of Air Service, Aeronautics, A.E.F. After Cap's death "Monk" wrote of "his game, cheerful personality, his happiness, his never failing sense of humor, and his uncomplaining courage throughout everything."

³ Henry H. Wilder, Harvard, '09, became a first lieutenant, Chemical Warfare Service, U.S.A. Caspar was his best man at his marriage and godfather to one of his sons.

Fly and me to represent The Society of St. John the Evangelist. An unusual combination of organizations, but not incongruous in Caspar's mind! He wished the scholarship to be available primarily for members of my monastic order and for members of The Fly. Wendell and I were to arrange that, and I suppose to appoint our successors from members of The Fly and The Society of St. John the Evangelist. Caspar wanted his memorial to be at Harvard, and he said that what he valued most at Harvard were "Spence's work and The Fly."

*Hotel Somerset, Boston,
Nov. 29, 1906.*

I HAVE just finished a most wonderful Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Willetts and Marion Willetts¹ who are here seeing Pren. It was a wonder. Pren and I slept until 11.30 when we came in here without any breakfast. By 1.30 we were in wonderful trim for eating, I can tell you.

I am having a tea in my room this afternoon, with many people of both sexes I am told. The tea is on Pren's Mother. She wanted tea, Pren's rooms were impossible, Pren had no money. From that data you can draw your own conclusions. I most gallantly offered to give a tea, but it would not go through. . . .

¹ Now Mrs. Ernst Brower, of Roslyn, Long Island. She asked Caspar to be a godfather to her first boy, whom she named for her brother Pren. Caspar went from Camp Mills to see her and delighted his godson with the gift of his steel helmet. She sent Mother this characteristic word of him: "I think I have never been with Caspar, but that he talked of you and always in the most admiring way. He often told me that you were not strong enough to accomplish all you wanted to do. I even remember the words (which were so funny and like him), 'The trouble is that her engine is too big for the craft.'"

*Ridgely Hall, Cambridge,
Dec. 2, 1906.*

DEAR DAD,

I HAVEN'T seen Tempy since Wednesday. He must be sick in Lexington. Your predictions about my growing tired of a room-mate were wrong. I shall never be without one. Since he has been away I go out every evening and persuade somebody to come here and sleep. Waking up all alone in a room seems terribly dreary.

This next letter sent Mother to the operating table laughing.

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
Jan. 16, 1907.*

DEAR MOTHER,

WHEN this reaches you, you will be getting ready for the operation, which I know you hate. Don't get worried! This is my final advice. When you are "under the influence" nothing will hurt. If I knew that a strong man was going to hit me I would be chloroformed at once if it were permitted. Please ask Father to telegraph me.

Yesterday night Mose came to sleep with me. He is one of my really lifelong friends.

Today I went in to play bridge again with Katherine Roosevelt,¹ as I made the engagement the week before. I had a good time.

Never has a person been in communion with the poets more than I. In the last week I have absolutely stung Byron, Shelley, Keats, Landor, and others too numerous

¹ Miss Katherine Roosevelt, of Boston, now Mrs. J. Stanley Reeves, of Haverford, Pennsylvania.

to mention; little quotations on tap to make a good impression with, etc.

God help you and *don't worry*.

Your loving son,

CAP.

There was so much noise going on here a second ago that I signed Yours truly.

Jan. 17, 1907.

.

YESTERDAY I went over to the Institute for dinner. George Wagg, Bruce, Mose and others of the old guard are eating there now. It is fine to have some place where we can all go now and then and see each other. I tell you a finer lot than the crowd I played round with last year I never saw. The talk literally hums when they get together. It is just fun too, no gossip or meanness at all. . . .

Ridgely Hall, Cambridge,
Jan. 18, 1907.

.

AFTER a short talk with Tempy, who I really have not seen in two weeks, I retired underneath a pile of blankets, comforts, overcoats, sweaters and numerous other garments. The thermometer never gets above zero here by any chance, except to let it snow now and then. Tempy goes to New York again tonight to play hockey against Princeton. Harvard will be beaten, I fear, although they have not had a single defeat here in five years.

I have accomplished one thing this year. I really like poetry. I would just as leave as not, or rather read a good poem than a novel. I must say there are many things I would rather do than either, but still I think I have accom-

plished something, for at the beginning of the year I used to roar with laughter at Wordsworth. These exams in it are awful, though. It brings lots of little thoughts into my brain, but I cannot connect said noble thoughts in a pleasing manner.

*Ridgely Hall, Cambridge,
Jan. 22, 1907.*

I HAD the most wonderful time last evening. Katherine Roosevelt, two Fay girls, a Mrs. Leonard and one other female were all on board the "Rhode Island" for dinner. Mose took Louis Shaw, Frank Gunther and me, so with about ten officers, we made a fine and jolly party. It was just like Kipling. Every one of the officers is like a Kipling character.

She, the Rhode Island, is one of the newest and biggest boats and is a beauty; 850 men aboard.

Mose was surely at home. That boy can get to be friends with any man in a shorter time than anybody I have ever seen.

Today I have done absolutely nothing but grind. It is funny, but I don't mind grinding a bit, I really don't. There is a certain feeling of doing a stunt which helps out a lot, and I think it does a lot more good than anything I know of, unless it is regular work. I think that it must be a fine thing to be perfectly confident of being able to do a huge job in a short time, such as reviewing John Stuart Mill in two days. I can't do it well, but I get a certain pleasure in trying to do it.

It is now so late that I can scarcely see for sleep so good night and good luck.

*Ridgely Hall, Cambridge,
Jan. 29, 1907.*

YESTERDAY I did more work than I have ever done before in two days. I studied Fine Arts 3 till I was blue in the face. All day and until four this morning. And if I didn't puncture that exam I lose my guess. I will enclose it.

I never felt worse than I do now. I think I have the consumption, neuralgia and gangrene all at once. I am about to retire, and it is two in the afternoon. I don't know when I shall wake up and I don't care if I ever do or not.

*Ridgely Hall, Cambridge,
Feb. 3, 1907.*

.
MOSE is apparently living here now. He has his suit-case here and sleeps here most of the time. I don't mind, because I sleep in Tempy's bed, which is a wonder, with Mose. My bed is going to the dogs, I fear. "It is carrying on something fierce."

*Ridgely Hall, Cambridge,
Feb. 6, 1907.*

I HAVE not given up writing to you, although appearances may be against me.

Evening before last I sat up working on German 25. I tell you some of those Germans sure could write. I read Schiller's "Wallenstein" during the evening, and I tell you it is a very powerful play, if ever I have read one. . . .

Pren got his face absolutely smeared with a puck playing hockey yesterday. His nose was broken and his lip cut so that he had to have numerous stitches taken on the inside of his lip. Tempy says he never flinched at all during any of the operations. Never have I seen the sand that that

boy has. He went on the cruise last spring with a sprained and mangled ankle, which I know was paining him terribly, yet if you had not seen it you would never have known he was hurt at all. . . .

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
Feb. 11, 1907.*

.
I THINK Comp. Lit. 12 is going to be a winner. The following are the prescribed books: Defoe, Captain Singleton; Fielding, Amelia; de Stendhal, La Chartreuse de Parme; Balzac, César Birotteau; Thackeray, Henry Esmond; Eliot, Middlemarch; Flaubert, Madame Bovary; Hawthorne, The Scarlet Letter; Meredith, Richard Feverel; Poe, Stevenson, Kipling (selected short stories). . . .

Feb. 26, 1907.

.
SATURDAY evening I spent with Spence, and went to Church one and one half times on Sunday. . . .

That sounds as if he had left during the middle of the second service. I have many holy memories of being in Church with Caspar. I cannot write of them. I do, however, want to share a memory of him when he was fifteen. We were in Salisbury, and had gone together to the Cathedral to make our Communions. I had noticed that all the clergy in the sanctuary were old and bearded, but did not say anything about it. Walking through the Close and the empty streets on our way to the hotel for breakfast Caspar was silent. I thought how reverent and devout he was. As we got to the hotel he broke the silence with, "Say, Broth, I can't stand 'em woolly, can you?"

Mar. 3, 1907.

.
I AM going to live in Hampden next year with Tempy and Mose. It will only cost \$170 apiece and the rooms are very nice. It is the building where all the muckers and cheap sports in college live, but I don't mind that.

I went in to see "Man and Superman" the other night. I think it quite the cleverest thing I have ever seen, but I don't think it is great. Do you? . . .

I do hope you will come here soon. In spite of the fact that much singing is going on here, and there are still lots of grads left, I have one of your Sunday night feelings.

Vaocluse, Red Bank P. O.

Mar. 17, 1907.

I AM having the time of my life! This is the most wonderful place I have ever seen. It is on the Shrewsbury River, which runs into the ocean at Seabright just five miles away.

Mr. Jones has fifteen horses, ten of which are ponies. Never have I had such riding, and after all it is the best thing of all. I want an automobile less every day.

We have been riding all over the country here and it certainly is beautiful. Yesterday we went to the Rumsen Polo Club, of which Mr. Jones is President, and then down the Rumsen Road to Seabright.

Mr. Jones is one of the nicest men I have ever known and the best host. He is a Governor of the Stock Exchange and goes up to town every day, but never misses his ride, and he is over fifty-five, I should say. He has a huntsman's thigh! Compare him with our rich men, and you sure do get a contrast.

Monk has one older brother, two younger sisters and two

younger brothers, all of whom are corks, but not a bit like Monk. They are very quiet and well-mannered. . . .

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
April 28, 1907.*

FRIDAY evening I went to the theatre with Mose. Billy Gilbert ¹ told me that Mr. Hofer ² was in town, so I went over to the Touraine and saw him. After the show I spent the night with him. We had good fun. He is one of my best friends. I feel exactly towards Mr. Hofer as I do towards a fellow my own age. I hope to have him out here to dinner before he goes.

May 6, 1907.

I AM eating at Memorial.³ It might be worse. Woodbury Seamans,⁴ John Brown,⁵ Crawford Burton,⁶ Chandler Cobb,⁷ Joe Husband⁸ and other financial wrecks are eating there. Personally I am booked for the rest of the year unless I find a hundred-dollar bill on the street.

I suppose Dad is going to Canada pretty soon. As the King says in the story book, "I would give half my kingdom and my beautiful daughter to wed" if I could go.

Let me know when you are coming.

Caspar spent the summer of 1907 in the Canadian woods. It was the place he cared for most. Father and he went

¹ William Chatfield Gilbert, Harvard, '07, died before the War.

² Charles F. Hofer, Esq., of Cincinnati, a lifelong friend of our parents, whose friendship Caspar and I inherited. During Caspar's last illness Mr. Hofer was with Caspar almost every day and a never-failing cause of joy to him.

³ At Memorial Hall hundreds of Harvard students are fed at a low price.

⁴ Woodbury Seamans, Harvard, '08.

⁵ John W. Brown, Harvard, '08, became a captain of field artillery, A.E.F.

⁶ Crawford Burton, Harvard, '08. ⁷ Chandler Cobb, Harvard, '08.

⁸ Joseph B. Husband, Harvard, '08, became an ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve Force, overseas service.

there whenever they could, and in the woods their great friendship seemed most intimate and happy. They were always together, paddling, fishing, shooting, tramping the long trails, camping and talking. Caspar never talked so well as he did at the end of a day in the woods, but Father and he did not have to talk to each other there. Their congeniality and love were so complete that their silence was more intimate than most talk. Caspar appeared at his very best in the woods. There he escaped, to quote a phrase from Lady Glenconner's memoir of her son, "not only illusive pleasure, but the tyranny of little things."

Mother often went with them to the Pontiac Game Club. I went only twice. Caspar did not consider me a success there. Father Powell was often invited to go to the woods with them, for he loved the wilderness as they did. When he was free to go with them he and Caspar saw much of each other and there formed a deep and lasting friendship. After Caspar's death Father Powell wrote of Caspar's love for the woods:

"In the years immediately preceding the War the place where Caspar most loved to be was the Canadian woods north of the Ottawa. In the woods thousands of questions, social, economical, ethical, present themselves in new and more engagingly simple aspects. Caspar hated the ponderous imbecilities and pomposities of life. He found that in the Laurentians difficulties vanish, conventions fade, clothes are reduced to their least common measure. Things in Cincinnati, Boston or New York regarded as essential and inevitable evaporate among the trees or simplify themselves with instructive ease.

"The Canadian woods north of Petawawa are a labyrinth of lakes, of low hills and mountains, covered once with big pines, now with spruce and hemlock and a second



In the Woods

growth of other timber. The weeks spent there each year were full of fishing, canoeing, tramping the moss-grown trails and camping experiences. Each hour was perfect of its kind. In the early morning the outlines of the hills over the lake would be indescribably soft and tender; while the day progressed with a succession of harmonies akin to a symphony, and ending with a few low, gracious chords.

"Well, he has ridden his ride and made his mark in many a foray, and now he is where the heroes are. Could it be better? After all, that is the way to die, better a thousand times to lay down your life for others than to drivel off into eternity betwixt awake and asleep in a fatuous old age. May God rest his gallant soul."

JUNIOR YEAR

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
Sept. 26, 1907.*

.
I SAW everybody I know, and it certainly is good fun to be back again.

I signed on this morning in Comp. Lit. 1, French 6, Fine Arts 4, Philosophy A, History 16 and English 45. This is a good selection, I think. I went in to see Spence, and brought Father Tovey and him out to tea. I was glad to see them again. Spence is too thin. He looks poorly and not as impressive as he should.

I had been ordained late in May, and had at once begun my ministry at St. John's Church, Bowdoin Street, Boston. I wonder if he expected a deacon to be as portly and "impressive" as a bishop.

*Hampden Hall, Cambridge,
Oct. 10, 1907.*

I MET the Bishop of London the other day. He is the most attractive man I think I have ever met. The next day I saw him out at Oakley playing golf. I would really like to know him better.

I am going to Nassau with the golf team tomorrow for a week and two days, during which time I am signed off at the office. I will send you my picture as an athlete when it appears. It does seem sort of a joke, doesn't it?

Monk says, "Do not strike that man, he is fighting for Old Harvard." I hope that I can make good, and I expect to.

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
Dec. 15, 1907.*

THE other evening Monk and I had dinner at the Mission House. He was deeply impressed, to say the least, and really wants to go again. I guess he kept me up until one o'clock talking about Spence and Father Powell. It is an eye-opener to him. Monk is living with us now. Mose is in Virginia — "bad eyes."

Jan. 4, 1908.

I DINED out here and have just returned from a free lecture on digestion at the Harvard Medical School!!! It was very interesting, but I am now afraid to eat or drink. Why we are able to live I don't see. This is the first of a very interesting series of lectures, which I shall not attend.

I shall go in to see Spence tomorrow afternoon or morning. I have almost finished Dante's *Inferno*! It is like Shaler's¹

¹ Professor Shaler of Harvard.

remark, "It goes in one ear, and, meeting with no particular obstruction, goes out the other." I shall have to go through it again on the "low speed." You certainly have to "keep your eye on the ball" to understand that gentleman.

.
 What with the Inferno and the remains of three trunks scattered over our room, I fear for the worst in my dreams tonight. . . .

Jan. 8, 1908.

.
 TEMP has got the grip, as well as a large hunk of meat gently torn from one of his feet. He is at Lexington suffering. I shall try to get out to see him today.

Before departing he depicted the beauties of the fair sex of the Queen City in such glowing terms to Mose that the aforesaid gentleman informs me that he is going to Cincinnati at Easter without fail. What is more he seems to be organizing an invading army totally unbeknown to me. It is at present composed of Huidekoper and Gaspar Bacon.¹ They contemplate incidentally going to Lexington where they expect to purchase the thoroughbred and partake of a coon-hunt with Fritz Belmont.² Isn't it nice to have your own party so carefully thought out?

CAP.

This arrangement has one advantage in that *I* may regret. Come soon.

"Come soon," underlined, is typical of Caspar's appeals to our parents to come to him. Probably they did so, even

¹ Gaspar G. Bacon, Harvard, '08, became a major of field artillery, U.S.A.

² Raymond Belmont, Harvard, '10, became a first lieutenant in the 78th Division, U.S.A.

if he had left them at home, only a week before, at the end of his Christmas recess.

Lexington, Feb. 9, 1908.

I FINISHED Saturday, and I was jolly well glad to get through, I can tell you. I did well in my Fine Arts, but in my frenzy to avoid a disaster in this, I neglected my History 16 with the result that I was stung, I fear. They refused to ask me any of the things I knew about. I spent hours explaining why Napoleon did such and such a thing when I had to take a guess on whether he had done it or not. It was in the words of the papers a "trying ordeal." The chump who made out the exam refused to ask questions on the only book in the course which I knew anything about, that voluminous green book, which I carried about with me. I pinned my faith on that book alone, and I went down with it, I fear. I never did like the book anyway. I had such a miserable cold that I came out here with Temp, and Dr. Briggs has been having a grand time giving me pills, etc.

Temp is twenty-one today. Festivities are in order; relatives, gold watches, etc. Dr. Briggs may well be proud of him. Without being priggish in any way he is the cleanest fellow, both in body and mind, that I know anywhere.

His grandmother is here, and a wittier, more charming old lady I have never seen.

I have spent the afternoon reading "The Newcomes." It certainly is delightful! Of course I don't know, but it seems to me that I get more "education" from Thackeray than from miles of books like that fatal green book in History 16 (it isn't worthy to have a name).

I enclose the exam along with a picture of me "at work," by Tempy.

CAP.

I am "a very sick woman." I may come home if I can get signed off.

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
Mar. 13, 1908.*

.
I MET Spence at Dr. Goodale's this afternoon. We are both nearly O.K., so the Doctor says. Spence and I walked up Beacon Street to the Mission House where I had tea (and when I say tea, I mean *tea*, for it was Friday the 13th, in Lent, and I guess the cook knew it).

I am going to tutor a fellow, *my own age, in Latin*.¹

As the slang expression goes, "What do you know about that?" I really think it will be good sport. He seems pretty thick, and I don't think he will ever learn enough Latin under my tutelage to find out the fact that I don't know any myself. I shall be very severe with him, for I thoroughly believe in the motto, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He could lick me easily, but he "has got religion," and humble is no fit description of him. Moreover, if the worm should turn, he looks clumsy and I think I could beat him to the monastery, where, like the knight of old, I should of course be safe. I do not, however, look for any such uprising. What I do fear is that he may learn more rapidly than I expect and start asking questions. He almost stumped me today on, "What is a transitive verb?" If he gets too inquisitive I shall reply, "By advice of counsel, I refuse to answer."

March 20, 1908.

.
In the evening I heard Spence preach at St. Augustine's. He was good and perfectly natural. The only thing he

¹ I provided him with this charity job. Nothing came of it but this witty letter.

needs to be really fine is to feel a little more self-confident. In music when a good performer strikes a distinctly bum note, he shakes his locks and everybody thinks it was a wonderful minor note. Father Powell has the art down to a very fine point, but Spence is lamentably weak.

Tell Dad that he ought to be glad he was not there. He stuck the knife in and turned it around on me All Right, All Right.

I returned to Cambridge tired out by the strain of the day, and promptly got into a very small poker game where in one hour I lost the last of my patrimony, which same was \$5.00. Monk got off what I consider one of the most original lines I have ever heard. He had a large stack of chips before him all evening. Then he started losing, and when he got almost to the end he looked up and said, "Well, it looks as though the seven lean years are coming." . . .

Today Spence came out and we went to Soldiers' Field and watched "Harvard's Tempy" perform, very poorly, I thought, but, as he disagrees on this, maybe I am wrong.

April 3, 1908.

.
I HAD an amusing experience with "our dear Dean" the other day. I got a call and you should have seen Robinson's joy, as I have done nothing but tell him that he is "in serious danger of separation" ever since he has been put on probation. I was some worried myself, although I didn't see just what I had done. Imagine my relief when he told me that "As a representative of Harvard in inter-collegiate athletics," he was going to ask me not to cut any more than possible, as the Committee were examining the records of all the members of teams. Never have I seen anything more intense than Robinson's disappointment.

Tuesday, May, 1908.

I WAS about to write you Sunday when the great Chelsea fire broke out. Of my wonderful experiences at this fire I will tell you when I see you. It was without doubt the most tragic and exciting day and night I have ever spent.

I had lunch at the Mission House, after which I went to Chelsea with Fr. Powell bearing much food and drink. I got so interested that I made a night of it and came in at seven this morning. This also was a fine experience which you shall hear about when I arrive. . . .

Again he spent the summer in the woods. Father and Mother were there also, and part of the time they had as their guests Tempy and Pren Willetts. Caspar thoroughly enjoyed that combination of Harvard and the woods.

SENIOR YEAR

*Hampden Hall, Cambridge,
Dec. 1, 1908.*

DEAR MON,

I AM sending you the card of a dinner we gave to Pres. Eliot at The Fly the other evening. It was really a wonder. Pres. Eliot made a very stiff "speech," but you should have heard the talks which Bishop Lawrence, Major Higginson, and particularly old Prof. Hill (Spence's friend) made us. He (Hill) got up and compared Eliot to the explorer who started out to find the centre of Africa with six fur coats on and shed them one by one as he neared the centre. Then he said, "Eliot started to do his life-work with six coats on; he has shed them all but one. But I,

who was a classmate and 'brother' in this club with him, want to tell you what he is like with that one last overcoat off." Just why Eliot didn't slay him I don't know, but he really seemed pleased. The whole thing was a real treat in every way.

I went to — for Thanksgiving and had a miserable time. In the evening we went to a reception at —. His wife is healthy, wealthy and amiable (when given her chance to say anything). I had a miserable time; I ate so much that I had cramps when I got home. I couldn't get to sleep, neither could Temp, so we sat up and talked, he, sentimental bosh and I, financial difficulties, until the wee hours. When we saw each other in the morning we both roared without saying a word. He went down to Philadelphia in the evening with "Lamb," to pursue the "royal family" (Wiborgs I mean). I am still grouchy and have a bad cold, so has Temp, so we sit and scowl at each other by the day, which helps a lot.

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
Dec. 8, 1908.*

.
SUNDAY evening we had dinner in Boston with Charlie Short.¹ He is more amusing than ever. For some reason, unknown to me, he always has to have a long consultation with the head waiter before he can order mashed potatoes, and when it comes to wine he really becomes eloquent. I offered to bet him \$10 that he couldn't tell the difference between American champagne at \$2.00 per quart and French at \$4.00, if he didn't see the labels on the bottles. He was greatly disgusted, but would not take the bet all the same.

¹ Charles Wilkins Short, Jr., Harvard, '08.

I am rehearsing for the Christmas play at the Pudding,¹ in which I play the rôle of a "goody." I just noticed it myself that I am excruciatingly funny and in fact the whole show. I hope somebody will agree with me.

Jan. 27, 1909.

SUNDAY I wrote an entire thesis of twenty-eight pages and stayed up most of the night. I never put in a harder day's work, but to my surprise I picked rather an interesting subject.

Monday night we gave our show at the Pudding (with variations). It was of course more appreciated there than in town.

Yesterday evening I dined at the Wendell's with Bill and Gilbert Butler.² Barrett was "simply ripping"; I can't put it too strongly how nice he was. Afterwards we gave the last performance at Jordan Hall. The hall was jammed and very appreciative, I thought. Everybody was presented with huge bunches of flowers, etc. After the show our company and all other performers went to the Victoria for supper bearing great bunches of flowers. To say that the greeting given us on our appearance, by a crowd of friends who happened to be there, was cordial, is to put it mildly.

Mose is leaving at the Mid-years. My grief, as I told him, is considerably lessened by the fact that I shall then have (1) bedroom (1) all to myself. Talk about your oriental luxury!

I will send you a program of the show. Monk says it is my début into Boston high life. He refers to me as "that climber from somewhere in the Middle West."

¹ The Hasty Pudding Club.

² Gilbert Butler, Harvard, '09.

Chestnut Hill, Feb. 12, 1909.

WELL, the exams are all over ! . . . I am out at Temp's with a little grip, which Dr. Briggs is killing in great shape, but I felt pretty rotten yesterday. . . . I am growing rather tired of Cambridge as a winter resort; I wish I had graduated in a way, for I am doing nothing but loaf and get sore at the beastly cold weather. I am getting anxious really to get to doing something.

This tragic outburst is not the work of a Byron, but of your son who has the grip, and feels like a vicious, snarling cur. In a way, however, it is a pleasure to be sick in a decent household where you get some sympathy. It is very different from being sick in the Club, I can tell you. In fact I am thoroughly enjoying a grouch in domestic surroundings.

I re-read "Soldiers Three" yesterday. It is better than ever. All this talk about Kipling having the wrong ideal of the Indian Empire gives me a pain. Of course he has the wrong ideal, but he has caught and turned into literature this very same aspect, wrong though it may be. Kipling isn't writing political essays on the best way to govern India, he simply pictures the spirit of the Government as he saw it, and makes delightful pictures too. I think I have the examination habit. . . .

Cambridge, Mar. 1st, 1909.

WELL, the Wiborgs¹ have gone and "all is quiet along the Potomac." I really think they had a fine time and I know that I did. They got here at seven Friday morning;

¹ Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg and Miss Olga Wiborg, now Mrs. Sidney Fish, of New York.

Mr. Wiborg came up with them as did Harriet Anderson.¹ Tempy, Lamb, Henry Wilder and I chartered a huge automobile and went in to meet them, after which we all had breakfast together at the Touraine. Then while they unpacked, etc., we went on a flower purchasing expedition. Then we came out to Cambridge where we wandered about awhile and then we went to Oakley, where we had luncheon. After sitting around awhile we went for a ride through Brookline and finally left them at the Touraine. We all had dinner at the Somerset Club as the guests of Mr. Burr, whom they knew well in Florence. Then we went to see Ethel Barrymore and then to the dance.

The dance was really a wonder. I spent about an hour or so introducing anxious friends. It really was ridiculous how anxious everybody was to meet them, and inside of half an hour they knew everybody, I think. Then I took poor worn-out Mr. Wiborg over here to the Club and put him in a comfortable chair, talked about all sorts of stupid things and tried to be decent. I missed in this way most of the dance, but by keeping him company I was able to stall off the girls' departure until six o'clock in the morning, for which they seemed very thankful.

Most of the day was spent in sleep, calls, etc., and Sunday we went with them as far as Providence. Since when I have done little but sleep. . . .

It was just like Caspar to have spent the evening introducing his friends to these girls, and then making it possible for them to dance all night by keeping their father entertained at a club.

¹ Miss Harriet Anderson, of Cincinnati, now Mrs. Hugo de Fritsch, of New York.

March 31, 1909.

WE had a small dinner here Saturday night for Ned Bell,¹ who is going abroad.

*Alpha Delta Phi Club,
April 26, 1909.*

SUNDAY we watched the Squadron take their annual parade down Fifth Avenue to Church, preceded by a large band. As everybody I knew in New York is in it, it was very amusing. George Wag says, "I may not be much on the drill, but under fire I am peerless." We (Jones, Monk, Suydam, Willetts and I) marched alongside of them, lined up with canes as another regiment. We got them laughing and all out of step. . . .

[In this same letter Caspar writes of his hectic visit to Mrs. Wiborg in Washington. *Editor.*]

Henry and I went over to Washington Thursday and arrived about nine in the evening. We had the most hectic time of my career! Wow; but the pace was fast. One morning by gulping a cup of very hot coffee I read half of one column in a newspaper, but that was the only time we weren't on the jump "en masse." Dancing, theatre, riding, seeing Senate, etc., cards (poker for fun!), automobil-ing, breakfasting in the woods, wild games, baseball games, balloon ascensions, navy yards, private yachts, thousands of callers, white and yellow and Germans galore. Now

¹ Edward Bell, Harvard, '04, as First Secretary of our Embassy in London during the War, arranged Caspar's transfer to the A.E.F. He wrote from the American Embassy in Tokyo after Caspar's death: "As you know I have always been very fond of him and the part he played in the War deepened that feeling into one of warm admiration. Any man who could enlist as a private soldier in a foreign army from a sense of duty to a cause has the real stuff in him, and Cap's action then and the courage and cheerfulness with which he bore his wounds showed him for what he was — a very gallant gentleman. May we all be able to lay claim to as much when our time comes."

every one of the things happened in three days and most of them happened two or three times each day. I feel like a ship that has lost its propeller.

The English language is incapable of describing such rapid action or the human brain of taking in any clear impression of it (mine was at least).

Towards the end of the tumult Nat Simpkins¹ called me up and said that a card was awaiting me at the Army and Navy Club where he, Mose, and Bob Bacon² were seated in "three comfortable chairs" in a quiet room, with three long cool drinks in front of them and that both a fourth chair and drink were awaiting me. Just as this vision was soothing my tired brain I was summoned to a Virginia Reel!!!

Lamb was all right, as he managed to wander off with Olga, but I was the butt of it all. I tried Lamb's trick with every girl there, but they all preferred the tumult to any such fate as that. I said to Henry one night just as he was about to drop asleep, "Henry, do you suppose that big wicker chair will be out on the porch in its old corner when we get back?" He sat up in bed and said, "Do you know that I thought of that on the picnic this afternoon, when a spider crawled up my back."

They are a lovely family, though, one and all, and they have a magnificent house. I really did have a fine time, I suppose, but they put about one month's entertainment into three days.

They had three butlers and other scavengers who drained me dry as a bone. I felt so tired that I could have read Wordsworth with pleasure.

¹ Nathaniel Stone Simpkins, Jr., Harvard, '09, became a captain of field artillery, A.E.F. Died of pneumonia in France.

² Robert Low Bacon, Harvard, '08, became a major of field artillery, U.S.A.

May 11, 1909.

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TEMP has been sick here at the Club and I have been staying with him, and have done the first work I have touched since Mid-years. I am getting really rather tired of loafing and anxious to get some real work, and doing some good. I have gotten about all that I am going to pull out of Cambridge. Although it is really pleasanter here than ever before. . . .

June 5, 1909.

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I HAVE just gone to my last recitation! It is hard in a way to give up the best time in my life, but I am really rather anxious to start in earning my living, which by the way I suppose I won't be able to do for several years. I am doing no good here now and spending much more than I ought to spend, but it will soon be over. . . .

My allowance would help a lot!!!

II

IN BUSINESS?

DIRECTLY after graduation Caspar and our parents joined me in England. I had gone to Oxford a year before to become a novice of the Society of St. John 'the Evangelist' at the mother house of our order, Cowley St. John's, Oxford. As soon as I saw Caspar there I asked him my usual question, "What are you going to do now?" There was a determined and affectionate look in his eyes as he answered, "The life you have chosen rather settles my life too, doesn't it? I must go home and take care of 'the Family.'"

He abhorred the idea of "settling down," of going into business, of being indoors at a desk, of doing the same thing every day, of seeing the same people every day — in short, routine and discipline. As a small boy he had run away from them. That was prophetic.

At this time he gave one the impression of elegant and permanent leisure. He appreciated that himself, for he thoroughly enjoyed an inquiry of Father Waggett's,¹ "And how is dear old Caspar? And is his work still done?"

His work really was done, so far as business was concerned, before he began it. I often raised the subject that summer, during our weeks together in Oxford, Norfolk, the Isle of Wight and London, but Caspar never continued the conversation. Nevertheless he did go home as a matter of course and get a job. It was a misfit. Caspar was bored and did no work. Many people made a hasty decision that he was only a genial and witty loafer. He half agreed with them.

Then he first began to think and to speak of himself as a

¹ Rev. P. N. Waggett, S.S.J.E., went out to France in August, 1914, as a chaplain and became a major in the B.E.F.

failure. Certainly he had been "a success" in College, but he found that friendliness, charm and generosity, divorced from industry and regularity, which had made him popular in Harvard, had no market value in the business world. It seems now a great pity that his first step in the work of life should have been in an uncongenial direction. Fortunately he did not go far on that path. He would never have felt at home in it.

In the spring he, the Countess Camilla Hoyos, who was visiting at our house, and Father were exposed to rabies. They went at once to the Pasteur Institute in New York. There Caspar met, through the Countess Camilla, Dr. Frank Wood, the eminent bacteriologist.

He interested Caspar immensely. By the end of the Pasteur treatment Caspar had decided to be a physician. It was as much of a surprise to him and to us all as when I had decided to be a priest. All of Caspar's enthusiasm, that had been in total eclipse during his "business career," flashed out. I wish I had kept the letter he wrote me about his decision. It was alive. He had already made up his mind to study chemistry that summer so that he could enter the Harvard Medical School in the autumn. He asked me to learn from Sir William Osler if he could study chemistry in Oxford that summer, for he wanted to be there with our parents and me.

His letter showed that he was in earnest about becoming a physician, and it also unintentionally revealed that he was happy to have any excuse to return to Harvard.

No letters written by him from June, 1909, to October, 1910, can be found. Probably he wrote almost none, for during that time he was with Father and Mother.

That summer of 1910 he spent in England, mostly in London, to work there in a chemist's laboratory.

III

THE MEDICAL SCHOOL

Oct. 3, 1910.

DEAR MON,

.
I REGISTERED this morning. Attended my first lecture in Anatomy by Dr. Warren. It in no way resembled "The Lesson in Anatomy" of fame. The course is very large and of every possible type. There are about twenty men who are dressed and look like gentlemen. There were many more who did not so dress, who looked equally fine, and there was about half the class who looked cheap and grasping. Lunt¹ fell on my neck and called me "old fellow." I was equally effusive and bought him lunch. We shall be great friends, I fear. . . .

161 Bay State Road,
Oct. 7, 1910.

WELL, I knew it would happen. I am coming here to live. And I am going to room with Laurie Lunt!! He has been here since the real opening of the School, and assures me it is very quiet, and if it is very quiet for him certainly will be for me. I am going to give it a good try at any rate. We have a beautiful house and we have a large room with a bay overlooking the Charles.

I have not yet moved in. Came over here last night to give it a trial, and am now seated clothed in pajamas, which I asked for, writing this epistle. Please send on my desk,

¹ Lawrence K. Lunt, Harvard, '09, became a major in the Medical Corps, A.E.F.

desk chair, that wicker armchair and bed linen, not to speak of my fur coat. The work is fast and furious, hotter than anything I ever dreamed of, but it's a great pleasure to be treated as if you had a few brains and some ability. I have not the slightest feeling about skeletons, cadavers, or in fact any such thing any more than I have ever had for any dead animal. A large per cent turn pale and a few faint. I rejoice that I feel the way I do, but I don't think that it is a thing to treat with an air of bravado. It becomes horrible if that is done. It is all made easy by the fact that Professor Warren (you remember I dined with him in London) is such a complete gentleman.

I went into the Mission House the other evening and had dinner. Fr. Powell was more charming than ever. . . .

Now, as near as I can see there is absolutely no reason why it wouldn't be a good plan for you to come on here at any time. As far as I am concerned it will help, in that I would enjoy it enormously, and if we should work things intelligently I think it would actually aid my work.

161 Bay State Road.

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Now as to the next proposition. I have looked fairly well at this game here, and there is absolutely no reason why you should not come on here. I cannot conceive of any way in which it would not be of the greatest help to me. My reasons for wanting you to come on here are two-fold. The first set are purely selfish. I would love to have you in the first place; in the second place it would help me in my work in every way. Also I believe it would do you all kinds of good. You would make many friends here "who speak your language." . . . This I think would do you more good than anything in the world. I also think it would be

a pleasure to see me doing something which is worth while and which you approved of. Think and talk this over very seriously. You see the work is so strenuous during the day that it is next to impossible to work all evening—for me at least. Ordinary evenings I work about an hour and a half; I only put on more steam on occasions. This is about up to my limit. This would give us quite a good deal of time together . . .

I AM hoping you are better. Do let me know. Everything goes on with great speed here. I like it better and better each day. And still everybody here tells me they look back on their first half year as on a horrible nightmare. Part of the work is deadly stupid, part is very interesting, and it is a great pleasure even to attempt to use your intellect while you are working. Everybody works; the competition is frightful, but good fun.

I am very glad I have moved here; I believe it's a fine thing to get out of the atmosphere of the School for a short time each day. L—— and I have agreed not to talk work while at meals, or on our way to and fro. . . .

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WHEN I was sick L—— was pretty nearly as bad as Father is. He “meant as well” as he possibly could. I really believe he is as splendid a man as you would want to find; he is clean, manly, forgiving, *but* he has not one slightest atom of a sense of humor. He is the very highest type of Yale gentleman.

When we are working, and by the way he is the best person to work with I have ever struck, and when we are walking home or to the School together, it somehow or other seems to happen that I invariably think of the most amus-

ing things to say which have ever entered my head. I have given it all up, it is too chilling. I write them on my cuff and save them for somebody else, and continue talking about politics or athletics.

I really like the work; it is more and more interesting.

I think less and less of my class-mates, particularly the prominent ones. I have discovered several very meek-looking individuals who will be very fine men some day. There is a man named — in my section. As we were walking along in the School he said to me, "Say, every time I look at these buildings they look sweller to muh." Needless to say he is as bright as chain-lightning in his work.

.

You ask me of the men here. They are all pleasant. Henry Wilder, Dan Sortwell,¹ John Simons² in my class, Don Nichols, '06,³ Goodhue, '06,⁴ Horace Gade, '03,⁵ a Norwegian, and Austin Gill,⁶ are very nice and the others are not aggressive. It is pleasant here, but I wish you were on. It would make me completely happy.

I never have seen such a change as there is at Harvard, as I see it through the eyes of The Fly. Under Lowell every one seems so much more active—a new-born desire to have

¹ Daniel R. Sortwell, Harvard, '07, became a lieutenant (junior grade) in the U.S. Naval Reserve Force.

² John W. Simons, Harvard, '09, became a captain in the Ordnance Department, A.E.F.

³ John D. Nichols, Harvard, '06, became a captain of infantry, A.E.F.

⁴ Francis A. Goodhue, Harvard, '06, was on the Committee on Camps and Cantonments under the Secretary of War, later U.S. Delegate to London and Paris on the Inter-Allied Committee on War Purchases and Finance, and finally a member of the Financial Section of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, Paris and Germany.

⁵ Horace Gade, Harvard, '03, became a lieutenant (junior grade), in the U.S. Naval Reserve Force. He was the Assistant Naval Attaché to the American Legation at both Christiania and Copenhagen and also at the Office of the War Trade Board Representative, London.

⁶ Austin G. Gill, Harvard, '06, became a captain of field artillery, A.E.F.

the Club stand for activity amongst the whole undergraduate body. Such unity of purpose was unheard of before. The old idea of "O, well, I shouldn't do that, but if you want to do it, it's none of my business," simply does not exist. . . . Tell Charlie he is an ass and I would love to see him.

.
 THINGS go on much the same here. I have one bad bit of news; I am a wretched dissector. Of all the clumsy people I have ever seen I am the clumsiest. I am either timid, afraid to cut at all, or else I hack away with a boldness which no structure in the human body can withstand. However, it is like the reports from Franklin on my handwriting, "Poor, but improving." This has been a "hacking day," so I am through early; on my timid days I return of an evening. A funny part about the whole thing is that it is not the least bit grewsome. It ought to be like Poe, but it's more like the Scientific American, except the smell, which is terrible.

I was thinking last night of a terrible part of Swift's Gulliver's Travels (not the children's edition). Gulliver is in the land of the giants. At the Court he is a great curiosity. The great beauty of the Court picks him up and holds him near her face so that she can see him. He then sees that her face, which to her people appears soft and lily white, is really a mask of minute hairs, etc., etc. (*à la* Swift), invisible to their colossal eyes. It is one of the bitterest satires that even Swift ever wrote. It seems to me that the more charitable way to look on it is as a great Gothic Church; made up of a great mass of complications, none of them beautiful in themselves, but forming a magnificent whole.

Here is one on Lunt. I said, "O for the good old days when we called the whole region from our chest to our legs simply 'guts.'" He replied, "Then why do you want to study medicine if you feel that way about it?"

Most of these letters are undated, but they all were written before Christmas, 1910. By that time his repeated appeals to Father and Mother to come to Boston so that he might live with them had had the effect he desired.

Throughout his life he usually made his plans without respect to them; then, both by letters and telegrams, he besought them to join him. These affectionate S.O.S. calls were genuine, flattering and irresistible. From December, 1910, until his death Father and Mother were either with him or planning to go to him. For three winters they had houses in Boston to make a home for him; during the three years he was in the North they were constantly planning to go to him "when the ice breaks," and he had been "in the War" only a few months when his appeals drew them to England. There they remained until after the Armistice. They did not "run after him," as some people thought; they merely tried to keep up with his adventurous life in response to his loving appeals.

During the winter of 1910-11 they three had a small furnished house on Exeter Street. All Caspar's days were spent at the Medical School, but in the evening he and Mother shared with each other their Boston friends, old and new. The friends of each became the friends of both, and then Father's. Caspar once said to me, "Mother makes our friends and Dad keeps them for us."

In speaking that winter of a cousin, Mabel MacLeod Hammond, and her family (the Franklin T. Hammonds, of Cambridge), Caspar said, "There is a crying need for

more relations like the Hammonds. When you go to see them they are glad to see you and you have a splendid time. When you stay away for months at a time they never get their feelings hurt."

During that winter Caspar and our parents had the joy in common of frequently going to the opera. Caspar was always fond of music. Although his "practising" as a child was comic and soon given up as hopeless, he had always heard good music at home, at concerts, and whenever grand opera was within his reach, in Cincinnati, New York and Paris.

Never before had he the opportunity to go to the opera several times each week. This was made possible for him at that time by Mrs. Wirt Dexter's standing invitation to Caspar to join her in her opera box. Caspar took her so literally at her word that, when he bought seats for some special performance, he told her she owed him the \$10.00 he had paid for them. He not only enjoyed the opera with her, but during that winter they formed an intimate and lasting friendship.

Listening to great music was one of Caspar's chief joys also during the summer of that year, 1911. He went with Father and Mother to England to be near me in Oxford. Our intimate friend from Cincinnati, Mrs. Thomas, his devoted "Aunt Georgine," had the old Newman house at Iffly that summer. Caspar was constantly there with her, perched on the end of her piano bench, listening by the hour to her music. He usually asked for Beethoven, and when she turned to other composers he would ask for Beethoven again.

I remember them enjoying Beethoven together especially that summer at Goring-on-Thames. Father and Mother and the Countess Camilla Hoyos took a charm-

ing house there for the few weeks I could be with them. Everything there was peaceful, and suggested quiet grace and permanent beauty. It would have been impossible to believe that Caspar and Harry Byng,¹ who played golf together every morning, would soon be killed in a world war. Even then there were violent, although purely academic, discussions of international problems. Caspar often told Camilla afterwards that she had been the first person to explain to him why he instinctively detested Germans by her denunciations of what we have since learned to call Prussianism. Although an Austrian she loved most her mother's country, England. There Caspar first knew her, and even during and after the War kept up an intimate friendship with her.

She had visited us in Cincinnati in 1910. In the winter of 1911-12 she was one of the many interesting friends Mother had as guests at 386 Beacon Street. Caspar's intimate friend, Charles W. Short, Jr., was spending the winter at our house. Caspar was fond of them both as friends and apparently never noticed that they were in love with each other. That was a relationship that always surprised him. As his friends became engaged and married he was always at a loss to know how to account for it or what to say to them. He wrote to Charley, on hearing of his engagement to Camilla, "I don't know if you will be happy, but I am sure you will never be bored."

The following letter illustrates Caspar's amusing ignorance on the subject:

¹ Harry Gustav Byng, Harvard, '13, enlisted private, British Army, August, 1914; promoted second lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers, B.E.F., March, 1915; wounded March 16, 1915, near Festubert, France; died of wounds May 18, 1915, in a field hospital.

386 Beacon Street,
Feby. 14th, 1912.

DEAR TEMP,

WHEN numerous friends have told me of their engagements I have always tried to say something suitable to a great dramatic moment. I have tried all methods of congratulation, from a speech in the Lunt manner to satirical quips; all have been dismal failures, I have always said the wrong thing. However, I shall try again.

I am glad (I am generally sorry). In the first place you are really cut out to make a good husband. You always were destined for a married life. You've pushed a few bells too in your day, but even that you did with a sort of domestic touch. You were the only person I felt perfectly sure would marry.

Now you have got the right girl for you, and, last but not least, for *me*. I don't often take a fancy to a girl on first sight, but I surely did to her. I said to Henry shortly afterwards that I thought you had gumption enough to try to get her, but you sort of had me guessing.

Of course I will usher for you. Why shouldn't I? You could only have avoided my ushering by not asking me, and I am not so sure that that would have been effective.

Maybe I could get out for a day during the Easter holidays. I saw Mose the other day. He looked fine.

Is Wilder to be an usher? Will he have the nerve to pose as a single man?

Don't mark this E, but consider it the earnest effort of a poor little boob to congratulate you on a happiness which he knows nothing whatever about.

Lovingly,
CAP.

I will write to Ruth Card when I find out where she is.

During his first year in the Medical School and up until January of 1912 Caspar did brilliant work in spots. Some subjects interested him and he got A's in them. Some subjects bored him and he got E's in them. One wonders if he would ever have tackled his medical course seriously as a whole.

Early in January, 1912, he had to have an operation for an acute attack of appendicitis. He seemed to make a rapid recovery, but he was not well enough by the first of February to go over to New York with Father and Mother to meet me on my return to America. Shortly before, after five years in the noviciate of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, I had made my profession for life as a Religious. Caspar's cable to me on that occasion was characteristic. He understood and admired my motives for entering Holy Religion, but when it came time for me to "take the veil," as he merrily expressed it, he did not cable any bromidic message of "congratulations and love," but the one word "Enfin."

When he was supposed to be too ill to travel to New York to welcome me back to America you can imagine our surprise to have him board our train at Providence. He had to come part way to meet me, doctors or no doctors. In spite of a huge fur coat he caught cold that zero day that developed into tonsillitis. Germs migrated from his tonsils to a valve of his heart and there proceeded to settle down and raise a family. I cannot describe his case medically, but I know he was flat on his back until June. He was at the Beacon Street house and in several hospitals. Among the many things that were done to him his tonsils were taken out. Before the operation I remember I asked him if he wanted the Sacraments. He answered, "Heavens, No. This doesn't amount to anything. If it were

serious I should want everything you or any priest could do for me." Then with a twinkle in his eyes he added, "I'm afraid you can't stage a proper Catholic deathbed this time, Spencey."

He did not seem critically ill at any time that winter or spring, but he and we all knew that his heart was seriously damaged. As he became ill before the Mid-year examinations he had lost a whole year's work at the Medical School.

To start in again with the second year's work, in the autumn of 1912, was discouraging. He was not really well. Also, he seemed to have lost interest.

Dr. John Mason Little, a friend of mine who had spent several years in the North with Dr. Grenfell, happened to be in Boston on a vacation at that time. Although Father, Mother and Caspar were settled for the winter at 7 Chestnut Street, Caspar decided, after several talks with Dr. Little, to offer himself to Dr. Grenfell for work in the North until the opening of the Medical School in the fall of 1913. His heart seemed to be up to the trip and the work, for it "had established compensation." He needed also a fresh enthusiasm to carry him through the long grind of preparing to be a physician. So in November of 1912 he set out for St. Anthony, Newfoundland. Father went with him as far as St. John's. From there on his own letters tell his story.

III
THE LABRADOR
1912-1915

I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Nov. 1912.

THE Log of the "Prospero" or 6 (?) Days on the English Channel.

DEAR MON,

FATHER will tell you what it looked like when we left St. John's. Well, when we got out it was just one degree rougher than anything I have ever seen. She didn't pitch or roll, she was "buffeted." We only hit the high spots and very few of those. Do you know Kipling's Ballad of the Bolivar where "Half the rails adeck awash, all the rails below." Well, we had no rails, but huge barrels of oil, molasses and beef make an excellent substitute.

I say with some pride that I never turned a hair, why I don't know. But listen to this, there was not *one* passenger who missed or even thought of missing a meal! To go through that and not be able to gloat over anybody is what I call tough luck.

In the evening we put into Cape de Verde and lay there all night, as even in the harbor it was too rough to launch the boats to take ashore passengers.

Yesterday (Saturday) we went to Trinity where Dr. Armstrong ¹ and I left the ship. We spent several hours there with some friends of his and drove across a neck of land on sleds to King's Cove (eighteen miles) where we met the boat. This morning we have been making pretty good time with several short stops.

¹ Dr. Armstrong was then in charge of the St. Anthony's Hospital. He died in service, during the War, at Malta.

So much for the log.

I will say without hesitation that I have never had as good a time on the water. Dr. Armstrong is just about the most companionable man I have ever met. We have hit it off from the word go. Here he is brilliant, married, rich, leaving his practice and wife for the fifth winter. There are plenty of people who might do that, but very few who would not be "noble" about it. He is simplicity itself and you can see in about five minutes the kind of man he is by the way these fishermen beam on him. The Captain! He looks so like Mr. Irving ¹ that it is startling, with the same twinkle in his eye. He and I have played about fifty games of checkers, during which he sings very loudly the entire time. Friday evening when we were lying at anchor playing checkers the boat was jumping so that the "men" slipped over the board. He called to the Chief Engineer, who was playing poker, "Chief! let's ease up around to the other side of the pint, there ain't no comfort here."

Having done this we went to the saloon and had a concert. It was the real thing. Everybody bellowed, not for applause, but simply because they liked it. As you may imagine they sang "Old Black Joe," "Way Down upon the Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Marching Through Georgia," etc. With the decks covered with ice and the snow driving by, the selections seemed a bit out of place, but the sadder they were the louder they sang. The Captain always started the tune saying to the man at the piano, "Very good; wallop her." . . .

I shall stop now to join in some hymn singing. "Das Schiff" in Tristan had nothing on this craft as far as the quantity or volume of song. This Captain, who will leave

¹ Andrew Irving, Esq., of Ogdensburg, New York, and the Pontiac Game Club.

the bridge apparently at any time for song or game, is supposed to be the cleverest man in the North with ice. He takes the "Stephano," which Father saw, up into the Arctic ice for seals, wherever that may be, every winter and is the only man who will or can do it.

Wednesday.

WE have just been crawling up the coast and I fancy it will be Saturday before we get to St. Anthony.

The beauty of this coast is beyond my powers of description. Everywhere are cliffs; there is scarcely a break. All the little streams, of which there are thousands, run along the edge of these stone walls and then proceed to drop into the ocean or else become one gigantic icicle. It seems as if these streams had tried for centuries to enter the ocean in the proper way, but had finally given up the attempt to cut a gorge for themselves as hopeless. It is impossible to give you even a vague idea of the peculiar fascination of the place.

We have been invited ashore to meals several times when in harbor. The people are charming. They are at the opposite pole from a Maine "Captain." They have no sense of humor, but in all other respects are a big improvement on the New Englander.

We now have aboard two Church of England parsons. Would that I were a Sterne! One is very "High" and the other very "Low."

"High" has just returned from England, about which he is the greatest living authority. He is bent upon upholding the dignity of the CHURCH. He uses very long words of Latin derivation, which he strings together into sentences of great length. He is of an argumentative turn of mind, very "exact" in all his statements, and singularly misinformed. When I tell you that he carries with him a Green-

wich chronometer in a mahogany case when he travels and that he "checks" this with a "sidereal" sun dial you can guess the type of bore he is. When with non-nautical people he discourses on navigation, and when with non-medical people he talks of the "wonders of modern surgery," as "I saw it at Guy's, Sir."

"Low" has striven to be "Rough and ready." He is studiously untidy. He smokes the blackest plug tobacco and tells with great bravado stories with "Damn" and "Hell" in them. He values "horse sense," but thinks book learning overrated.

They are polite to each other in that ghoulish way in which ladies who hate each other are polite.

Both of these men have been ruined by failure. Being poor and living in this climate has brought out the worst in both of them instead of the best.

The more I see of Dr. Armstrong the better I like him. He is one of the type who has made the British Empire. Instead of settling down at home, he has tried about everything. He has always tried things in a British way, but he has been more places and done more things than almost anybody I know. A rolling stone may gather very little moss, but it sees a good deal of the country. He has been fine, and says that he is going to appoint himself my boss.

The scenery gets grander and grander as we approach home.

I will leave this letter on board and send another by the boat when she calls at St. Anthony.

Do not figure on this boat leaving or getting anywhere at set times. Just send anything along and trust to luck.

The telegraph operator is on board. The station at St. Anthony will be open in a couple of weeks more or less.

CAP.

St. Anthony, Nfld.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE just time to write you a few lines. Never have I met more fascinating people. Just how the general tone of this place could be improved I do not know. Dr. Grenfell¹ is even more charming than I had pictured him. I have put in a very busy day. Owing to a great lack of doctors and nurses I am posing, Dr. Armstrong's orders, as *Doctor* Burton. I have worked all day in the operating-room and etherized at two of the operations. . . .

The hospital is crowded and Dr. Grenfell looks all in, but is the most buoyant man I have ever seen.

You can walk across the harbor on the ice and dog teams are everywhere.

My quarters are palatial and Dr. Armstrong has fixed it up so that I am to have my meals with him instead of with the mob.

Do not think that I am trying to fool people here. Dr. Armstrong quizzed me from A to Z and then with a wink dubbed me his assistant.

There is a boat due in a few days. So I will write again.

Hurriedly,

CAP.

Sunday, December 10, 1912.

I AM going to try to keep a sort of diary; this you may like to read, and I think I may find it amusing in years to come. . . .

On Sunday afternoon we went to the hospital and had a service for all the patients. Dr. Grenfell gave a little talk which I consider the most perfect Christian talk it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. In the evening we went

¹ Dr. Grenfell became a major in the R.A.M.C.

to the Methodist Church where Dr. Grenfell conducted the service, as the pastor was away. He did this equally well. . . .

Dr. Grenfell is very different from all descriptions of him. He is primarily an overgrown boy. He is very enthusiastic one minute and depressed the next, and takes no pains to conceal either condition of mind.

Now I am not a hero worshipper, in the Carlyle sense, but this man has one quality raised to the *n*th power. He literally sheds pleasure. Whoever he meets leaves him feeling more optimistic than before. I believe that Dr. Grenfell loves his neighbor in a simple boyish way more than anybody I have ever seen. This is the secret of his great power.

Monday.

LATE yesterday night a man died of T.B., which is the curse of this country. Dr. Grenfell is such a Believer that he looks on the matter of "A man's body dying" in about the same way that Fr. Field¹ does. We did a P.M. and then went off rabbit shooting for the day — Dr. Grenfell, Grant,² three men who live in St. Anthony and I.

Komatiking, or dog-sledging, has become my passion. It gives you the feeling of being in danger while you are perfectly safe. I have not an idea of how fast we went, but I don't think I ever went so fast in a runabout or rig of any sort. And the steering arrangements are crude, to put it mildly. We tramped on snowshoes all day after we left the dogs. This was also excellent sport. And Dr. Grenfell! He was as happy as a school-boy getting an unexpected holiday on account of the sudden death of the principal's

¹ Rev. C. N. Field, S.S.J.E.

² Gordon Grant, Harvard, '14, became a captain of field artillery, A.E.F.

wife. My outfit kept me perfectly warm and comfortable. Anything woolen is useless. Canvas and skins make you *perfectly comfortable*.

Tuesday, 12th.

I HAVE been on the jump in the hospital all day. Everything has gone badly. Every patient seems determined to have fever. Dr. G. "lit into a man" who was moaning. The man stopped. I went across the harbor with Dr. A. We found a girl in hysterics. She was artificially making her mouth foam. Dr. A. said to her, when we were alone, "Sit up, you can't fool me." She did. She then said she "warn't bein' treated right" and called Mrs. Tilley, her boss, names. Then Mrs. Tilley called her names, then Dr. A. told them both to shut up. Mr. T. walked along with us in silence, then he said, "Well, Doctors, they'se both women and they don't somehow like each other. They'se genrilly Hell to pay when that's the case, ain't there now, Doctor?"

Wednesday.

IN hospital all day. Two operations O.K. I spent the evening with Dr. Grenfell at his house doing some blood counts, etc. He was using some of my blood for a trial. He made a mistake in arithmetic and got a terribly high count. He then looked in a book and turned to me and said, "I am sorry to break the news to you, but the book says 'such a condition is found only in pregnancy.'" Mrs. Grenfell said, "Wilf!" and the pretty, English governess blushed.

Thursday, 17th.

DR. G. has got the scientific bee in his bonnet for the time being. He and I have spent the entire day doing perfectly useless things in the laboratory while Dr. Armstrong has

been able to get the hospital straightened out. Dr. Grenfell has made me sick laughing. When we weren't able to get a certain stain right, he counted out "eenye, meeny, miney, mo" down a line of bottles and tried the one he came to. The slide was ruined.

Dr. Armstrong and I have made a list of provisions which we are sending to St. John's for. It will chew up most of my money, I fancy. He is of a very donative nature and keeps producing gifts from his dozen trunks for the nurses.

Friday.

IN hospital all day. Dr. G. is growing tired of "science." He forced himself to it this morning, but has just gone off with a dog team to have a "mug up" (tea) with some crony of his across the bay.

I am eating like a horse and enjoying it, why I don't know, as the food is well below par.

Saturday.

WE took out an eye. We had some trouble getting this man etherized this time, although he went under easily a week ago. After we had given him a *whole can* he murmured, "It don't seem to work, Doctor, although *it tastes just as good.*"

I had dinner at the Grenfells'. We (the editorial we) will have to concede more and more to Mrs. Grenfell.¹ She has rare tact and sense. She never talks about the hospital or work and appears to take no interest. She does a lot of good

¹ Mrs. Grenfell writes from St. Anthony after Caspar's death: "From every one of Caspar's friends along the coast as I came up, and now on arrival, I hear the same story of real personal grief in the loss of him and of genuine appreciation of what he was and did. The people are very simple about it all, but you can see the place that 'Dr. Burton' had won for himself in their hearts. They all say, 'He always told us he was coming back again after the war.' Anyhow, his spirit has come back and the fishermen won't forget him any more than we shall."

without trying to get the credit of doing any. This species of human is a "rara avis."

Miss — is very pretty, every inch a lady, and well educated. I kept thinking, 'Here is all the stage set for a real romance. The lady knows nothing of your past. With a little effort, old boy, you might appear a pretty fine sort of chap. You might even, after things had gone a certain distance, tell of what a wild devil you had been, and let her think she had reformed you.' . . . But she is both sweet and shy. Either of those traits alone would hopelessly cramp my style and the combination bores me to tears. Why didn't she stay in England and be the poor Vicar's daughter?

Sunday, 15th.

I HELPED do dressings all morning. These poor fellows, most of them with rotting T.B. joints, are all splendid chaps. They have great pluck. The women, of whom there are only a few, are more unattractive than I can tell.

After service we komatiked over to the reindeer herd. A cow bears the same relation to a gazelle that a reindeer does to a cow. . . . I was led to believe by Miss Howard, Miss Furness, Miss Merrywether ¹ and other misinformed ladies, that the deer was a wild animal and the dog a domestic pet. A dog slept at Mr. Brown's feet after he had done his day's work while a deer sprang through a dense forest. I had to give up all these ideas. A reindeer, of which there are thousands, apparently, appears to be half-way under the influence of ether. When he sees a choice morsel he has to think quite a while before he can decide whether it is worth while to make the effort to reach for it. A child could ride one, but would soon scream for the excitement of "ride a cock horse."

¹ His teachers in the primary grades.

A komatik dog, on the other hand, sprang from a different stock from the peaceful hound of Mr. Brown. If you feel so inclined, you single the smallest one out from the lot, you pat it with one hand while you hold in the other an axe at half-cock. So far I have contented myself with staying outside the radius of their traces and throwing them food.

Monday, 16th.

POOR Dr. Armstrong is terribly homesick. My happiness palls on him, so I am going to give up *L'Allegro* and adopt *Il Penseroso* when I am with him. I like him better and better. He is very conceited and takes any stray compliment which comes his way like a child takes ether. He is beautifully British! He thinks America above other nations, but second class because Americans are not pure Anglo-Saxons. I like him for treating me as a real friend and telling me what he thinks. I have made some remarks about England which *I* thought very sharp and unusually clever. You might just as well try to shoot a rhino with a pea-shooter.

The two nurses, Miss Bryce¹ and Miss Cannon,² are both English, although trained in New York. Miss Cannon has the heart of a Saint with the manner of a Sally Brass. She even carries the keys of the storerooms at her girdle (a region mentioned in novels but not in anatomies). She seems to carry around a placard, "There is no nonsense about me." And my! how that female works! I believe she must sleep, but when, I don't know. I was up till 3.30

¹ Miss Bryce, now Mrs. Alexander MacRae, of Northumberland, England, writes: "I am so thankful I had that wonderful year in St. Anthony with him. There wasn't a thing about him that wasn't grand. No one could have behaved more splendidly and I think I was perhaps the only person there who knew just what he was doing."

² Miss Cannon, of Stamford, Connecticut.

the other morning. She was still full of "pep" when I crawled into bed. When I stumbled on the job at 8.30 (in the dark) she had already done a day's work. She had me guessing for a few days. I finally caught her, however. Behind a screen I caught her hugging and kissing the most unlovely child who answers, or rather snarls, to the name of Baxter. She blushed, and explained, but I have her number now and she knows it. I expect to catch her sleeping, or touching a sterile instrument before I leave.

Tuesday.

MISS BRYCE is easy to look upon. She is also pleasant on all occasions. She is really a brick. When she gets some time off she takes it, and is very good fun. She has also stopped medical talk at meal-times, which was getting rather crude. I was getting a little too much of it myself. I know how Kipling felt in the "Three Decker" when he says "They never talked obstetrics when the little stranger came." Miss Bryce is O.K. Anybody would like her. She reminds me a bit of Mary Grosbeck.¹

Wednesday, 18th.

I HAVE just finished a book called "Brain and Personality," by Thompson. He attempts to deal in an elementary and too diagrammatic way with a very complex subject. But it is stimulating reading. Read it. . . .

If I never give away a penny to a blind man I will never send anything I have no use for to a mission. If I can't buy an article and send it with the price mark on it I won't send it. All the perfectly useless things in the world are here in St. Anthony. There are eight million second-class books, there are half-worn clothes; there are hundreds of Victor

¹ Miss Mary Grosbeck, of Cincinnati, now Mrs. Daniel Riker, of New York.

records which were bought by people who must have been blind drunk when they bought them. Amongst these I found one Caruso record and one Gadske record. When I tried them the first had one large crack and the second had two. The rest are English sentimentals, naval songs, hymns by the Trinity choir, funny songs, recitations, both comic and sentimental, and real coon songs sung by Cockneys.

Most people have the wrong idea. They think that because a person is in a mission they want hymns on the Victor and articles about a mission in Timbuctoo. If we were not fed upon that sort of thing we might be mildly interested in either. What you really want is some sensuous Italian music sung by Caruso and a nice mauve edition of Oscar Wilde. At home you might prefer a good Bach Mass, and you certainly would prefer Thomas à Kempis, or in fact almost any other known form of literature to Oscar Wilde.

I have been led to believe that there are people who have been good so long that it becomes a habit with them; that they only like noble thoughts and deeds; that to be good becomes actually a pleasure to them. I don't believe this. I once read, in printed notes, about a man named Heraclitus who held that all life and matter consists in change. As I found that he had written very little I read what he did write. He said that the only reality of life, the only thing of which we could be sure, was "flux."

All great historians and sociologists (there are one or two with whom I am not well acquainted) see in history the pendulum swinging. In this the aforesaid illustrious men have me on their side. This view of life is the one always in my mind, when I think of any event from Napoleon to the Becker trial. But it is a dangerous view to take and it is excellent fun to sit and watch the pendulum swing. But I am

beginning to think that possibly it is also good sport to keep the pendulum away from a certain side. If you want to keep a pendulum away from one side and on the other the thing to do is to wait until it has reached the highest point on the objectionable side and then hit it. Striking it as it comes toward this side is pretty ineffective. As an example take the Becker incident. It would have been useless to try to clean up New York when it wasn't very bad. It would have been wasted effort, but just now is the time to shove the pendulum back and then throw sand on the track hoping to let the pendulum swing back slowly.

Now aren't people singularly like their institutions? Who makes the best Christian, for example? A man who hasn't been very keen and gradually improves little by little or a man who gets hit or allows himself to get hit at the height of the wrong swing of the pendulum? St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, Thomas à Becket, are three of the latter type who come to my mind.

But I am getting in above my head. I shall soon solve this speculation and publish the result to the waiting world. It is rather an interesting question, though?

3 A.M. *Friday.*

THE "Duchess" has just come in with the mail. I am night nurse every third night now, so I am up and got everything. I will send this right off and will send you more by the "Prospero" which is due any day now.

It really did seem good to hear from everybody and from you in particular. Of course, I suppose I should write at great length in reply to all your letters. When I feel deeply about anything it is almost impossible for me to mention it and when I have tried to express myself I certainly have made a fizzle of it. . . .

It seemed to me, and now I know that I was right, that there might possibly be lurking somewhere in me a taste for this kind of work. I am not able to do much actual good work here, but I like everybody and I am going to see to it that they like me, and I may be able to help, even if it is only to cheer up some of these poor devils. I am really trying to bring out something in me which will please you. I am not doing the hardest thing I could do. I am doing a very easy thing. The so-called hardships of this place are not as bad as they are pictured (at least they are not so for me). Well, I will never be prominent and may never be successful, but when I leave here I think I will honestly be able to say to myself, "Well, it was a poor financial and worldly move, it led nowhere, it wasn't the best thing to do for your parents, but, by George, nobody can say you were a worthless dilettante during this period at any rate." This will be a satisfaction to me and to you, I think. . . .

The Prospero will bring the boxes. Many thanks. I do not think there is a single other thing you can do for me, as I have everything. I may not get any more time to write until this boat leaves, as I have to keep right on the job until two operations are over in the morning, after which I shall hibernate for a round or so of the clock.

Dec. 24th, 1912.

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I HAVE been terribly busy since the Duchess got here with patients. Thank Goodness! have not had to join in any of the elaborate Christmas preparations which start this evening.

I have had some amusing experiences lately. On Sunday I went to the Church of England with Dr. and Mrs. G. Mrs. G. froze both cheeks stiff in church, while the parson

was mentioning the terrors of fire and brimstone. We also prayed in the Litany (which never has seemed to me a very warm affair) to "eliminate" all Bishops, etc. The sermon was about whenever you read of a brave deed being done, the name of an Englishman usually follows, etc. Dr. G.'s comments were wonderful. In the afternoon Dr. G. was trying to mend a watch, which he had needlessly taken apart. I asked him what he was doing. He replied, "I am trying to remember that I am a Christian and I am losing ground every moment." He preached a wonderful Christmas sermon. It is wonderful to see how the men here improve while they are in the hospital. They brighten up in a really surprising manner. Oh, the pettiness of people, with different religious views! Up here each place has Catholic, Church and Methodist schools, all poor. Nobody ever trusts people of other denominations. Thank God, Dr. G. has got the power and the sense at least to do something to knock all this in the head.

He is very keen about our Church in America and very down upon the Church of England at the present time. He said, "I don't mind form in the Church, what I hate is 'forms'" (meaning of course, red-tape).

I am expecting the box by the Prospero and it is anxiously awaited, particularly by the nurses who seem to be tired of the diet.

Christmas Morning, 1912.

WE had dinner last evening at the Grenfells'. Just after dinner the Prospero came in. It was a really wonderful sight. As we ran over the ice dog teams seemed to rise from the ice. Later I counted 180 dogs all harnessed and there must have been many more. They were all fighting and howling. As the Prospero bucked the ice full steam ahead,

some of the boys walked on the ice, which was trying to break, with their hands *on her bow*. . . .

We got a terrible bunch of patients, and will be operating most of today, I fear. We were up most of the night seeing patients who had to go along on the boat, making medicines, etc.

This afternoon Santa (Dr. Armstrong) is to come over the hill from the North Pole with the toys on a sled with Donner and Blitzen and the other reindeer pulling him.

I have just been able to snatch a moment for this letter, but may be able to snatch another before the Prospero leaves this afternoon.

I have not had time to open the box as yet.

Later.

I OPENED the boxes. I can tell you that such things don't grow on trees up here and will come in mighty handy. When Dr. G. saw my boxes he threw himself across the room and embraced me, saying, "I will have to be very careful to keep in your good graces until all these are eaten."

I wonder what Dr. Johnson would have said of this place!!!

I am going off on a trip to Cape Norman sometime next week to take a crippled boy home. It ought to be a wonderful trip. It is about eighty miles each way. They tell me the "going" is good now. Perhaps I might not have come to this conclusion by myself. I am bursting with health and my heart has only a faint suggestion of a murmur left.

I am thinking of inventing a thermos bottle for humans. If you hear of such an invention send me a few hundred, will you?

By the next Prospero I hope to answer some of the letters I got.

I got the Bible. Every third book in the Mission is a Bible, but thanks all the same; also the orange glasses.

Dec. 26th.

WELL, Christmas is over! I got everything, for which many thanks. It was a real pleasure to see how the orphans and the other children enjoyed it. I took your letter off to the Prospero on a komatik, driven by two reindeer covered with ribbons. Dr. G. and I boarded her from the ice while he hobnobbed with a lot of cronies. It is truly remarkable to see how these sad, quiet-looking men brighten up in his presence.

We got a lot of pretty bad patients, most of them tubercular or septic.

I expect to go to Cape Norman tomorrow morning at 5.30 with your toys and others. I am going to do one-night stands along the Straits for a week or ten days. I like trying new things, but there is a limit. I have to drive a team of reindeer, run Xmas trees, see anybody who is sick (and not kill anybody) and read the Church of England service. Well, I have always said I would try anything once.

Friday.

IT turned "dirty," so I did not go. It has blown a gale of wind and snow all day. I had my head shingled! I found that my head sweated going up a hill and my hair froze going down. I also broke off my front tooth, so that I am not very beautiful to look at. Dr. Grenfell wants his hair shingled, but Mrs. G. is firm.

Saturday, 28th.

IT was still too dirty to go. I went over to Goose Cove, eight miles away, with Dr. Armstrong, where he fixed a broken arm. We came back at night in a driving snow.

storm. How those dogs ever kept the trail is a mystery to me, for all the tracks were gone and one part of the country looks exactly like another, with no tree or anything for landmarks. But they only lost their way once and then stopped like a shot and all twelve of them lay on their backs until we found the trail again. They are really wonderful, and my! how they can pull.

Sunday.

STILL too bad to go, but I expect to go tomorrow if possible. . . .

Dr. G. is the biggest-hearted Christian I have ever met! Whether he is playing with the X-ray machine or running the Strathcona through the fog and ice on the uncharted coast of Labrador, he must be called either extraordinarily brave or a — fool, he has a great practical vision of a life of usefulness, he is a fine surgeon and a charming English gentleman. . . . His charm and goodness are so apparent that they convince. . . .

Have you ever realized what a power it is to feel that you are right? Look at the stupid people and nations going ahead of others simply because they never doubt. I sometimes think that the most dangerous thing that can happen to a person is to be able to see both sides of a question. I am sure that this is a terrible fault with me. For the life of me I cannot work up any very great enthusiasm about anybody or anything in general except myself and life in general. So-called bad men are so much like so-called good men, if you treat them in the right way. What a person amounts to in this world seems to me to depend not very much on what he is. It depends on which one of the great influences in this world takes effect. If a person can work up belief and enthusiasm for some good cause he can be-

come a very fine man from a very mediocre start. On the other hand, it is very easy to get a good start, but to default early in the tournament, because you don't fancy the cup, even if you should win it . . .

Now there are lots of prizes offered, but most of the plums of this world, particularly those called prominence and power, I don't like. The victor is apt to be a bit too self-assured.

Well, how about wealth! Well, this is the long-distance race. Most people have to enter this race, a few even like it, but Heavens! how stupid and tiresome it is. Let us rather get beaten in the 10 yd. dash.

But the trouble is that if you stop competing, some day they may hang up a prize you want and then you will be so out of practice that you won't have a chance.

Jan. 5, 1913.

DEAR MOTHER,

.
I HAD a glorious trip North. You may laugh about Mr. Irving and the prayer-tree! I *know* that I am a poor sort of a Christian except when I am alone in the so-called barren places. It seems on these occasions as if my whole vision of life clears, as if cataracts had been removed from my eyes. A city interests me, a rural community disgusts me, and a great space of virgin land inspires me. As I pushed up hill, slid down hill and jogged on the level my mind fairly buzzed. I did not think of anything I had done or was going to do, but of what a marvellous world God has lent us to live in. Alfred de Vigny in his latter days became a cynic. He said, "There is a God; but He is a cruel God not to tell us about the mysteries of Nature." How wrong! What an exciting problem He left us to solve! And the

beauty of this problem is that by means of science, etc., we can discover the answer to bits of this problem; just enough at the time to keep us going and fascinated. When science, etc., discover a lot more are we going to see that Christianity is really the answer after all? It certainly looks more and more like this to me. Compare Darwin and the modern scientist, even the German, for instance. I firmly believe, and I don't believe just on a hunch either, that the day will come when men will not only believe in Christ, but will be able to prove it.

I spent the first night in Ha-Ha, but first a word about reindeer. I drove one and Ned Evans, one of the herders, another. My deer was named Daisy, I changed this to Xanthippe. In the first place a deer has one trace and one rein. You will ask, "But how does that work?" Answer, "It doesn't." Dr. Grenfell says, "Deer must be O.K. because the Laps are content with them." I replied, "Yes, and they are contented with Lapland, I fancy." A reindeer comes just below the jellyfish in a scale of evolution. Fear is the only motive which makes a deer go, but "Xan" didn't know enough to realize that murder lurked in my heart. On bays and lakes and rivers "Xan" went very slowly. Between boulders, stumps and the tops of trees sticking above the snow "Xan" went like a stake horse. This was exciting, but made my lower limbs blue and yellow, and wore out a pair of sealskin boots. "Xan" has one virtue. When it is time for having a "mug up," you tie her to a tree, which bears not a leaf, but is covered, that part which sticks above the snow, with ice and dry scales, and you say, "Dinner is now served in the Dining Car." "Xan" then sticks out about five yards of tongue and looks pleased beyond words. Off this perfectly sterile tree she eats a full meal and goes much better.

I had a medicine chest and two huge boxes of toys. I saw patients, pulled teeth, cut open septic fingers, gave conservative medicines and held Xmas trees. I also made speeches at all the Xmas trees which were held in the churches. I wanted to say, "You see those new toys. Well, Ma sent me those. The broken ones were sent by short skates." As a matter of fact I preached sermons about what a Xmas tree was and why we had it. They were easily the best Xmas-tree talks that have ever been given. By a unique process of reasoning I have proved to myself that I am not a hypocrite when I do such things.

At Ha-Ha I was given a great time; I was given fresh meat and tinned cow (condensed milk). I also got many lice in my hair, but it was so short that they all died of the cold or something the next day. Hospitality is the cardinal virtue of these people. I hit it off beautifully with them, as they have virtues which I admire and vices which most of the people I like (including myself) have. . . .

January 6th, 1913, Monday.

THE Duchess left last night; her last trip. . . .

Miss —, whom you saw, is the most objectionable person I ever met. She is kind, she is really very good, she is willing, she is able, she is good nature itself; in fact there is absolutely no good Christian virtue, except grace, which she hasn't got. But!! Well, if I am able to keep up pleasant (so-called) relations with her I am sure that in the next life I will climb up one big step in the Inferno. If a person were to pick out of prison the worst person there and say, "You have to eat two meals every day with this fellow," I am perfectly sure that after some labor I could find one subject upon which we could converse with pleasure. Well, this could never happen with Miss —. She said

to Dr. A. (who openly hates her), "Oh, Dr. Armstrong, I just think it is too splendid of you giving up your lucrative London practice, to be a Missionary in this bleak Northland." He said, coloring up, "I came up here because I like the life, not out of a sense of duty. I think to be a fashionable doctor in London the most damnable boring life I know of." Dr. A. keeps her away from him by swearing like a trooper when she appears. She spends all her spare time either taking pictures or writing hundreds of letters, enclosing them.

Tuesday.

I WORKED all morning, but got off in the afternoon. I went skiing, which is a great sport, with Dr. Grenfell and Grant. We went to see George Ford, who is the Hudson Bay Co.'s factor at the northernmost post in Baffin Land. I bought some marvellous boots and sealskins (\$1.20 a skin!) and a beautiful caribou overcoat which reaches to my ankles; it also has a large hood. It is all Eskimo-made with beads and layers of light and dark hide. I shall give it to Cleves¹ when I return. Tell him! . . .

Wednesday.

DR. G. has a fit on for doing heart work. We have been making blood pressure curves, etc., of hearts. He pulled out two old tracings of men who died. Then he said, "Now we will see if we can't make you give one like these." He seemed terribly annoyed when I gave the most normal tracings of anybody. He says he knows I cheated, how, I don't know. But, joking aside, I certainly did get a good heart. My circulation is so good that one ear is all I have frozen so far. Everybody else is continually freezing fin-

¹ John Cleves Short, Esq., of Cincinnati, with a taste for color in raiment. In the War he was a major, Q.M.C., A.E.F.

gers and particularly toes; these parts keep *perfectly* warm with me, and, by the way, just as sea-sickness is for some reason, unknown to me, considered a good joke, so freezing something is considered terribly amusing. . . .

I had to go across the harbor this afternoon. I was blown back by a wind which I am sure came from the North Pole without stopping. As I came in the Guest House Grant was playing on the Victor a song from a comic opera "The Arcadians":

It's nice and warm, I think, that we shall have a lovely day,
Very, very warm for May, eighty in the shade they say — just fawncy!
It really really looks as though we'll really have a lovely day,
Oh, what very charming weather!

But at my request he gladly took this off and played "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" sung by the Trinity mixed choir, which fitted the occasion better.

I am going to Griquet (eighteen miles) with Dr. Grenfell tomorrow to give a Christmas tree. Mrs. G. is also going if we can find a "woman-box" (I love that phrase) to put on a komatik.

This place was wrongly named. St. Anthony would never have had his chance to become a saint here!

Saturday.

WE, Dr. and Mrs. G., Grant, George Ford, Alex Sims (the driver) and I went to Griquet. We had a most glorious trip. We had one dog komatik and three deer ones. Going over was about the best fun I have ever had. There was not a bit of wind, which is unusual for this country. Dr. G. smashed his komatik, which was the one that Peary took to the North Pole, and was very amusing about it. I have beyond a doubt formed a new and strong taste. Apart from the Mission and the people I shall always love

the country. The endless snow and ice has a fascination for me greater than anything I have ever experienced. I can easily understand Dr. Grenfell's love for this country. Intoxicating is the only adjective which at all describes it. I believe that this climate affects you in one of two ways; you either look on it as drearier than anything that you have ever conceived of, in which case all your instincts make you dread the cold, or else it intoxicates you so that you will tackle with real pleasure a job which by all means ought to be a most disagreeable one.

Whenever I hear the komatic dogs howling and fighting I run to the window; when they finally cut the thong holding it to a post and the komatik jumps forward, I want to go and I don't care in the least where I go to. I think one thing that makes me feel this way is that I am so ridiculously healthy. I am just beginning to realize that I have been distinctly below par for well over a year. Keeness is what describes my physical condition. I discovered myself rolling around in the snow playing with some dogs for the sheer joy of it the other day. For a long time I had felt like kicking every dog I saw.

At Griquet we had a glorious time. We had a fine tree in Orangeman's Hall. Dr. Grenfell was the most fascinating human being I have ever seen. The people to a man love him. . . .

I spent the night with Ed, Al Bursey and family. The kitchen, dining-room, library, living-room, nursery, bedroom, pantry, storeroom, bathroom, woodshed, laundry, etc., all turned into one was a gem. The decorations were catholic; a picture of Jesus in the Manger, Dr. Grenfell, an advertisement for Fleischman's yeast, Landseer's "Stag," and Lily Langtry, as well as nets and fiddle. On this weapon Mr. B. performed for George Ford and me.

He said, "Most folks won't try to fiddle because they think it hard, but I never had no trouble."

To see those children with their toys was a joy that would have warmed anybody's heart. Solomon, aged eight, even stopped smoking his pipe to play with a pop-gun. We had a mug up. At meals none of the females eat until all the males get through, then they get what is left. In this land the male wears all the plumage; the wife is only "his woman." I'll bet Mrs. G. was a revolutionary bomb in the house where they stayed. I went to bed with George Ford. I would have gladly taken in any of the rest of the family, regardless of age or sex, provided they would radiate heat. It got "parky" (a London cabby's phrase which Dr. G. uses in describing a windy night) during the night. Grant, in the next house, took off his boots and socks and actually froze two toes *in bed*. The greatest virtue of these people is hospitality. Tell Charley I want no more talk about Southern hospitality. This latter simply amounts to giving alcohol, of which you have more than enough, to a person who wants it, but actually doesn't need it, in a very gracious way. This hospitality means giving of food, of which the donor never by any chance has all he wants or even needs.

I am night nurse again, as Dr. Armstrong and Miss Cannon have gone off to tackle a diphtheria epidemic. I expect the Prospero tomorrow for the last trip. I will probably get no mail or be able to get any out for a long time, a month or two, but then it ought to come every now and then.

I found a box of splendid Victor records, Caruso, Farrar, etc. They are really a great joy. I have finished the books you sent me and have ferreted out some others, notably Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." This is

a marvellous book which I did not think I would ever read. I wonder if I shall be reduced to Dad's literature or "Pilgrim's Progress" first. It is a toss-up. Just a touch of that skunk John Knox makes me boil, and one concentrated pill of Puritanism is more than I can stand, classic or no classic.

What Father needs is the woods in one long dose! Read O. Henry's story about the man and the doctors and how he finally found health.

Will you please ask Father to send up by the first Prospero some fly nets and possibly a silk hood and some fly dope, as I fancy the flies are about as bad here as anywhere? If he could send me up a cheap salmon rod and reel and some *large* salmon flies I will probably be able to get off for a few days for what is the best salmon fishing in the world. I don't care anything about a gun, as I prefer prodding a reindeer with a balsam pole to shooting caribou; it is more satisfying.

If you shouldn't get a telegram you will know the wire is down.

The reason this letter is so disjointed and badly written is because it is about four in the morning and cold. That fiend of a Miss —, unknown to me, gave a lot of the patients, I should say, very large doses of castor oil which has kept me on the jump all night.

Later and Warmer.

I DON'T want you to misunderstand me about Dr. Grenfell's books. The only objection to Dr. Grenfell's books on Christianity, Immortality, etc., is that they are poorly written and are not anywhere near sound. Theologically and scientifically they are a joke. They also smack too much of Lyman Abbott, Henry Van Dyke, Jane Addams,

that fellow Crothers, etc., with all of whom he is intimate and by whom he has been greatly influenced. I have a theory about all this modern rot about Simple Faith. Simple Faith is excellent for simple people (and this combination may be the best thing), but simple religion is as much bosh as the Simple Life for complex people. For instance, I don't see how a man like Father Waggett, say, should accomplish Faith by the same mental processes that a Labrador fisherman does. If a man feels as Dr. G. does, why an education, except for worldly purposes?

As regards his stories! They are possible because they are so sincere and because Dr. G. has led an unusual and romantic (I hate the word, it suggests the Albert Memorial) life. If they were written by a fur trader I think they would be estimable. . . .

But far be it from me to criticize a real saint like Dr. G.

Tuesday, Jan. 14th, 1913.

THE Prospero has just gotten in. She has been eleven days out from St. John's. Three times she tried to get around Cape St. John (down the coast a few miles) and had to put back. Captain Kane is a hero, as everybody "'lows as how Cap'n Kane's the only man livin' 'twould a nosed her down here." She couldn't get in the harbor at all and is anchored to the ice outside. It was twenty-eight below to-day with a regular gale of wind. I went out to the boat and had a terrible time getting two stretcher cases back against the wind, but didn't freeze a finger or toe of either one. My canvas suit keeps out the wind absolutely, so that I can be perfectly warm where it covers me. Little or rather huge caribou skin moccasins, only the thickness of paper but absolutely air-tight, with the aid of numerous socks, keep my feet perfectly warm. These are quite won-

derful. As Mark Twain said of the bicycle, "I have seen it, but it is impossible." The reason for this is that they are so soft that they never bind and hence the blood is never stopped even momentarily. Seal gloves, made of seal's flippers, keep my hands perfectly warm. The only trouble is the face, when you have to face the wind and flurries of snow and small pieces of ice. When these times come it is just plain Hell. I have just been fighting this wind for about three hours getting these patients in and I don't mind saying that my language would have made that of a mate on a river-boat sound like the Catechism. I almost never swear on ordinary occasions. Most of the natives here are poorly nourished and are, with some notable exceptions, about as yellow as you make them; most of them instead of getting used to the cold get absolutely cowed by it. Dr. Little seems to be the man who is everybody's hero up here. Almost every house I go into somebody says, "Well, this is almost as cold as the night Doc Little did ——" When I got in Miss —— said, "Oh, Mr. Burton, weren't you afraid?" I wanted to slay her. One more nice thing about Dr. G. is that he never either criticises or praises you as long as he thinks you are doing your best.

I only got one letter from you describing Xmas. In this country letters really get lost, so I suppose some of yours were. After this there will be no mail either way for probably two months, but I will try to write you daily on the chance that you will get them sometime. I am truly sorry you are not well, but don't ever think "nerves" are the worst thing that can happen to you. Just spend one morning dressing great open tubercular joints as I do every day. The agony that some of these poor fellows suffer is beyond belief, but Dr. G. always tries to save their limbs because they cannot earn a living with one hand or one leg.

Almost everybody in St. Anthony has had the grippe except me. For the first time in years my nose is always clear and I use one handkerchief indefinitely. I am putting on weight at a surprising rate. I weigh about 150 pounds in my indoor clothes.

I got no papers, but I don't seem to care. Balkan troubles, Caruso's throat, prize fights, President Eliot's views on bringing up babies, Whitelaw Reid's death, etc., don't seem to interest me in the least. Everybody else seems crazy to get news of the World, but somehow or other I don't seem to care. I guess I will never get over being more interested in myself than other people.

I really cannot understand the working of your mind when you thank me for *my* Christmas present. I would have given you a Xmas present *if* I had been home and *if* I had any money. You speak of my giving and not receiving this Xmas. Well, the only things I gave were toys and food which you sent me and food which I bought with Father's money. Another thing which I like about Dr. G. is that he never does the Lady Bountiful act for one minute. He always is giving away things "which some kind friends have sent me." It is never as if he himself was giving things (never money) away.

We have been having great fun over two operations for circumcision. Dr. A. did the first one. Dr. G. watched, then he said, "Armstrong, how much do you rob people of for doing that in London?" Dr. A. said fifty guineas. Dr. G. then said, "And do you then come out here to get square with your conscience? Now watch me on this next boy. I learned how to circumcise from Leviticus, and I'll bet you that by following the directions I beat you and your fifty guineas all hollow." So he put an Old Testament on

the boy's chest and proceeded. Then on the eighth day we cleansed it. We beat Dr. A. all hollow.

I must stop. Too busy.

Love,

CAP.

Tell Spence a Mr. Sadler ¹ is here and wanted to be remembered to him. He seems thoroughly O.K. He says this place is not as cold as Cowley.

Friday, 17th Jan. 1913.

I HAD to make one flying trip to Griquet since I wrote you last to see a fellow who had a bad hemorrhage in his left lung. I brought back a gentleman named Humby who has lain in bed for four years with no organic trouble. He is what you can call a hypochondriac if you want to. He thinks his insides are bearing down. Well, Dr. G. is resourceful, if anything. We told him we were going to fix him. Then we etherized him and put a large blister on his abdomen. We first showed him all the large knives and saws that we had. Two days later we opened all the windows in his room, took away his bedclothes, and told him he had his choice of freezing to death or walking to the next room where we would fix him up. We then left him yelling and screaming. After about a minute he got out of bed and walked for the first time in nearly five years. And, by George, he walks every day now. How that man hates me! It is my job to tell him that he is a fraud. As a matter of fact he isn't a fraud, for his mind is diseased. Dr. G. says crazy or not crazy he is going to pull up cod next summer, and I fancy he will. It is a very interesting case to me and I have largely had charge of him. Dr. G. says he understands auto-commanding better than auto-suggesting.

¹ Rev. Ralph Sadler, at one time with me in the novitiate at Cowley.

Saturday.

I got a day off today. I took my thermos bottle and some chocolate and went off by myself for the day. I just put on my racquettes and wandered way back in the white hills. It was glorious. Cold but no wind. I shot several white ptarmigan and a couple of large white hares. It is good fun following up fox and rabbit tracks. I only wish I had a chance to do more of this sort of thing, for there is nothing I love so much. I tell you my bump of direction comes in handy up here; I haven't gotten twisted yet even in some very dirty weather.

*Thursday, Jan. 24th, 1913.
Griquet chez Esau Hillier.*

HERE I am snowed in for fair. Monday afternoon a man came over from here wanting a doctor in a hurry. Dr. G. couldn't go, so I was elected. Dr. Armstrong has pneumonia at Flower's Cove, but has passed the crisis. Dr. G.'s only remark on hearing of this by telegraph was, "Well, why didn't he send his team home? He can't want it if he is sick." Dr. G. is strong on spiritual consolation, but he certainly doesn't waste much time feeling sorry for physical pain. Saturday before last when I had the grippe he came in the room smiling, and said, "If you are able to help in the operating room, get up; if you would just be in the way, stay in bed." This is characteristic of his attitude towards sickness. I don't think that he considers relieving pain of the slightest consequence unless it helps in curing a man and allowing him to "get back to his work," which is a great phrase of his.

I saw the sick man who had pneumonia; knocked the window out with an axe, left some directions, medicines, etc., and chased away a large part of the women folks who

always gather when anybody's sick. They weep and particularly moan until a fairly sick man gets convinced that he is going to die. At this stage they admit that the case has gotten beyond their medical skill (a great blow to their pride) and send for help.

During the night a woman died in child-birth, two miles from where I was, without sending for me in time, as "she seemed all right." I got to her about four in the morning after working *two hours* to go two miles against the storm. I was too late. Even I could have saved her life, as her well-meaning women kin had certainly made a ghastly job of it.

Let me describe the scene:

It was four in the morning; dark as pitch with howling nor'easter; it wasn't that it was snowing, but the snow which was on the ground was migrating; in one place bare ground and within fifty yards a drift way up over tall trees. In fact such nights rarely occur outside of Nick Carter.

In the house were about twenty-five people all sitting around the stove. The second I entered I saw I was too late. Everybody was moaning and wailing. It was the most interesting scene I have ever witnessed.

I will stop right here and explain the use of the word "interesting." I will try to be honest with myself and you. My sensations when I see a stranger die are exactly the same as when I read in the newspaper that fourteen people were killed in Kansas. I might be willing to try to prevent this woman's death and do so gladly, but I literally don't care at all when it is all over. I wonder why this is so. Now Dr. G. doesn't think it makes much difference whether a person dies or not (like Fr. Field). This is O.K. as long as you don't care whether you yourself live or not (and Dr. G. has certainly taken more fool chances of losing

his life than almost anybody); but I myself care more about living than any other fact in this world. Well, there only seems one answer, cold-heartedness. It is an ugly fact. When I feel sorry for a person's death (as for Pren's) it is simply because I have lost a great joy. I wonder if I will ever change; I doubt it.

Well, if I didn't know how to feel sorry for this man I did have a conception of how a gentleman ought to act in a rather new situation. I got Mr. Bussey away from some of the loudest wailers (who are not relations) and gave him my last *Romeo and Juliette* Perfecto. Apparently he liked my methods, for he has hardly left my side since his wife's death and he has invited me to "Mourn" at the funeral tomorrow. If I can't get away before then, I shall.

I shall really read the Bible if I tour the provinces much. Are people edified by Leviticus? Not I, at any rate. I was bored. The Psalms are like all great poetry. They are (1) great poetry, (2) "very deep." Anybody ought to enjoy the sound of them and I do, just as I enjoy the sound of Milton. But, by George, it seems to me that the unlearned person is apt either to get no significance at all out of most of them, or else read into them all sorts of things that were never there. Some of them I know mean a whole lot, but they might just as well be a beautiful poem in Spanish as far as I am concerned. Is there some good criticism of them? (Not a little gem of a book telling me how fine they are.) If so, please send me it in the summer. The Chesterton you sent me is not up to the other Chesterton.

I got to talking with a skipper up here about the "Titanic." He was great! He said, "I see, Doctor, that they say Captain Smith ought to have slowed up because there

was ice 100 miles ahead." He then said, "Well, if it's a 'cap'n's' duty to slow up when there's ice ahead I reckon Dr. Grenfell has done more sinnin' than any man afloat." He also said, "Seems to me like as if I had spent \$10,000,000 on a boat I would hire a few men at fifty cents a day who were *used* to looking for ice." It seemed by far the most intelligent criticism I have heard.

Miss — gets "wuss and wuss." Her one ideal in life is neatness. She tidied up my dispensary and now neither Dr. Grenfell nor I can find anything. If a man was dying and wetting his bed at the same time I know she would remake that bed before she did anything else. . . .

I am getting very thick with Miss Bryce. She is a brick. She never does things for effect, and when she makes a mistake, she does not try to make excuses for herself. The thing that I like about her is that she is so happy-go-lucky. She literally takes nothing to heart. She says that when next she becomes a missionary, it will be to the Equatorial races. Dr. G. invited her to go on a komatik ride the other day. She politely declined, saying she preferred to sit in the kitchen with her feet in the oven for a holiday. Her uncle had asked her to spend the winter on his yacht in the Mediterranean and her remarks on her Quixotic conduct are rich. It seems strange that when I know so many nice ladies that I can't manage to fall in love, if only for a week, but I can't seem to do it. . . .

Esau Hillier, mine host, is an acquaintance of the Prospero. He is not of the four hundred I fear, and he is (and now I feel I am) very lousy. He has, however, a very keen sense of humor and I like him. His two children are named Sybil and Vera, but they do not look it.

A louse (whom only Bobby Burns has not spoken ill of) is not nearly as bad as a mosquito or black fly and is much

easier to get rid of. It is the idea of lice that people mind. But I think a louse a comparatively harmless creature and I don't mind the idea of lice a bit.

I could tell you many tales about the mail, but the gist of them all would be that I haven't any idea when this will get to you, if ever.

I heard one tale which is a gem. There is a ledge of rocks up here a few miles, near the Labrador side. They want to build a lighthouse on them, but there seems to be a question as to whether the winter storms and ice sweep them or not. So George Doane, the mailman (who is the dare-devil of the coast), is spending the winter on them. In June they will go out to the Island. If he is still there they will build the lighthouse, but if he has been swept off, why, they won't. Simple, isn't it?

Saturday, Jan. 25th, 1913.

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JOHN EVANS,¹ who came on the last *Prospero* to take charge of the deer, is a great acquisition. He has a very fine baritone voice and sings and loves good music. He is about thirty and has been here several years in charge of the deer, which is more of a job than it sounds. He shares my bedroom with me and we get along beautifully. He also has excellent taste in books. In short, I don't know when I have found anybody that I hit it off better with. He is witty which makes him a good room-mate. . . .

¹ Mr. Evans writes of Caspar: "Cap was my intimate friend for three years. We lived in the same house at St. Anthony. Our trips were taken together. We shared boats and dog-teams. It would have been impossible after such close association with him not to have admired him for his brilliant intellect and many lovable qualities. The natives of 'The French Shore' and Labrador for whom he was able to do so much, respected and loved him, as did his associates at St. Anthony."

Monday, Jan. 27th, 1913.

I AM bursting with pride. Sunday Dr. G. was away for the afternoon when a team arrived saying that a woman was dying in child-birth about twenty miles up the bay. Well, it was a case of me or nothing, so I took the obstetrical bag and departed. I found a young girl having her first child who had been laboring forty-eight hours. Well, I said, Steve Brodie took a chance, I guess I might as well.

The poor girl was almost dead and of course all the ladies in the neighborhood had convinced her that she was going to die. I kicked them all out and then set to work.

I made my examination and passed an awful moment. I won't go into details, but there was no possible chance of her having that baby herself. It was a case which only occurs about once in one hundred times, so a book has since told me. It certainly was a terrible moment. Well, alone I etherized that girl and after about an hour's work I extracted a boy. The baby then turned blue at which I had presence of mind enough to beat it until it finally squawked. I then did all the remaining things with no trouble at all. The child hasn't got a mark on it which, I think, is pretty good considering that I never even saw forceps used before. I spent most of the night with the mother and child. But I really had what I consider a great compliment. In the morning the mother sent for me and asked me my name. I said Burton. She said, "No, Doctor, I mean your first name." And the child is to be christened Caspar Henry Patey. Apparently I was a social success. Anyway, I was and still am very pleased. I shall always try to keep track of my namesake.

I certainly put through a big bluff, for I overheard the midwife say, "'E looks young, but 'e knows 'is business, 'e never even 'esitated."

I think one reason Mrs. Patey liked me was that I told her that she was a very plucky girl, which she was. I wonder if I would get on better with females if I tried flattery now and then.

I wonder that more hasn't been written on the way in which we come into the world. I think this is a glorious moment; this first squawk of a child. I feel very reverent about it and at no moment of my life have I felt less materialistic. Yet isn't it in some way significant, that this glorious moment should be so unæsthetic? I feel like telling Algernon Charles Swinburne and ——— that at the one really pure moment of their lives they were all covered with the stinkingest filth imaginable. À bas the expression, "cleanliness is next to godliness."

Every week I am more in love with this country.

Thursday, Jan. 30th, 1913.

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DR. ARMSTRONG is well, but just as he was about to come home he had to go to another place. I don't know when he will get here now. He froze three dogs, which is considered almost unpardonable by Dr. G. I am only just beginning to realize how all the mission people dislike him. . . . It has set me to thinking. This is the reason. He thinks that all the people under him are coolies. He gives orders in a very objectionable way, but then I say this is not as bad as ordering you to do objectionable things. His idea of running anything is to crush all individuality and make a machine, and being British he is unable to see that this plan is impossible amongst real people (i.e., non-British people). I know there is going to be a scene some day and dread it. But I can truthfully say that I like immensely both sides and I have not allowed the nurses to curse out Dr. A. while I was

around. Dr. A. is the only British disciplinarian I have ever worked *under* (not for). It is a liberal education (as Spence will tell you); but, unlike Spence, it will be a cold day when I ever get caught again. Dr. A. says on Sunday, "You will get Thursday off." I get this no matter what happens, but I don't enjoy a holiday when it is planned. Dr. G. works me much harder, but on a fine day he will say, "Come on, Burton, let's let all the patients die and go off after reindeer." Don't misunderstand me. I could enjoy a trip around the world, say, with Dr. A. immensely. I like him immensely as a friend, and I admire him as his coolie. Well, you love Englishmen, but you haven't ever taken orders from one of the real systematic, world-conquering type.

Jan. 31st, 1913.

DR. G. had to travel all night to get to a dying man at Ha-Ha. He was killingly funny when he left. He and I had taken a twelve-mile ski trip in the afternoon and were dead fagged. I volunteered to go, but he said, "My dear chap, you are now Obstetrician Extraordinary to the French Shore, and as the case is an old man I think it cannot very well be a confinement." His fun is more contagious than I can even suggest.

While we were resting on a rock he told me wonderful sets of tales about Freddy (Sir Frederick Treves). Dr. A., who also worked under Treves, told me that Treves says that Grenfell was easily the most promising surgeon he ever saw. Dr. G. said, "You must visit Freddy when you go to England. Just tell him I say to kick out a Duke or two and make room for you." He also said, "Freddy told me I might just as well be a missionary. He was right, I never could have made a cent in the West End." He also said,

"I think it is simply terrible to doctor anybody with money."

Saturday.

I HAD to go at six this morning to Goose Cove only six miles away. It was pouring rain!! When we crossed a big bay the water was about a foot deep on the ice. The going was terrible. Snowshoes and sou'wester rig made a strange combination. I put back a dislocated shoulder on an old man very easily; luck seems to be following me.

Dr. G. got back O.K., but had a terrible time, I guess; for he came twenty miles in the slush and I know what a job it was to go twelve.

Old Captain Ashe got to telling stories about the Doctor. Doctor Grenfell used to carry a kayak on the Strathcona. He took the Strathcona through Grenfell Tickle in Ungava. He went ahead in the kayak all of the twenty-five miles and picked out passages through the rocks, ice and breakers for the Strathcona to follow. In fact, whenever they used to get fog-bound he used to go ahead finding ice and breakers. Capt. Ashe said, "Mrs. Grenfell and them kids has ca'med him down some, thank God." He is also beginning to go around bays when he is told that the ice is bad and hasn't gone through the ice for two winters now!! All of the men here believe absolutely that God protects him. They will follow him when they wouldn't dream of following anybody else. . . .

Monday.

I MUST get this off on the mail at once. I got your kind telegrams and am sending one tonight. The wire has just been fixed. Thanks for the money. It will come in very handy. I cannot tell you how I am enjoying living where I have as much money as I not only need but want.

Give my love to Olga Montagu.¹ I meet men constantly whom I know instantly I am going to like; once in a blue moon I meet a girl about whom I feel the same way, and never was a woman more attractive to me than Olga Montagu.

Our hypochondriac walked two miles! Dr. G. says, "Well, we went through a different set of motions, but I can't see but what our methods worked as well as Lourdes."

*February 8th, 1913,
Saturday, 3 A.M.*

It has been a long time since I wrote you, but I certainly have been on the jump. I have made trips to Brehat, Goose Cove and St. Carol's since I wrote you last: one confinement and two T.B. cases.

I am now sitting up with a man who is dying, I am afraid, so if this letter is not very coherent put it down to the fact that I am within six feet of a man dying a rather ugly death and that I have not been doing much sleeping the last three days. This poor fellow is game as a pebble (even when delirious); I hate losing him, but we have been playing a losing game from the start. I wish his priest (he is R.C.) was here. I would gladly retire. Somehow or other I have been running into some tough cases lately. I would gladly have turned them over to Spence, as they have been the kind of thing I would gladly avoid.

(My man is finally resting a bit.)

Here is a case for an Ibsen or perhaps a de Maupassant. I went to see a sick woman. It didn't take me long to smell a rat when I arrived at the most squalid house I have *ever*

¹ Now the Lady Olga Montagu. At that time she was visiting Mother. After his death, she writes: "I can never look upon Caspar as anything but a victor, through many a hard fight, an unostentatious victor, one who did things, and fought, and overcame, and achieved. When the telegram came I was just putting some laurels into a vase."

seen. There was not a single female visitor!!! In the one room was the husband (who is part Eskimo), five children, two cats, one sick puppy and several chickens all shuffled in together. When I went to the woman and started to ask her a question I was greeted by the following, "Doctor, I don't want to be cured. I hope to Christ I dies and goes to Hell!"

Well, God does some strange things! To place me of all people in this situation seemed about the strangest. Well, I have not got much conscience left, but I had a sneaking notion that if I dosed her with morphia and let it go at that, why, my conscience might crawl out of its hole and annoy me. Believe me I spent a terrible hour or so. It appears that she had had children by almost everybody before her marriage and the good ladies of —— had made her life a hell on earth. You would not have known your son. I had much to say to this woman, much that I have thought a great deal about at odd moments, and it burst forth. They seemed to take hold, for she "took back" what she had said and seemed a bit eased. Moreover, she is going to live. She is also going to move, if I can bring it about. I hope this sort of thing doesn't happen often.

Everybody is out on the ice sealing with guns, clubs and nets. One man got ninety seals in his net in one cast. It is very bloody, dirty work. Dr. G. said one day, "I have killed several hundred caribou, but I shall never enjoy shooting again; I watched the cows killed at Armour's in Chicago and the two are very similar sports." . . .

Poor Miss —— she lost her nerve the other day at a very critical moment and only by Miss Cannon's decision was a calamity avoided. I really feel sorry for her now that everybody else is picking at her. I am really afraid she will go to pieces if she keeps on doing the wrong things and getting cursed out for so doing.

George Ford has just bought a live black fox for \$1,500. It is the excitement of the winter, and even this is considered a tremendous bargain. . . .

I am too tired to write much. My ability to do without sleep in long stretches has come in handy.

Tell Father Powell I appreciated his two notes and will answer them before anybody else in the world.

Feb. 14, 1913.

I AM a backslider! I have not written for a week or over. I have been away tending *six* pneumonia cases all at once. I don't like to boast (an expression meaning that you love to boast) but I certainly did work. All six had temperatures over 104° at once and I certainly was kept on the run both day and night. I am only trained for one profession, porter on a Pullman sleeper, and in spite of the 13th Amendment I am barred from that by color and race. But not one of these patients died. I inherited Grandma Spence's ideas of dosage. You can watch my medicines work. But Dr. G. makes me seem like a homeopath. I have seen him give ten grains of calomel all at once and then repeat it next day. I get to like the people, that is the men, more and more. . . . They live their lives absolutely on *prejudice*, they bear their troubles without ever a wail, they are unprogressive in mind, they think everybody, excepting Dr. Grenfell, is to be judged on how much money they are worth. But their crowning virtue is hospitality; it is magnificent. But I must stop this or I shall call them "natives," a term much used by missionaries and loathsome to me.

Dr. Armstrong got back yesterday; he looked all in. Dr. G. greeted him with, "I say, Armstrong, it would be shabby of you to die before John Little gets back."

The mail came! Great excitement. I have read all your

letters through Jan. 18th, which is very good. We may get a weekly mail regularly. It is one of the coldest winters they have ever had, but very little snow which is the ideal condition for travelling. It is generally the railroad which stops the mail. . . .

Of course Spence will be a "succès fou" in Cambridge. With the possible exception of the Union all of the permanent institutions and activities have been slow growths. But then this is not really a new thing, for Spence has been working steadily at it for ten years. I guess he knows more about that side of Harvard than I will ever know.

We have a baby here four months old, weight four pounds, almost starved to death but gaining. I have named him Disraeli. Did you ever see a baby that looked like an old man? I am answering your letter, it is 4 A.M. I am night nurse. . . .

I have been considerably enlightened by Dr. Johnson on the subject of young men who have lately contracted matrimony. He says that it usually requires some cunning to accomplish most things, but that marriage, like the atmosphere, is something which is equally obtainable by brainy and stupid, good and bad, rich and poor, etc., etc. . . .

You speak of cheering up the sailors being a big job. It is and it isn't. These people connect cheer with alcohol. Like Bill Taylor¹ I think I could arrange a sort of Roman Holiday for these men that would be an event in history. As this does not seem feasible for physical, legal, political or even moral reasons I have to fall back on talk. Puns! My, how a pun is appreciated. Anyway, I find I hit it off very well with all the men. I was accused of being a Cath-

¹ William N. Taylor, Harvard, '03, became a lieutenant-colonel of field artillery, U.S.A. He writes of Caspar, "He paid the price of right and justice for a good many of us."

olic the other day because I have sworn off smoking during Lent. I hear much talk of poverty which is certainly present on this coast, but it is the poverty of mental or physical sources of amusement which paralyzes me. To sit for days or years in this hospital, hardly talking, never reading, nothing to see and *very little in their brain which they can shake up for amusement*; that is the point.

I am bursting with health. I have put my old heart to several tests which I think were more severe than many men experience in a lifetime. I have watched closely and my heart has never once balked. The murmur is still in my heart and always will be, but I have established perfect compensation. . . .

It is a very good joke about you seeing my picture. I am hipped on the subject of taking pictures of this place and life for public or private exhibition. My reason is that all pictures make this place seem like a real terrible place to live in. The pictures all exaggerate the atmosphere of life here. I am a cynic possibly, but I know that some of these people come up here in order to be considered heroes or *heroines* at home. Anybody who does missionary work or other so-called good work for the praise that fellow-men will give them I would kick out of any mission I was running. These pictures of "Nurse in Winter Dress," "Doctor on Arctic rounds," etc., etc., make me boil. Now the joke of it is that I have only had my picture taken once and that was with both doctors and nurses with two T.B. patients. This must have been the picture you saw, otherwise it wasn't of me.

I think that is one of Father P.'s poorest sermons, but Dr. Grenfell read it this afternoon and thinks it the best thing he ever read. He said, "I say, Burton, I would be willing to use every influence I could to get that old cove up

in the Straits. If we could get him and Parson Richards (a wonderful man I am told) and give them a few barrels of flour and pork a year and kick out all the salaried clergy . . . we could make things hum up here." He then added, looking at the S.S.J.E., "But he hasn't got as many letters after his name as I have. How many have I, Puss?" Mrs. G., without a moment's hesitation, "Twelve." Dr. G., "Well, I ought to write three times as good a sermon then, but I can't begin to do it. I wrote one that was twice as good once, but everybody is tired of that sermon now."

Feb. 22, 1913.

AGAIN I have missed writing you regularly, but what would be the fun of making a resolution without breaking it?

I think it was the day after I wrote you last that we had a big trial. Dr. Grenfell was prosecuting attorney, Noah Sims and Dr. Armstrong, both J.P.'s, sat on the bench and I was clerk of court. I wish you could have seen the trial. There were about a hundred men crowded into a fairly small room and every single man was excited almost to the fighting point. Nobody made a sound, but I think I never saw an uglier looking group of men. I tell you a perfectly silent man radiating hate is a stirring sight. It is sometimes consoling to me to think that if not knowing what intense love is will damn me, why, not really ever hating anything or anybody may count for me. The trial was about a reindeer shooting and was keen, to put it mildly. After the trial people paired off and we had some pretty bloody fights. I think it was a very critical time for this Mission, but we pulled through on top. . . .

Monday morning I started for Cape Norman lighthouse on an urgent confinement call. For the life of me I cannot have a real adventure. It was a terrible day and we worked

from 5.30 in the morning until 7 in the evening. Twice we started to turn back. We froze one dog.

I said, "At last adventure, romance, glory." O for a moving picture entitled "Brave Missionary in Frozen North risking life to save Mother and Che-ild." All the settings were perfect for a little drama of which I was to be the hero and receive medals. I also froze my face and one hand, which was as it should be.

BUT — I staggered into the lighthouse (heroic music and much snow). So far so good. But in the lighthouse, instead of anxious husband on his knees surrounded by children in spotless nightclothes praying that Mama might be saved, I found Mr. Campbell in a condition of complete mental ease. He said, "Well, Doctor, this do be — — uncivil weather for anybody to be out in. Sybil (eldest child), rub the doctor's face and hand, they do be friz." After he had gone on for some time and I had gotten thawed, I ventured to ask how the woman was. He said he would find out; that he hadn't heard all day! He added, "Doctor, she's terrible pesky when she be havin' children!!"

Well, I saw the woman, who seemed O.K. on examination. I then went to sleep. In the morning nothing doing. I was engaged in reading Boswell (which I carry in my pocket) when Mr. C. told me to go upstairs to the Woman. When I arrived the child was *just arrived*. After I cleaned things up, etc., I just sat down and roared with laughter. The melodramas of my life will turn into farces no matter how they start out.

I got hung up at the lighthouse by more "uncivil" weather. Eighteen miles of ice pack moving at ten miles an hour. It is a gorgeous view, looking over at The Labrador. I thought of Kubla Khan.

“It was a miracle of strange device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.”

It is a gorgeous scene; this is really the last bit of the outlet of The Great Lakes and they enter the ocean with considerable dignity and importance.

I shall always stay at lighthouses after this. The government supplies the house and provisions, and oh! what a difference. I ate *eight eggs* for breakfast, the first egg I have had, also real milk and real uncanned meat. We also had a seal steak, which was not too bad.

I am not going to pity lighthouse-keepers again. I even think of applying myself for a job, for I can stand a terrible lot of loneliness if I am let alone.

These fishermen's houses have brought home to me how truly singularly unreal is the fisherman's household in “David Copperfield.” I don't suppose a poorer job has ever been done in all literature. Guy de Maupassant could have turned a better job than that. . . .

Please get one idea out of your head. I am not going to be “influenced” by Dr. Grenfell. I may have been influenced to the bad by people, although I honestly don't think I ever have been once in my life; but I know that only one person in this world has ever influenced me towards what is called “good.” That is Father Powell. He has never once offered me a word of advice without my asking for it nor has he by word or looks ever criticized me. Yet generally when I have left Father Powell I have realized what a cad I was. Now Dr. Grenfell is like every other good person I have ever seen, distinctly didactic. He wants to improve every person he comes in contact with, whether that person asks for improvement or not. . . . Now Dr. G. swore off smoking for Lent and has “used his influence” (in the very nicest way) to get everybody in the

Mission to follow suit. He put it up to me in that cowardly "You don't have to go to Sunday School" tone, so I have not smoked, but I am spending a far less profitable Lent than I would have had had I not been "influenced."

When I see Dr. G. going through a ward lighting up each patient's face with love; when I see him in his home; when I see him taking chances in bad ice, wind, etc.; when I see him praying with a man for the soul of his dead wife; in short, when I see him from day to day, then, perhaps, I may be a little bit influenced. Then, perhaps, I have brief moments when I say to myself, "You loose-living, low-idealised, hard-hearted little ass. What are you going to do about this miserable state of affairs?" But when he descends to my own plane and tries to convince me that tobacco is a curse, etc., I hardly know whether to laugh or not; his arguments are so perfectly childish.

Sunday.

I HAVE had a busy day. Dr. G. has been getting brilliant results with his surgery, but Dr. A. certainly is the man for making things hum in the hospital; he and Miss Cannon are a great combination for creating order out of chaos. This afternoon I went over to St. Carol's to see a sick woman; I hope I was able to help her a bit. It was a glorious day with no wind, a very rare thing. I don't often speak of how I love these vast barrens, rocks, ice and snow, but they are a *constant* inspiration and joy to me. You can't say a word on a komatik or the dogs instantly sit down, apparently to listen. . . .

Oh, if Turner could ever have been turned loose on these skies and the Aurora! I am indeed your son! Miss Cannon to my immense surprise "unloosened" herself to me last night when we were up watching a very sick man. She told me I reminded her of her favorite brother (now

dead). She said that he was the only one of her family who was untidy (which I can easily believe) and that she was afraid she had almost pestered him to death. She said that try as she might she couldn't correct me when I was slovenly, for I reminded her of her dead brother. But she added, "Anyway, Mr. Burton, you are as careful about asepsis as anybody I ever saw." At this point she both lost her temper and wept which is characteristic of her. I get on famously with her; with no effort at all I can get her roaring with laughter any time I want to. She is a real jewel, you would love her. She is not only a Mrs. Pierce, but actually a second Miss Rothstein.¹ Her account of part of a year she spent nursing rich patients in New York is rich. She says she wanted to stick out her tongue at them, and I bet she did. I found out that her abruptness is really largely shyness and I have "jollied" her ever since almost to the point of chucking her under the chin and she just loves it. I don't think anybody else has ever treated her as a joke, which I do, in private.

Read Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and you have a pretty good idea of Dr. A. He certainly would not win a popularity contest here, but I really like him immensely and would love to be with him if I were not *under* him.

Miss Bryce is a joy; she is just about the most facile person I have ever met, but I wouldn't be much surprised if she knifed Dr. Armstrong some day.

Dr. A. travels in a unique way. He wears tons of clothes and carries millions of boxes. He sits on the komatik all the time. He won't budge without a good team and if they can't haul him he hires dogs and komatiks until they can.

¹ Two devoted and efficient parish workers. Miss Rothstein is now the Sister Louise of the Order of St. Anne.

He certainly gets comfort, but it costs money and he goes like last year's Yale crew, "Very nicely but very slowly." He never makes over forty miles a day and he is death on dogs. Dr. Grenfell travels with a toothbrush and makes sixty miles a day with any kind of dogs. I think I never saw a man with more endurance. I have got excellent wind now, but one day when he and I took a long walk on snowshoes he literally walked me off my feet. He is away now in Canada Bay and we all miss him terribly.

I went to our church with Miss Bryce this evening. It is impossible completely to spoil our service. . . .

Read fifty pages of Boswell (the first one hundred pages is not so good) every day. I know of nothing which is more fun. Also re-read (three or four times) Chesterton's "Orthodoxy"; it does more to convince me of the truth of Christianity (this apart from making me a good Christian) than anything with the possible exception of Darwin's "Origin of Species." I have also been reading a bit in Gibbon, but find I am not much interested in declining Rome, and the Fall was about five thousand pages away. Have you ever read any Tourgenieff? He is very great, I believe. I have also read right through the Bible now, but have a feeling it can stand more study! That man Paul "cramps my style" considerably. I don't think he would have cared for me especially. What an "undesirable citizen" he must have been before his conversion. I don't think he was naturally of a very optimistic turn of mind. I wish St. Francis had had his opportunities. I believe we would have fewer "sects" (a term which always suggests insects) than we have.

Write me about Spence's scheme; I am both interested and curious. I want it to succeed on his account, but far more on account of Harvard. . . .

Tuesday, March 25th, 1913.

I HAVE just come back from Griquet and Noddy Bay, where there is still pneumonia. It is a fact, of which medicine should be ashamed, that I can do almost as much in these cases as a doctor. I remove surplus females (who have always convinced the patient that death is near); knock out glass, strap up chests, give medicine and advice and stay up with the delirious ones. It doesn't take much knowledge to do this, but it seems to work pretty well. I am getting to have many friends along this coast. I like these people more and more. I could write you reams of truck about their quaintness and queer ways. These people seem at first so different from other people I know and like that it is very easy to think of them almost as if they were inhabitants of another planet. (Dr. Armstrong must think they are.) But their differences are not as striking as their similarities. As I get to know *individuals* I find myself disliking a very few, not caring much one way or the other about some and liking a great many, very much as I do at home. They are all brothers of that great family, Failure. Somehow or other, this makes them rather closer to me than otherwise, for I have much in common with them. If I am to be a failure in life, I pray God I may meet some of the troubles they meet with their dignity, instead of pretending to be a success when I am not. I will pick out — as the most unattractive failure I know of; don't think for a moment that he doesn't realize his failure and that he doesn't suffer for it. He is only, with probably great trouble, keeping up a ridiculous pretence of being a success, when he knows he isn't. I will tell you the failures of this world have many temptations (which they seldom resist), but they do not have the most terrible temptation of all, namely, to have what is called an "Easy Conscience."

Wednesday.

THIS last week has been the most perfect weather I have ever seen. Glorious. I spent the morning in the Hospital. A baby five months old *weighing four pounds*, who had been fed entirely on oatmeal until we got him a week ago, died. I had named him Disraeli; he looked like an old man. Miss Bryce and Miss Cannon have been weeping behind doors all day. I have a fine time with all the children here and enjoy them, but I cannot get up enthusiasm about a baby.

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Friday, April 25th, 1913.

THE steamer Sagona, an ice-breaker, is reported due to-night, and, as a strong wind has blown the ice-fields off the land a few miles, I think she will get here. The mail has been terrible. The last letter I got left home in February, so I stopped sending any more letters. I will write regularly every day now if possible. The Prospero should get here about March 15th. . . .

The last part of March and April have been too glorious for words. Until the last two weeks I have been away almost the entire time. I have been from Cape Bauld to Canada Bay on this side and pretty well all over the Straits and West Coast and straight across the country. With a few notable exceptions (which made me understand the last circle of the Inferno), I enjoyed travelling even in January, but I know of *no* objections to spring travel. One trip I drove my own team of dogs over one hundred miles. It beats any sport I have ever struck. I take off my hat to the komatik dog! He is the real King of Beasts. For speed, endurance, strength and intelligence he stands alone. I crossed Hare Bay in a storm when I couldn't see my leader and he went perfectly straight by compass to land eleven

miles away. I am not a "nature fakir," but I have strong leanings that way. Tell Father I have tales enough to last a year about these uncanny dogs.

I spent a great three days with M. Romeo Fontaine et famille at the lighthouse at Cape Bauld. We left here the last afternoon of the Sports (about which more anon). About two hundred men in the Harbor having tug-o'-war. We went around a little point where his komatik (painted scarlet) was made fast. He then beat severely each of his twelve dogs until they were wild, then he cracked his long whip and I cut the back rope; we fairly leapt into space past the crowd, with Fontaine shouting, "Mush! Mush! mes braves." We were greeted with "Go it, Frenchie. Give 'em hell, Frenchie." We kept this up till out of sight when we went, oh, so slowly. . . . I had a great time at the lighthouse where I pulled teeth of Madame, opened an abscess and scraped her jaw. I gained great fame as a "doctor" and was presented with a "pipe très chic." I saw there a real storm. The solid ice going out at five or six miles an hour striking the rock cliff just under us was a really marvellous sight and the noise was terrific. I had never seen a sight to touch it for grandeur. It suggested some of Wagner's music.

By the way, I had to spend one night out in snow, as we lost our way in a storm. I was lying on two snowshoes completely surrounded by a circle of fire, with komatik dogs sleeping against my back and a large pure bred husky, with a breath like a buzzard, in the pit of my tummy, when I had a most peculiar thought. How did that Brunhilda woman get along without dogs? She certainly was a sleeper all right, for I am pretty good and, even with dogs, I didn't have much luck.

We had good fun at the Sports. All the men came and

seemed to have a great time. I saw a new sight, namely, a large crowd of men having a *glorious* time without any liquor. I doubt if there are many people who have seen a similar sight among Anglo-Saxons. I refer to a crowd of normal, healthy men, not a small group.

I spent a night at Lock's Cove with the Reids (people of "ton" the Reids) in a vile closet. Over my head hung three silver foxes and about two hundred ermine (fifty cents an ermine skin). I could have bought the three silvers for \$300, I think. . . .

In short, I had a glorious time while away. I have made many real friends amongst these men. Whether I have done much good I don't know, but I have done a powerful lot of things which these men have asked me to for them, and I don't think I have once corrected anybody or helped to do something for a man when my help wasn't wanted. I have watched a man cut a dog's head in two with an axe, I have watched people who are T.B. suspects spit on the floors, I have slept in lousy beds without a word of protest unless I was asked to give my opinion. I have given this method a thorough trial and I believe it is O.K. . . . The point is, that if you first become friends they almost invariably ask your advice about almost everything. . . .

Afternoon of March 26th, 1913.

No boat yet. I just found this picture which Dr. Grenfell took one morning at Griquet where we took a lot of supplies. Xanthippe is breakfasting off a crack of harbor ice. The komatik just behind me was given Dr. G. by Peary and was within ninety miles of the Pole.

It is nearly May and I can't see that the snow is any less than it was, and the ice in the ponds is over four feet thick, as I found out the other day when trout fishing.

The Wascoppie, the H.B. Co. boat which goes every summer to Hudson's Bay, came in or rather anchored to the ice off the harbor. She had 27,000 seals aboard and about 150 men. A glue factory is perfume to a sealer. We were up all night treating scurvy, venereal troubles and other nice diseases; nice because a doctor can really cure them. They came in with a dying man, but he died of appendicitis just a few miles from here. I autopsied him and found his appendix rotted right in two. On board was a loud-mouthed guy from Cincinnati. I was pulling his tooth when he discovered I also was a native of the Queen City. He said, "Doc, how would you like to be sitting in People's Theatre with a swell Burlesque show going on and a glass of Wiederman's beer in your hand and a good stogie in your mouth?" I told him I wouldn't mind the glass of beer. I think the Captain of that boat one of the finest-looking men I ever saw. He is a real Kipling character; very little to say, but that little of great interest; the kind of man you would like to be with in any tight place.

A disease called "spring-grouch" is running riot here. Everybody except Dr. G. is touchy. . . .

Grant lives in the same bedroom with me now and is a most desirable room-mate. I do like to sleep in the same room with a man I like. Evans I like more and more. . . .

Later.

Still no boat and ice blowing in.

As I telegraphed, I have exhausted the reading supply here. I hope you send some books by the first Prospero as I asked. I have learned while sick last year and this year how to be content and happy during the so-called lonely times if I have good books. I don't prefer reading to excitement, people, etc., but I can get along very well on it.

I can't read Scott any more. Also, I tried "David Copperfield" again, but had to give it up. It bores me to tears. I wanted the books I wired for to give to Miss Bryce ("Bab Ballads") and Dr. Armstrong (Drummond). I have read "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; glorious as poetry, but uncongenial. Add a lot of Milk of Human Kindness and Humor to Milton and I believe these would be the perfect epic poems of all time.

The poverty here is beyond belief; hardly anybody has anything but flour and tea left. Scurvy, beri-beri and starving babies everywhere. By the way, I saw Caspar Henry Patey the other day. He is very unattractive, but healthy with not a scar (the age of miracles has not passed). I wish you would send me some little present for him, baby clothes preferred. Send something pretty with blue ribbons.

Why don't you and Father blow yourselves to a fine time this summer? A house in England or on the North Shore. It seems to me as if, with the exception of your health, you have nothing to stop you doing just whatever you want to, and there are very few people in the world who have both freedom and money. Do go and have a really good time.

Good-bye, for I hear the boat has left Conche and will be here any moment, and then I will be on duty for a long time I fancy.

Please tell Mary G. that a long letter to her is guaranteed to leave on the Prospero. I have only written to you, Monk Jones and Jim Marvin¹ so far. I certainly loathe to write.

Thursday, March 27th, 1913.

TAKING stock all day. Miss Cannon has helped me all day, for which I am deeply grateful. Miss Bryce and Dr.

¹ James Marvin, Esq., Harvard, '89, of Cambridge.

Armstrong have pretended we were taking stock in our "draper's shop" and made many thin jokes at us. I called Miss Bryce, who was emptying slops, a tweeny, and Dr. Armstrong, who was filling a tooth, a dentist, which rather cramped their style. I pulled my fiftieth tooth to-day. I am a regular little demon with forceps.

Friday.

STILL taking stock. How I hate that sort of work.

I have tried a new scheme. You remember "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." I have tried out this scheme on Miss —, all other means having failed. At great personal inconvenience I have been just as nice to her for several days, as I possibly could. I have really made a Herculean effort; offered to do all sorts of things for her, complimented her, asked her specially to take a walk with me, etc. Well, it worked!!! She thrives on that sort of treatment and really seems perfectly *possible*. It is a marvellous discovery, for if *I* can do this with Miss — there must be something in this theory of being consciously decent to people you don't like. However, the game wasn't worth the candle; too great an effort with too little returns. I shall return to the old method; polite (if possible) when she is around, but keeping out of her way as much as possible. I am going to try this out on Parson Dahl; if it works with him, I have verified this theory and really proved more, for I am, of course, not the "Third Floor Back." Anybody can be the Third Floor Back who wants to be.

Saturday.

FINISHED stock! Hew!!

We were operating all morning. Dr. A. is certainly a beautiful surgeon. He is as skilled with his instruments as

a violinist. Both his hands and his brain are beautifully trained. Precision and decision describe his work; genius and inspiration Dr. Grenfell's. I must stop to catch the mail team.

May 3, 1913.

WELL, the noble attempts of the Government to get the Sagona here and so win votes failed. She got stuck in the ice about one hundred miles south of here for four days and went back with all mail, supplies and patients to St. John's. This has given everybody the "spring-grouch." I went off on a little trip to Lock's Cove, twenty-two miles away, and have just returned. The trip back took eleven hours through the slush and was the hardest day's work I ever put in. I was wet to the skin, as there was deep water on top of the ice everywhere, but I had to work so hard that I never was cold. If I had waited another day I would have had fine going. . . .

May 5.

I WAS delighted to hear about Scho¹ and have opened up negotiations with him. I can imagine nothing I would like better than to be able to go off with him for the summer. Of course I can't do this without money, and I don't think I should go, anyway, as Dr. Grenfell says he will need me badly as he expects to be short of medical help. Still Scho could come wherever I am, pay board, go with me on trips and take numerous trips by himself. I have put it up to him

¹ Schofield Andrews, Harvard, '10, became a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, A.E.F. Served with 90th Division Staff. He writes, "Poor dear Cap! I can spare him the least of my few intimate friends. There was no one who was so congenial and beloved a companion. But with all the sorrow of losing him I am very proud, as I know you are. Proud of the fight he has just made and proud of the fight he made in France. He died for us all as surely as if he lay in France with Dill and the many gallant gentlemen we will never forget."

squarely, I think, but it was a great temptation to show him only the rosy side. My, won't I enjoy being with a person with a sense of humor again? Dr. Grenfell and a man named Rube Sims are the only two human beings at present in North Newfoundland with a real sense of humor.

May 6.

WE had an operation which lasted from eleven until three, cancer of rectum. I etherized and got so much myself that I am positively drunk. Let me tell you that anybody could have had my job for a nickel. The old boy, sixty-six years, stopped breathing twice and I brought him to with artificial respiration both times. Dr. Grenfell, particularly, has repeatedly given me responsibilities beyond my skill. I haven't killed anybody yet, but I will some fine day, and in the meantime I have had a good many anxious moments, for I don't fancy the idea of somebody being killed by me.

May 7.

SOME letters finally came by dog mail. I shall not regularly answer your letters, but I will say that I am glad you have gone home. It is a false idea that I will never be content to live in Cincinnati. To spend the next ten years at home with only a two weeks' vacation in the summer, such as I would get if I had a "job" in some big office, would be loathsome to me. I would rather infinitely spend ten years cut off from all civilization up here and I believe at the end of ten years I would not be so narrow. If I had something to work at where I would not be confined to an office every day, where I was being thrown into contact with many people, I don't care of what class, for all people are interesting; where I would sometimes be sent away or where at least I would not be a mere cog in a great money-

making machine I would like it. I don't see any reason why you should have confidence in my ability to do anything well, for I never have. Even here I am not sure that I have done very well. In fact I sometimes think I am doomed to be a failure. I often try to analyze the causes of this and I can assure you that there are more than one. I lack ideals, ambition, or imagination, or whatever you want to call it. I drift; I swim around in circles; sometimes I swim hard and even fairly well, but I never get any nearer the land, for I never swim twice in the same direction and most of the time I just float. Result; at twenty-six years of age I have done nothing and am still drifting. . . .

Here is the bright side, however. I have gone through long periods, two years at one time, when I did not believe in Christianity, either as a fact or as a good working basis. You and I will never be able to take our religion in the same way. Yours is the best way, perhaps; you know what real love is in a way that I probably never will. Well, I had to find another method. I said to myself, I may not be able to love people, as you, Spence and Father do, but I believe Christ showed another way for me. I consciously tried to be kind to people, I tried to do what they wanted me to do for them and I tried not to judge other people; I have often failed, but I have tried and I believe been rewarded. I may not be a better man than I was, but I believe both in Christ's Divinity and in the need of following His teaching. I believe in trying things which we can't do. I believe in being helped and trying to help others, I believe in trying to be humble, I believe in admitting it to yourself when you know you have done wrong; some day, perhaps, I will soften and know what love means; that hasn't come yet. Working by the side of a man like Wilfred Grenfell and having the education and brains to reject practically all his fancy ideas

(none of which he lives) and at the same time reading G. K. Chesterton and the Bible has affected me intellectually. Leading Chesterton's life and reading W. T. G.'s books would jar anybody's faith. If I am going to change let me start by asking your forgiveness. . . . I can't say more and have never said as much to any soul before.

CAP.

June 4, 1913.

THE Prospero arrived a week ago "leaking like a lobster pot; steering like a dray," as Mr. Kipling has it. The ice blew offshore a bit and she made a dash for it alongshore. I don't know the proper nautical term for it, but had the wind changed there would have been a Prospero sandwich with ice on one side and Nfld. on the other. The coast needed her; scurvy in every house and the conditions generally pretty grewsome even to me. We had given out every single fresh vegetable we had months ago, and to tell you the truth a fresh potato tasted pretty good to me, for drinking lime juice is a poor way to keep off the scurvy.

We got forty patients and lost Dr. G., who has gone to St. John's. I won't go into details, but I hope I don't often have to put in a harder week's work and I am still at it. I am sitting up all night tonight. It was four days before I read a letter. . . .

Do come up here in the fall, if you are able to. Why not sail from England to St. John's, or else go home and take either the Cluett or an Allan liner from Philadelphia to St. John's. *Don't go by rail.* Personally I think it would do you good to come by the Cluett. I would love to have you, but don't come until the last of September or October when this mob of summer volunteers has ceased to litter up the place. . . .

Good night, my patient is trying to die on me, and even I don't dare shoot any more nitroglycerine and strychnine into him. I have nursed twenty-six pneumonia patients, eighteen alone away from here without a death, but I think this fellow is going.

*St. Anthony's, Newfoundland,
June 23, 1913.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE been having it (work) come thick and fast since last I wrote you. I went across the Straits to open up Battle, got iced in and was head over heels in work. Then I returned and for twelve nights sat up all night with Israel Dean who was trying his best to die. As I came on duty again at noon and had my regular work to do, I have really been all in. But now two medical students have come and I am taking things easier. . . .

It is curious that, when money means so much to me, I deliberately side-step all paths which lead to it. I know the reason for this; — I wonder if you do?

I have no desire for lots of money; I don't care to marry (knowing I should be a hopeless failure in this state); I don't care about running a big establishment, a motor, etc. Nor do I care about giving away large sums of money to organized charities. I hold very strong views on this latter subject, and my views are those expressed in the Bible (as I read it). Without you give love "charity" will be barren. I would rather give a quarter to a bum to buy whiskey with, than to pay the wages of a clerk to run a card catalogue in an organized Charity. "Charity" seems to me to have two objects; (besides being pleasing to God) permanently to help the person to whom it is given, and to help the person who gives it. Organized Charity may do the former (in spite of all statistics I am dubious of this);

it rarely helps the giver. See St. Paul. You can't organize love — and you can't buy it (you can buy popularity which is a cheap imitation). To take a concrete case ——! If she knew shop girls, gave them pleasures, advice (when they asked for it), took them off somewhere to a boarding house for a holiday (without advertising the fact), she would become a saint and do good, instead of being a prig. I don't blame her, she does what she thinks is fine. Or take this place: I could take any report of the work of this place and pick it into shreds. But Dr. Grenfell's love, as well as to a smaller extent that of others, does not appear on the report. This I may add he seems totally unconscious of. The other day when Miss Bryce and Miss Cannon left, all the women in the hospital were crying, and a big man gulping away said: "It's hell to have them sisters go." This is Charity. Dr. A. gives "Imperial Philanthropy," and he is like many Americans as a result; almost every day somebody brings a salmon to Dr. Grenfell, and another one to somebody or another, but never one for him, which sours him on life. . . .

It is a far, far better thing to go through life without any definite scheme and help people as they come along. You have always done this; as the result of this there are many people, from your servants up, who you have given real Charity to. For this side of your life I take my hat off to you. For all your work in the Maternity Society, Exchange, etc., I don't give a damn. There are other aggressive females willing to do this sort of thing who are not made of fine enough texture to do the other. If I was to give away large sums of money I would give them to music, etc., as Major Higginson has done. I do not believe that the "dregs of society" can be "lifted up" by the "froth" (and you and I are froth); they must be dis-

solved by the body of the liquor from which (in America) they have both just come. Here endeth this priggish sermon.

I wired you that the Strathcona was condemned; her boilers blew out at seventy-three pounds!! Rather lucky we didn't start in her, wasn't it?

We go North in the Floradel, which is a pretty yawl about six feet shorter on the water line than the Zara. The crew is Captain Grenfell, Wilson Jock (a dusky gentleman of uncertain extraction) to run the motor, and C. H. Burton, Jr., who is able seaman, medical assistant, purser, commissary, general cook and private secretary. We are loading the boat now and have got the engine running. I am very pleased that the Doctor still wants me. He said the other day, "Burton, I hope I am not mistaken in the estimation of your grit, which I made this winter. You will want most of it." This is the first compliment I have ever received from him, and I am very proud of it.

I don't think there is any danger in this trip, but unless Dr. Grenfell weakens and crowds us still more, I fancy I will be on the jump. We shan't leave till Dr. Little comes.

You keep speaking of my writing, I did consider it. My answer is furnished by Dr. Johnson, "Why, Sir, if a man would *abandon* himself to it, he could write such stuff ad infinitum." The public likes such stuff, but even if I could write it, I won't.

Unless strong reasons are presented I want to stay here another winter at least. This being the case you will want to see me, I know. Will you come here, or shall I come home for a couple of months in the fall? As to your coming here, these are the facts: By rail it's a terrible trip. On the Prospero, unless you have rare luck Father would be sea-

sick most of the time, and you could not eat the salt meat, bean, prune diet. You could get a good stateroom, fairly clean, and when you could be on deck, which would be much of the time, you would have one of the most glorious trips you ever had. You would also be greatly interested, I know. Coming by the Cluett would be luck. You would love Captain Pickels, and love the voyage, if good. If bad, you would have altogether a devilish time. The food in any case would be terrible. But you might manage it some way. To take a maid would not do for several reasons. The easiest way might be to sail from England to St. John's, and then come on the Prospero. After you once got here you would be very happy, and I will guarantee to have you stay at either the Grenfells' house, which you might even run for a time, or at the Littles'. The food is heavy and nearly all canned, with fresh meat once a week, and very few eggs or milk if we have T.B. patients, who get first call on that. There is constant wind, but I know you would be comfortable and very happy. Father would love it. He and I might go off after caribou for a week. I have not painted anything either dark or over-rosy, except that Father would have the time of his life. I don't know whether you could stand the trip. About this I am very dubious. I am used to the food, but realize that it is bad. The other alternative is for me to go home for a visit. This is simple, as I don't care where you are, how long I stay, or what I do. It would be no hardship for me to give up both of these schemes and stay right on alone, but I know you want to see me, and I should like to see you.

I should like to go home, I should like to have you come here. I won't take the responsibility of the latter course, except in saying that I think you would be comfortable once you got here, and I know you would be happy. But

I have seen some husky nurses come up both ways, and even they were pretty well done up when they got here.

The Cluett was twenty-one days on her first trip.

Give my love to Alberta, George,¹ Cousin Betty,² Cousin Jo,³ Mrs. Harris⁴ and Mrs. Lewis.⁵

Love,

CAP.

This letter reached Mother in England.

August 20, 1913.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE not got a letter in well over a month and have had almost no chance of getting one off. I gather from rather garbled Marconis that you and Father are coming to St. A., and so wired, "Splendid." Until then I had a scheme for going home to meet you in Boston on your arrival and possibly coming back with you in case you were coming. But Dr. G. said he wanted me (by wire) and that you were coming. He also wired me to take the Floradel here. Our engine gave out, so Wilson Jock and I alone brought her here. Just *between you and me* we had a bad time of it, as neither of us knew the coast and our charts

¹ George and Alberta Montagu, now the Earl and Countess of Sandwich. George depicts Caspar both as he is and also in his relation to Father when he writes of the "pluck and courage with which he was so fully endowed," and "he has been your playmate as well as your son."

² Cousin Betty, who is Mrs. Leggett, writes: "Jo has sent on the sad news and glorious too of Caspar's fight. One stops to think that death is the path of us all, very soon for most of us, and few will be able to show his record of fight."

³ Cousin Jo, Miss MacLeod, writes: "A glorious fight indeed! God bless him and you all. The loss, the sorrow of it all somehow seems enshrined in victory. He had his own values, never the world's. The world always seemed secondary to him, as existing, but of minor import."

⁴ Mrs. Leverton Harris, an intimate friend in England.

⁵ Mrs. Lewis, of the Cavendish Hotel, where we had always stayed in London since Caspar was a little boy.

are very vague. Some time, *while alone*, I will tell you about the trip. Don't let *any one* know we had any trouble, but between you and me, I was more or less nervous for quite a time and I find that now that it is all over I am having trouble sleeping (the last few nights). But somehow or other we got her here without a scratch and I can tell you she won't leave here until Dr. G. comes, which will be the next mail steamer. Then, of course, we will be O.K., for he is *the* best pilot of this coast and a marvellous hand with a boat. Besides, we may have our engine fixed and I have already fixed our compass which was three-fourths of a point off. When I will be in St. A., I don't know. In fact, I know nothing about anything. I can't get mail or discover what anybody wants or is planning.

I only spent one day in St. A., in the last two months. . . . I did see the Littles and so got some news of you. Just what my plans are, I don't know at all. I have not had a talk with either Dr. G. or Dr. L. about next winter. If they seem to want me badly and if they will agree to one or two conditions, I will stay. I want to go home this fall for a spell, but if they need me badly I might give up even this. All this, however, we can talk over at St. A.

In case we get home early I might be able to get to St. John's and come up with you, but don't count on this.

Good-bye until St. A. I don't see how you can reach me until then. Heaven only knows where we will be.

The Duchess went down off Battle Harbor with Miss Bryce aboard, but nobody was hurt. She was a beast of a boat. Don't let Father talk you into going to St. John's by train. Go by either the Stephano or Florizel from N.Y. to St. J.

We have a tame wild goose aboard the boat. It lives in a soap box and is a delightful pet. It hasn't the slightest

desire to leave us and struts about so chic that I have named her Mimi.

I have just taken a little trip North to Hopedale, on the steamer. Never have I seen happier looking humans than the Eskimos are. They are all tiny. (I saw several hundred of them and I was a large man amongst them.) Good-bye till St. A.

That autumn Caspar returned home for a few months. All his plans for Father and Mother joining him in Newfoundland miscarried. This was due largely to not getting letters from Mother. Fifty-three of her letters were finally returned to her. They had tracked him for months up and down The Labrador, but never overtook him.

During his visit with us he talked all the time of his year in the North and of his new friends there. One story he told stands out in my memory. A company of movie stars arrived on The Labrador that summer to "film" one of Sir Gilbert Parker's Canadian romances. As Caspar happened to be at Red Bay, where they landed, he acted in the picture. In order to keep the village people out of the range of the camera he had to use the strong language they understood. That night, in the hut, where they were all sleeping, he heard the leading lady say to her husband, "The little Doc may be a missionary and he may be a good one, but believe me, Kiddo, he ain't always been one."

He certainly by that time was more of a missionary than a medical student. He would not even consider returning to the Harvard Medical School then. He was keen to return to the Mission. The work there obviously needed doing. He said that, of course, there was plenty of good work to do everywhere, but that in cities he always thought that if he did not do it some one else would and do it better

than he could, so he let "some one else" do it. In the North he knew that if he did not do it, it would not be done. He was glad to go back to where he saw he was useful. Also he was glad to return to his new friends there, and above all to the wilderness.

II

THE SECOND WINTER

*Government House,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
Thursday, Dec. 18th, 1913.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAD a safe trip up; more than that I do not care to say.

On arrival I was met by such a distinguished military gentleman (who turned out to be an orderly) that I almost called him General! Mrs. Davidson ¹ had me come right here where the Jones' ² and Millie Fowler already were. Wasn't it kind? Olga had fixed it all.

Curious work this keeping up the dignity of the Crown (very costly too). His Excellency, the Governor, is charming and very interesting. A.D.C. (see Price Collier) just suggested a game of billiards to me. During it I thought, "It's that man's job to be agreeable to you; he's paid for it." Ugh!! More about this later.

Here's the other side. On the train I talked (in the second class) to four guides. One of them (a famous

¹ Mrs. Davidson, the wife of the Governor of Newfoundland.

² Miss Mary Jones and Maury Jones, the younger sister and brother of Arthur Russell ("Monk") Jones were, with Miss Fowler, all volunteer workers from New York. Miss Jones writes: "To me, he always seemed plucky, above everything else, and kindly, with an indomitable spirit. Up North, where he was most certainly loved by all, Maury and I grew very fond of him. I shall never forget a day up there, when he went on some of his professional visits across the Harbor and I accompanied him. When we entered a little house, and Cap's smiling face appeared in the doorway, he was welcomed as if he were loved, and not just as one of the Mission. He saw his patient, of course, but sat down and talked with each and every member of the family, and laughed with them. You know how happy it made one feel to laugh with Cap." C. Maury Jones enlisted in the French Army, Aviation, May, 1917. Transferred January, 1918, to Escadrille Lafayette, U.S.A.; promoted to captain and commanded 28th Aero Squadron.

guide) has been guide for about every distinguished man you ever heard of both English and American. He (as did they all) held forth; he said, "Well, I has guided for Mr. Elihu Root (and dozens of other names) and I never saw an American yet who wasn't sociable-like. But damn the English aristocrat, I never saw one yet who would sit down and smoke a pipe with a fellow." This lasted for hours and finally about ten more joined in and spoke as one man.

Curious thing this ability to govern and govern well people who don't like you. I think much about this and will write more. . . .

Mary and Maury are even more delightful than I imagined. Maury and I hit it off splendidly. Mary has a real sense of humor. She keeps me in roars of laughter. She is a lady's edition of Monk, which is a delightful combination. . . .

But what amuses me is Miss Fowler thinking she was too young to run the Guest House!!! Why, she could run the Tennis and Racquet Club and make it really hum!

And Monk! Why, Mary Jones has forgotten more about Monk than I ever knew! What's more, I fancy she has got me very nearly pigeon-holed. How I don't know. She said, "I got a telegram. It said, 'Monk sends love to Cap,' but it was signed 'Mother' and that just made fifty words."

Tell Father I just gave his check to Mr. Sheard. I told him to use it for the Strathcona's boilers and that I wanted to give it anonymously. I hope you don't mind.

We won't get to St. A. for Christmas.

Bear Cove, Christmas, 1913.

WELL, here we are. St. A. tomorrow. This is the most glorious Christmas morning I have ever seen. This part

of White Bay is heavily wooded. The evergreens covered with snow are glorious in the warm sunshine. The saloon is heavily decorated; at meals you feel as if you were sitting in a kaleidoscope. The girls have a Christmas tree; a turkey has been reported; I have on a collar and a sprig of holly. But the real joy of Christmas is that all the men left on the boat are so Christmasy. I hoped we wouldn't get to St. A! Festas there are ghastly.

As it happened, about twenty-five of the men I like best on the shore are aboard. It does seem rather nice to be treated as an old friend in such a simple way. I have had a great time with everybody from Father Thibault to Skipper Bill Pilgrim. The former is a wonder, even the Methodists and Church people like him and joke with him. He told Captain Kane that it was no wonder he could run at night. He said, "Protestants are good at that, because they live in darkness." McKinley has just brought the "Terra Nova" home to St. John's from England. He is rich on the subject of it. He said, "Mon, I was na in command of a ship but a ——— dime museum." He has Lauder beaten easily. . . .

I have had a poor time with one man; he has had five epileptic fits, and gets rough.

All the boxes got to St. John's O.K. . . .

St. Anthony, Jan. 12, 1914.

WELL, here goes for a long letter, as the Prospero ought to be in soon. We had a lovely Christmas on the Prospero, as I wrote, and got in here the next day, where we were met by everybody.

I am living in a very nice room in the hospital. It really looks attractive with my books, of which I am getting quite a collection, your pictures, etc.

Now as to the personnel! Good and bad! First for good! Joneses and Millie of course. Millie is even more donative than Dr. Armstrong; she has endless crates of good things which she distributes very freely. Also they get on beautifully with Miss Spaulding. I have had many meals at the Orphanage. It is delightful there. Millie also has a fairly good dog team with a driver. . . .

You have to see Dr. Little here to appreciate him. He is gorgeous. Altogether the best man I ever saw to work for. The morning I got here he said, "I am giving Levi Luff a general anæsthetic. I want you to fix him up." This meant that I had to take out nine teeth, open up an enormous abscess under the jaw bone, scrape it out and chisel out a lot of dead bone, insert the proper drain and sew up. He came into the operating-room from time to time, but did not offer any suggestion. I later had a long talk with him about my work. It was like talking to his classmate, Edgar Wells. After it was over I knew just exactly where I stood; what I could do and what I couldn't. I knew that he would back me up on the former and come down like a sledge-hammer on me if I tried the latter. He has and will put more responsibility on me than I had last year.

But this is only one side of him. He is a thorough gentleman, knows how to do things, and is very witty. I sat up all night with him on an obstetrical case; there is no way really to know a man unless you sit up all night with him. We had a delightful time. He is two men; J. Mason Little, M.D., sharp, exact, dignified, businesslike, and Johnny Little, the soul of geniality, with whom I can talk freely as with my own friends. It is remarkable how we seem to agree on life in general. Mrs. Little is charming.

Dr. Hamerick, the house officer here, I like very much. He is younger than I. What is very dear of him is that he

has never given me an order yet. He always says, "Will you please do," or "Let's us do." Incidentally he is clever in handling me this way. He insists that he is not my boss; of course he is and knows it, but isn't it decent of him to handle the situation this way?

He is an excellent doctor and very keen on it. He is bright and jolly and lets nobody run over him. Anything connected with medicine interests him, nothing else does. That will come later, I suppose. So far, fine.

Miss —— is the most improved person I have ever seen. She has actually become pleasant, efficient, and has, thank goodness, almost lost the "missionary spirit."

Somebody has made me out to be the professional funny man of the Mission. Ugh! You can imagine how this leads to verbal activity on my part.

Miss McElderry, who is head nurse here, broke down under the work and is in charge of the guest house. I knew her at Battle last summer. She is one of the most charming ladies I have ever known. I see a good deal of her, and the more I see her the better I like her. More of her later.

There is also a chap named Bisbee who teaches school; very nice apparently. There is also a very earnest Eli, named Parsons. In his favor be it said that he plays the 'cello nicely, but he does even that a little too earnestly.

John Evans is back in form again. I am more fond of him than ever. . . .

I saw Booth¹ at Englée. He told me that he will be well after this winter. Again Dr. Grenfell was right when all reason seemed against him. I hope that he will be up soon.

¹ Walter C. Booth, of New York, writes: "I knew Caspar very well in Newfoundland and we saw much of each other. We had several cruises together and spent a great deal of time in each other's company in lonely places where men are apt to try their tempers. Caspar and I always seemed to get fun and humor out of such situations. I grew to love him very much."

Maury Jones has gone to Flower's Cove with Dr. Little to see Parson Richards.

By the way, we have a clergyman here, a Mr. Vivian,¹ who seems fine! He has been away on a trip!!!² He is young and looks a gentleman. Like all Newfoundland clergymen he is very "high," which, as near as I can make out, means that they wear habits. Curious thing about Newfoundland's High Church. They go in very strong for being called "Father," for all the little catchwords which so annoy Low Churchmen, and then they only have Holy Communion once a month at 11 o'clock. It seems about like Mozart opera with the music left out. . . .

Gov. Davidson sent us a lovely telegram. "Merry Christmas. You are all the right sort. You deserve to be Britishers, but bear up under the handicap." . . .

Prospero coming. I must stop.

Jan. 25, 1914.

WELL, as the mail goes out here goes for a good long letter and I shall now try to write more, as the mail should be fairly regular now.

Things go on much the same here. Hospital work, trips, reading, chess, etc.

As Kipling says (roughly):

"The Lord knows where we may go, dear lass,
The deuce knows what we may do ;
But we're back once more on our own trail, the old trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail,
The trail that is always new."

Do you like this? L'Envoi, it is called. . . .

I have been either away on short trips, or here while Dr.

¹ Rev. N. G. Vivian became a Chaplain in the R.N.

² Caspar had thought Fr. Vivian's predecessor lazy and neglectful of parishioners living at a distance.

Hamerick took long trips in which case I have been in charge here. You may laugh at this, but it is a fact. I have real ability for one thing, I can keep nurses and other good people from scrapping if I am boss. Here is the trouble, ambition. Now Dr. G. or Dr. L. want to be head, but why? Because they feel that there is work to be done which they can do better than anybody available. If a better surgeon were to come along, willing to do the work, either one of them would gladly play second fiddle. But this is not the case with most ambition here. Why, what sort of a man would I be if I resented the fact that some new medical student will come here next summer and do the jobs which I am doing now better than I do them? Any fellow who has this work at heart would feel grateful, and do something else which he can do better than anybody else or do nothing and still feel grateful. Seeing all this as I do, I have the key to all the brawls which constantly come up. Most of them amuse me. . . .

I have read lately "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma," "Jane Eyre," "Les Dieux ont Soif," "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," that book of six plays of Beaumont and Fletcher's, two books of Ben Jonson's plays, Marlowe's plays, Life of Alexander Hamilton, General John Regan and, for the thousandth time, "Tartarin de Tarascon" (how I love it). Will you get me a catalogue of that Everyman's Library, and I can get you to bring me up some more books when you come? Get Judith ¹ to suggest some French books, not on the sex problem. I run towards books which are called "smutty," but am bored with these degenerate attempts to solve serious problems. I read "Les Avaries" (Damaged Goods), but it isn't nearly as good as Osler's "Syphilis" or nearly as entertaining.

¹ Miss Judith Colston, of Cincinnati.

Isn't France producing any Tartarins, Cyranos, Molières, or even Rabelais? Tell Judith she must produce them somehow. I know she reads a great deal of French. Henri Bergson is the man of the hour in French thought, I fancy, but I have all his things here. He is fine. He is a modern and yet he misses all this muddle-headed thinking called Pragmatism. Royce in his new "Philosophy of Loyalty" misses it also. . . .

There is not one case of sickness where there were ten last year, but it may only be the calm before the storm.

I will try to write often now that the mail is started regularly.

Feb. 22, 1914.

I HAVE just come back from a long trip. I had a delightful time, but very dirty weather, quite cold with a southerly gale. What do you mean by sending us cold weather? You must be having it at home. I don't think I ever saw it really cold before with such a wind.

I see by the papers (daily telegraph news which we are supposed to get) that Lord Strathcona is dead. Tom Bromfield's father used to sell him furs at the following prices: Prime mink or fisher, one sewing needle; otter, one axe; silver foxes, two barrels of flour. I suppose the Strathcona has helped even things up a bit, but!! . . .

I play a great deal of chess. It is far better than any game of cards. Just between you and me I seemed to have found something (unprofitable) at which I have talent. . . .

I bought a very fine silver fox; a prime skin with almost no silver hairs, about as near a black fox as they come. For that, three fine reds and a patch fox (a beauty) I gave \$500.00. Had I more money left I would give this to you. I am too stingy for that, but you may have it or them for what it cost. Should you not care to keep it I feel sure that

they will bring double that figure, probably much more. Understand I am not hinting that I want the fox myself. I won't take it, but you are welcome to it yourself and sell it by all means if you don't feel like keeping such a valuable thing. It is pretty generally admitted that it is the finest bit of fur caught in North Newfoundland in years. Incidentally Cy Grenham, from whom I bought it, was down to flour and tea (no butter, milk, sugar, meat or anything). I gave him what cash I have here and shall wire Father to send me post-office money orders for the rest of it, as he needs the money, and as I can't cash such a check here. . . .

I am going off to the bungalow on the southern side of Hare Bay with Maury for a holiday, during which we hope to snare several hundred rabbits for food. Short cuts here are short cuts. If you can cross the bay you save fifty miles, more or less. I have been doing most of my own dog driving. As I am very light, travel with an axe, medicine box and toothbrush, I am well liked by the Mission team, which is very fine this year.

I went to Griquet and back, eighteen miles each way, and saw three patients before lunch the other day. There is not one case of sickness where there were ten last year, so that I am not hard worked.

Mary Jones got a startling letter from some friend, who had conceived the scheme that she and I were in love with each other. The friend asked Mrs. Nourse¹ about it, and Mrs. Nourse said, "It seems very probable." I wonder what Monk would have said; but, my word, if Monk is eligible I am. We have had great fun over it. Mary said, "I told you of this engagement because I thought it was something you really ought to know about." . . .

I reason along into thinking very well of the Roman

¹ Mrs. C. J. Nourse, of New York.

Church and then, bang, I come upon some policy of theirs which makes me shout, "Go it, Luther."

By the way, if you can put your hands on any statement of the High Church position about this African Communion squabble send it to me. I have read the Bishop of Oxford's and Lord Somebody's speeches; I admire them for not trimming, but really I absolutely side with the other side, but surely the clever High Churchmen have some point to make. Send it to me, I am willing to be changed, but it will take something sound (not spiritual) to do it. I feel that G. K. can clear this up, if he will.

March, 1914.

I HAVEN'T written for a long time because this will get to you before my letter would have. Dr. Little is taking this to you. He is going out for his sister's wedding, but really because his ears are still bad (I think). At any rate he will see you and give you the news. . . .

Dr. Little will see Dr. G. in the States and will tell you what I am to do this summer. I have not the vaguest idea what they will want me to do. Certainly it will be arranged for me to be here when you come, but I can't arrange things here. . . . Tell Kitty ¹ I have set Dr. Little on her trail, but to arrange matters with Mrs. G. I am going part way out with Dr. Little, returning slowly doing medical work.

I must tell you that I was vaguely considering joining an expedition to Baffin Land with Captain Pickels, but his wife won't let him go. Fancy Pickels having a wife who can boss him! I don't suppose he sees her once in two years. At any rate it is all off. Dr. Little will tell you about it, if you are interested.

¹ Miss Catherine Anderson, of Cincinnati.

I hope you can realize sometime what John Little has been to me. Taken all in all, day in and day out (except about twice a month when he is grouchy), he commands my admiration more than anybody I have ever known. He has never once praised me or my work, except to tell me one day that I had medical ability. What you might miss in him is his fun. It lies deep, but is there. We talk at each other like two old cronies. He has not always taken life seriously, and still has the point of view of a somewhat wild undergraduate. He looks ugly facts about himself and others in the face and calls a spade a spade. He looks at things curiously as I do at my best.

Did I write you that the "swiles" (seals) struck in for the first time in fifteen years? Esau Hillier made about a thousand dollars in three days, and everybody made fifty dollars at least. I went out among them. I suppose I saw at one time 5,000 baby seals. They cry just like a baby. You walk out and biff them over the head with a gaff, then tow them in after skinning them. Of all dangerous jobs this is the worst. Only one man was lost, but why only one is a mystery to me. If I never see it again I have once seen real adventure. I of course was only where it wasn't really dangerous. Tell Dad that when I see him I think I can beat Jack London. You rush out on the ice, jumping from piece to piece, some of them went four miles out, get your seals in tow and start back. Now the ice moves along faster than you can walk and if it got past the Cape before you hit land you went out to sea on it and before you could be rescued you were a mere dot. Men went out here and tried to hit land at the Cape, but many of them had to be rescued with row boats at the edge of the ice.

I have since been treating a case of violent mania at

Griquet, caused by a combination of exhaustion and fright. The poor man keeps shouting, "Slip your swiles, byes! Jump! Jump! Open waters to leeward! Why in hell don't the skipper get me?" I was told it was a case of pneumonia and I made a diagnosis of an absolutely normal man, outside of brain. Sealitis was a new disease for me, but I made the diagnosis just the same and curiously enough was right. Everybody has fresh meat now, no scurvy this spring, I fancy. My, but those young seal are good to eat.

I of course saw all this merely as a spectator and only went out a short way on the ice. Of course all the sealers are off here. Captain Kane has 20,000 already. . . .

The seals are all gone now and we had our sports last week. I was very much touched by the fact that I had a dozen and a half seals brought to me as presents.

I am leaving here at four tomorrow morning, so will try to get a few hours' sleep. We have a dying man here, who I am specialing. That is the worst sign, when I am put on to special anybody it is all over but the shouting. This fellow still has a chance, however.

We hope to get to Flower's Cove (sixty-five miles) and possibly Brig Bay (eighty-three miles) in one day, and, as I am driving the Mission team, I will have somewhat of a day. I am taking Mr. Redpath, who weighs 190 and has asthma, to Brig Bay, where he gets a team to take him to the railroad. The dogs are rested and simply wild to go, because they are stuffed with new seal.

Saturday, June 1st, 1914.

It has been a long time since the last, but there has been no boat here as yet, except the Sagona which finally got here, three weeks out from St. John's. The Prospero got to Lock's Cove, twenty miles from here, but couldn't get

through. Dr. Little got off there and walked in. He gave me all the news of you as well as your letters. It is a pleasure to see him looking so well. I have been travelling all spring and have been having a glorious time. On the 28th of April I struck one of the nastiest days I ever hope to see, as bad as February weather. I had a lovely visit with Booth in Canada Bay. . . . He is one of my very best friends. You ought to see us coming over a hill with a dog team. (I have been travelling without a driver.) He weighs about 250 pounds stripped, without one ounce of fat, and I may remark that for me to steer him down hill between trees is exciting. I put in two days' medical work. One fellow drove the breech block of a Winchester, entering just under his right eye, clear through the bone into the mouth. He picked it out and walked home and isn't going even to lose his eye. Then I went trouting. Booth says, "I don't think it bad that you don't shave or dress, but it is time to change when you will fish for trout with pork." Tell Father I got sixteen dozen one day. . . .

By the way, I do think that I have real ability to get work out of dogs. The delicate art of "having good hands" is nothing compared to the skill of getting dogs to work. There is only one man out of a hundred who can drive dogs and I fancy if I was to drive dogs for ten years I could rank with them, certainly not in less time.

Life in the Hospital has been hell on earth. . . . The more I see of people who want to improve others (not love them), the more I think there is to be said in favor of the good-natured or even the good-for-nothing gentlemen.

But one thing is apparent to me now, and it is real. It is the poor people who are going to heaven. This is the great fact; and very, very few of our friends really believe it. With this fact stowed away I see things, all life in fact,

a bit differently. Christianity is the doctrine of hope for the unsuccessful. I hear people say, "Honesty is the best policy," "Whatever good I do I get my reward for it." My word, but this is exactly the opposite of "The first shall be last and the last first." Moreover, I maintain that if you or I or anybody was in the eyes of God doing His will we wouldn't be successful, we wouldn't get recognition. . . .

I can't write this, but let me tell you I have had many a long think about this sort of thing. It seems to me that you must be either a Christian or a Socialist. I am down on Socialism because I believe that God picks out for the good things of the world to come the people who haven't had the gilt of this world. If I wasn't a coward I'd act on my belief; as it is, I would gladly take all the money I could lay my hands on. But we will talk this all over.

Now as to plans: I go to Indian Harbor when the ice goes off the coast. I am to stay there until Dr. Grenfell goes North, when he is to pick me up in the Strathcona. I will be back some time about the first of September, not before. I will wire you or rather wireless you when to start for here and we ought to get here about the same time. Dr. Little wants you to stay with him. But as the Grenfells have invited you you will probably stay with them.

*Indian Harbor,
July 10th, 1914.*

I HAD a long wait in St. A. for the ice to go out. During that time I took a trip South to Harbor Deep. About fifty people live there; twenty-seven had beri-beri. One died just as I got there and another later, twins, fourteen children, all under eight years, in debt, leaky house, dry flour only. I carried provisions. Shipped most of the sick ones to St. A. and generally tore things up. At Conche my en-

gine broke down (Clip Sturgis' old boat). I came to St. A. on the Prospero; spent twelve hours there, working with about seventy patients; went back to Conche, started North, got pinched by ice in Croe Harbor; left the boat there. Went through about thirty-five miles of ice in Norris trading schooner to Goose Cove and walked from there home. Navigating a ninety-ton clumsy schooner behind a forty-mile breeze, through pan ice, comes very near being exciting.

I found Grenfell just arrived at St. A. . . . He is just as fascinating as ever. . . . He put me in as skipper of the Floradel. Will Sims is engineer. The engine never could be even started. Harry Parker¹ is cook. He is a delight. I picked him out because he didn't seem "earnest." I had enough of earnest Yale boys last summer. Harry just stayed in Harvard long enough to get into the Porc. I don't think I ever took more of a liking to a young chap. We had a fine trip North in spite of ice. Find it very wearing work being in charge of a boat in ice. I had forty-eight hours on watch, only going below for meals. I don't care for much of this. It is very cold. We finally got through the ice into Hawke's, July 4th. We couldn't furl our mainsail because it was frozen stiff. I didn't kick on the cold this winter, in fact I didn't mind it, but really it does seem as if this is overdoing it a bit. Tell Father I caught a string of brook trout standing on a dead whale at Hawke's Harbor. A whale factory is there. I start back tomorrow with the "Yale." Thank goodness the ice is offshore now.

When I get to St. A. I don't know what I shall do. If there is real work for me to do, which won't be done unless I do it, I shall stay right on. If there isn't, I shall probably

¹ Henry McB. Parker, Harvard, '15, enlisted as seaman, 2nd class, U.S. Navy; overseas duty; became an ensign.

come home. I won't stay here just for the sake of staying here. . . . If they set me a useful job when I get to St. A. I shall stay right on until you come anyway, whether I like the job or not. I won't ask for the jobs I know I can do and want to do.

I shan't squeal, but I have been having pretty near my full capacity of work lately. I have only had my clothes off twice in three weeks and I find it hard to keep pleasant. I know I should murder one or two of those earnest summer missionaries in St. A. I am going to board across the Harbor with Noah Sims when I get to St. A. I can't bear that mob, particularly the kodak girls. Did I tell you that I have been reading Shakespeare from A to Z?

July 27th, 1914.

Just after I wrote my last rather blue letter to you the old "Invermore" went down seven miles from Indian. I had just been talking to Jacob Kean, her skipper, about an hour before she hit. We had rather a bad trip of it coming back, as the ice was bad. We were held up two days at Domino, which I spent on the "Senator" and "Maxine Elliot," two Gloucestermen. My word, but they have good food there! I will tell you all about them when you come. Old Axel Lager, a Dane, the skipper of the "Senator," would have delighted Kipling. They can't get through the ice. We kept between the ice and the land, and their comments on this country are gems.

I found the Strathcona here. These are my sailing orders: "Take Yale to Indian Harbor when engine is installed. Bring back Floradel. When Dr. Morgan leaves (he leaves Sept. 15th) I want you on Strathcona until she stops running (about Nov. 1st)." . . . I figure on getting back here about the 20th of August, but this is guesswork,

pure and simple. At any rate you come as you plan to. I will wire you from Indian if I think you had better come sooner. Whether you will stay at Grenfell's, Little's or the Guest House I can't figure out; at any rate *come*. Also whether I will be able to go home the 1st of November and come back on the last boat I can't figure out. But it will have to work itself out somehow. . . .

If you come on the Prospero you will love Captain Kean, and if you can make him talk you will hear talk, far more interesting to me, at any rate, than any talk I ever heard in a drawing room. Also get to know John Field the mate, and above all McKinley the Chief Engineer. Harry Lauder is a poor imitation of Mac. Get to know him if you have to go below and pull him out of an oil cup. One time he had a peripheral neuritis. I told him it came either from lead or alcohol poisoning. With that wonderful Scotch twinkle in his eye he said, "Mon, I'd be gettin' that I suppose from oilin' so much Babbit metal."

Don't go to Battle Harbor unless I should telegraph you to, as no steamer has yet been to Battle. Possibly I might meet you somewhere on the way down here. At any rate, *come*. . . .

Directly after this date War was declared. The following telegram from Caspar made Father and Mother abandon all their plans to join him in Newfoundland:

St. Anthony, N.F.
Aug. 4, '14.

UNLESS situation Europe changes inadvisable coming here. You might get held up either going or coming. Wireless communication Labrador stopped today. Unless change I shall probably come home on Gloucesterman or

some American vessel, but may be held up myself. Wire if you can get it through. Will be here some time probably. Everything in tumult.

Late in the autumn he escaped from the tumult, but not on a Gloucesterman. From some harbor on the Gulf of St. Lawrence he telegraphed:

Aboard Canadian lighthouse tender. Headed Quebec. Valet to reindeer.

He was more than a valet to those reindeer; he was resident physician, day nurse and night nurse to them. They were seasick. He did not want to lose them, for he was going to be well paid for them by a department store in Toronto. They were to be the chief advertisement of the store for Christmas.

His voyage, with two nauseated reindeer, on that tiny steamer from The Labrador to Quebec, stopping at every lighthouse on the coast, should have been put in a letter. We got only telegrams, for he delivered his reindeer in Toronto, and went from there directly to Cincinnati.

He was full of the War. He talked of little else. Even then he saw clearly that it was not a fight about European boundaries. He talked constantly, intelligently and earnestly about this being a War for Right, a war that concerned Americans just as truly as Belgians, French or English. Not many Americans in those days had the vision to agree with him. They thought he had become "pro-British" by living and working two years with Englishmen. As a matter of fact his attention and his interest were as completely diverted from The Labrador and The Mission as if that were a closed chapter of his life.

While he was in New York, Mr. Robert Bacon offered him the position of a dresser in the first American Flying Ambulance Corps. He longed to accept. We urged him to do so, or at least to telegraph Dr. Grenfell asking to be released from his promise to return to St. Anthony for the winter of 1914-15. Practically all the English doctors and nurses had left The Mission for war work. Dr. Grenfell had begged Caspar, as an American, to carry on at St. Anthony. He had agreed to do so. He wanted to get into the War, but he simply said, "I have promised Dr. Grenfell to return to St. Anthony and I will not treat my promise as a scrap of paper."

He induced Bruce Graydon to go North with him for the winter, and arranged to take the last boat that would be able to get to St. Anthony before the harbor was frozen until spring.

He returned to keep his word to Dr. Grenfell. His heart was in the War.

Just before he left Boston for the North he said to me, "As soon as the ice breaks next spring I am going to leave, and I'm not going to fight the battles of the Allies from a leather chair at the Harvard Club."

III

KEEPING HIS WORD

Jan. 12, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER,

WE had a better trip than usual to St. John's, but it is pretty bad at that. . . .

The first bit of news which greeted me was that not in forty years has this country known such ice at this time of year. I was also told that the Prospero could not possibly reach St. A. . . . It was worth taking a chance on, however, so off we came. More of this later. . . .

Now for a sort of log of the trip. Anybody except Bruce and I would be mad by now. Every day it has first looked as though we would get there and then as if we wouldn't.

Tuesday.

LEFT wharf 2 P.M. Harbor covered thin ice. Coming out through Narrows solid field of heavy Northern slob ice about three miles off coast, but wind W.S.W. driving it out. Straight course to Bay de Verde, beautiful crisp day, loose sish ice. At Bay de Verde Bruce saw his first fishing village and fishermen; his remark on the latter was, "My God, Cap, they are a different kind of animal."

7 P.M. Old Perlican Bight filled up, couldn't get in.

8 P.M. Put across bay for Trinity; slob ice, heavy, went through it full speed about as fast as a man can walk. About eleven picked up schooner, tight in ice; towed her Trinity. Looked very bad for St. A.

Wednesday.

WIND light N.N.W. Just barely able to get around Cape Bonavista. Thick snow, stopped, and way out at sea saw

schooner frozen in ice flying distress flag. Spent whole day getting within two miles of her. Two of our crew walked to schooner and rescued skipper of schooner (his crew had deserted several days before) after which they set schooner on fire. Flames of schooner very beautiful on ice. Whole day lost. St. A. looks out of question.

Thursday.

FINE S.W. wind driving all ice away from coast. Quite warm. St. A. looks near. Made Wesleyville for night. Bruce the perfect travelling companion, but hasn't "got the hang" of these people yet.

Friday.

SAME wind, made Seldom-Come-By, a very good run. One of the days when things look bright.

Saturday.

W. WIND. All day butting ice; running into a few hundred yards, then backing and getting a fresh start and making a few hundred more. Captain Kean talked for about two hours in the evening about seals, very interesting. Bruce nearly dies over everybody calling me Doctor, particularly today when I had to take a few stitches in a sailor's hand where he had cut it. Sunday all day covering a few miles to Nippers Harbor. We are only passengers left. Even chance St. A.

Monday.

WHEN we got to Cape John solid jamb of Arctic ice. Went back to Little Bay where I telegraphed you. All hope about gone.

Tuesday.

THANK God. A strong S.W. wind, ice going out again. Just able slip around the Cape, but could not get into any of next ports of call. In loose ice all day. Made Jackson Arm last night. Very fortunate, people had all their winter flour on board. Went ashore with Bruce; saw several sick people and many old friends, amongst them a small boy who we have apparently cured of T.B. of hip. Bought two hind quarters of caribou, one 38 lbs., other 47 lbs., for \$3.60. Oh, this high cost of living! Today conditions here perfect — strong W. wind. We really should reach St. A. or Conche today. I can get to St. A. from the latter by dogs. I will add a line to this when I find out where we will reach. I won't be able to write you after I get to St. A. by this boat, as she will let us out on the ice probably a mile or so from the wharf and will leave right away.

The dog mail has started earlier, I believe. Just left Harbor Deep. Straight St. Anthony. Lots of luck. Lots of love. I am going to try to write often.

St. Anthony, Jan. 27th, 1915.

THE first mail goes out tonight, which is much earlier than it has ever started before.

It seems very strange here. The hospital is closed, all except the out-patient department. This, however, we keep heated and have fitted up as a sort of operating-room, where we can do about anything which can't wait until spring. I thought at first that this was going to give me very little to do, but the opposite is the case. It simply means that people who would have been in the hospital before come here and board outside in the Harbor. . . .

Dr. Grenfell has been in Canada Bay trying to fix up

a strike at the mill ever since I have been here. I haven't seen him yet.

We are very comfortably settled. Bruce and John Evans, as well as Bowditch live in Alec Sims' (Dr. Little's dog driver's) house. I live, or rather sleep, in Uncle Joe Pilley's house, near by, and eat with them. We have a room fitted up very nicely, and I have never been so comfortable since I have been here. . . .

Bruce is a joy, and he and John Evans hit it off beautifully. He likes it very much, but Dr. G. hasn't seized on him yet. He has done nothing so far, as Dr. Little refuses to take hold of things at all.

Bowditch plays chess which is very good fun and cards are now being played, but I won't; I can't play for fun.

I brought a son into the world for Will Sims the other night, and it is named Burton Sims. Graydon nearly died over this. Miss Dove, one of the two nurses here, helped me. She is very nice and tactful. She worked for a year with a big obstetrician in New York and you never could have told but that she thought I was doing a perfect job (it was a forceps case too).

I have to hurry to catch the mail. Will write a longer letter next week.

During that winter he wrote very few letters. Life there had become an old story to him; also he was not interested in it. His frequent telegrams showed enthusiasm only when they were about the possibilities of leaving St. Anthony and getting into the War. We proposed several Red Cross jobs to him. The following telegram is characteristic of his attitude toward such proposals:

St. Anthony, N.F., May 5, 1915.

WOULD go France or anywhere if needed, but do not feel call to pull wires for job. Nothing doing in Newfoundland along this line. Under height limit here.

He had tried to enlist in a Newfoundland regiment. He knew that was really getting into the War. His spirit was not "under height limit," even if his body was. That was always the case. His big spirit always made his little body undertake and put through things beyond its power. That he was turned down the first time he tried to enlist did not give him the comfortable idea, "Well, I have offered myself. No man can do more than that." He knew he could do more than that and he proceeded to do it.

Before steamer could get through the ice that summer to St. Anthony Caspar and Bruce had set out in an open boat for The Labrador in order to be picked up by any passing steamer. That was his way of getting into the War. With him he carried this letter from Dr. Grenfell. It is the connecting link between Caspar's life on The Labrador and in the War:

*St. Anthony, Newfoundland
June, 1915.*

THIS is to certify that Caspar Burton has served with us as volunteer assistant for three years. His early education and a year and a half at the Harvard Medical School prepared him to take full advantage of the unusual responsibilities essential to our work. He has frequently administered anesthetics for our operations — has done any quantity of minor surgery — knows about bandaging, splinting, restoratives, stimulants, hæmostases, and the full ritual of antiseptics and asepticism. He should be an admirable

man for the flying ambulance work. He is brave and unselfish. His entire work here has been freely given for the sake of others only — a better, tenderer, better qualified non-registered man you couldn't find.

(Signed) WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

IV
THE WAR
1915-1919

WAR RECORD OF CASPAR HENRY BURTON, JR.

JULY, 1915, enlisted in the Hector Munro Ambulance Corps (Commissioned Lieutenant in British Red Cross). Served with French Marins. Engaged in battle of the Yser for six weeks. Enlisted October 29, 1915, as private in 29th Battalion, Royal Fusileers, British Army. Stationed at Epsom, Oxford and Edinburgh. Promoted to O.T.C. at Oxford, July 11, 1916. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant October 16, 1916. Gazetted to 4th Battalion, King's (Liverpool) Regiment. Stationed at Pembroke Dock, Wales. Went out to France, December 8, 1916. Engaged in the Battle of the Somme — Battle of the Ancre — Battle of Arras. Led attack on Hindenburg Line at Fontaine-les-Croisilles in the Battle of Bullecourt. Wounded May 20, 1917.

Casualty Clearing Station — Duchess of Westminster Hospital at Le Touquet — London Hospital — Princess Christian's Hospital — Princess Christian's Convalescent Hospital and the Reading Military Hospital. Marked for "light duty" October, 1917.

Stationed at Fermoy, County Cork, Ireland, October, 1917, to February, 1918. Transferred to American Army, February, 1918. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant. Went out to France in A.E.F. March 17, 1918. Assigned 2nd Army Corps, A.E.F., April 1, 1918. On detached duty with British from May to middle of August, 1918, at Cherbourg. Recalled to Headquarters of 2nd Army Corps August 20, 1918.

Engagements beginning September 29, 1918:

Attack on Hindenburg Line north of St. Quentin.

198 CASPAR HENRY BURTON, JR.

Capture of Bohain and Montre Bohain.

Attack on Le Salle River.

Landed in U.S.A. February, 1919.

Honorably discharged March, 1919.

Died as result of wounds March 24, 1920.

I

THE HECTOR MUNRO AMBULANCE CORPS,
FLANDERS

*The Vanderbilt Hotel,
New York, July 2, 1915.*

DEAR SPENCE,

.

THANKS for all you have done about getting this wonderful job for me. Luck certainly comes my way.

If I had one wish it would be that I could get America into this war. I cannot believe that it can ever be best for us to allow the greatest series of outrages in the world to go on under our eyes unrecognized. I don't in the least care what happens to this boat, for if she should be sunk and I should be lost I should count as one perfectly dead American. This smacks of Patrick Henry, but I feel like P. H. these days. Amongst your convict friends haven't you some one who feels that he just must kill some one, he doesn't much care who? Well, I will pay his fare until he lands Bryan and I'll hire good lawyers to get him off if it can be done. . . .

Love,

CAP.

The next day Caspar sailed from New York. On landing at Liverpool, he went directly to London and enlisted in the Hector Munro Ambulance Corps. He was commissioned Lieutenant in the British Red Cross. This position, to which he refers in his letter to me, was secured for him before he landed in England by our cousin Lady Sandwich.

In London he encountered great difficulty and much red-

tape before he could procure the papers necessary for him to get to Flanders. This delay, however, proved intensely interesting, because of the novelty of meeting intimately hundreds of men on leave. They were to him an eye-opener. At this time he met some Harvard friends, Walter Oakman, "Bunnie" Morgan, Oliver Filley, Grafton Chapman and a number of other Americans who had started by driving ambulances, but who all had soon gone into the Army. They were unanimous in saying that the Red Cross was only playing with the War, and that Caspar wouldn't stick it very long. At this time also he heard a great deal of Dill Starr, who was then at Gallipoli.

*Written by Caspar November, 1919, for Mother's
War Scrapbook.*

MY short experience with the Ambulance is really very hard at this date even to remember. I have been since that time so much more in the war that this period seems almost unreal.

As a first view of the war, however, it was very interesting. I crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne with a man named Gurney who was taking over a new Fiat Ambulance. After much red-tape we finally got away and drove through Calais and Dunkirk to Furnes, about five miles from the front line, reaching there about midnight. I still remember the thrill of seeing my first gun-flashes and flares. In fact I remember that most of the night, which we spent in the Ambulance on stretchers, I was awake watching what I supposed was a battle. I also remember feeling I was pretty well in the midst of things!! The next day, however, came a big surprise. Everywhere were civilians calmly going about their business. The town was shelled a few times a week, but was still workable.



With the French Fusiliers. Havre.

After a few days here I was moved to Coxyde, a tiny and very dirty little place, about four miles west of Nieuport. Hereafter I made from one to four trips a day to Nieuport, bringing back wounded and sick to the dressing station and then taking them on to Dunkirk. It was, of course, intensely interesting, as you had every opportunity so see everything. We were attached to the French Fusiliers Marins, and certainly never were there finer fellows or better soldiers.

Nieuport was just about finished as a town, and was still very badly shelled, but, by using your head, you could go in just after a bombardment and get out before the next one.

This time did for me just what it had done for so many of my friends. It made me see that Germany just had to be beaten, that it was above all vital for the United States that she be beaten. I also saw that driving an ambulance wouldn't do. There were then and there always will be not only thousands, but tens of thousands of older and unfit men for this sort of work. All honor be to the men and women of that class who have done this work so well. But I have not much praise to give to the few healthy young Americans who went right through the show at this game.

Caspar, while still in the Hector Munro Ambulance Corps, was engaged in the Battle of the Yser for six weeks.

8, *Portman Square, W.*, Oct., 1915.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HARDLY know where to begin. In one way my stay of seven weeks in Flanders was a glorious success. Firstly, the Munro people, the four who are left, wanted me to stay; and the rest who are going to Russia wanted me to

go with them. This seems to have been a great pleasure to Alberta.¹ Personally I don't care much. . . .

Secondly. It was a great success, because I am one of the last non-military people who will ever live in the zone of actual fighting. They are almost all gone now. (With the British forces entirely so.) Do you realize how the Medical and Ambulance work stands?

1. The Army Red Cross (in the English Army the Royal Army Medical Corps). These men are soldiers; there are Tommies, Lieutenants, Captains, etc. The officers are Doctors, but Soldiers. They march with, are mixed in with the other soldiers and they DO THE WORK.

2. The British and French Red Cross which are "recognized," but are not military. They do the overflow work. They are supported by charity, much of which they waste. They are rapidly being shoved back and are becoming less and less needful.

3. The unrecognized Volunteer Corps, such as ours; they hardly exist any more.

Mother, under the laudable desire to help, hundreds and hundreds of people are wasting their time and money. Of course this does not apply to hospitals, nor was any of this true during the first year of the war. In short, what is needed is skilled doctors, nurses, and about half the willing helpers (volunteers of nondescript types) many miles from the fighting. You can bet your life the Germans don't do things this way.

¹ The Countess of Sandwich, a cousin, from whose London house he is writing. After Caspar's death she writes: "A glorious fight I can well imagine it. He proved that to us all for many years. Of all people I think Father Powell's immortal remark about Mother applies to him, 'He carried his cross so high others mistook it for a banner.' He led his life of hardship so gallantly one might almost have thought he liked it. He would join the army, say what I would when he was with the Flying Ambulance. Then as a Tommy, then as an officer, then as an American, with his wounds, — he was magnificent."

I personally don't consider I did a living soul any good while there. I did a few things, but there were hundreds willing to do them. Are those hundreds willing to enlist? No.

Now, Mother, one of my greatest weaknesses . . . has been the lack of ever feeling what you term a "calling." It has come at last. As you know I don't like England, and they are certainly stupid at present. But they are *Right, Right, Right*. One day when I saw a Taube fly straight for the base hospital (which stands about a mile from anything else, which was a huge hospital before the war, well known to the Boches, and which is covered by enormous red + +) and drop five bombs amongst those poor mangled devils and directly sail back, I made my final decision. I was about thirty yards from one bomb and saw the whole thing. I helped bury, if it can be called so, what was left of a number of wounded. This is only one example; I saw others.

My God, Mother, what is America up to? Can the world allow a race of madmen to dominate the world? I can't believe them fiends; I do believe them mad. Fiends or madmen, I must do my little bit. Why don't all these young fellows at home who are so violently pro-Ally join? I suppose it is because you must see it to realize it. Practically every fellow, hardly that, but dozens of Americans who came over to drive cars have joined. I have met over fifteen of my friends who are fighting.

God knows I don't want to be killed and don't expect to be, but it is certainly a possibility which cannot be overlooked. But I don't think I am doing this from anything but the firmest conviction. I am not going to enjoy it; the training part will also be loathsome. I cannot truthfully say I do not want to kill Germans, but I can say truthfully

that I want to do it from principle and not from hate. I may not even be good at it, but having seen what I have seen I must do my bit, and it is soldiers we need, not others.

I will write you definitely when I accept the King's shilling on Tuesday and become Lieutenant Burton of Lord Denman's Horse, or some such silly thing. I supposed of course that I would have to become a Tommy, but not at all. Lord Denman told me that they were plentiful. What is needed is men of sufficient education to be capable of being officers. What is more I start at full pay of Second Lieutenant the first day. I will of course go through a period of training, but nowhere near as long as the troops go through and quite different in character. It doesn't seem fair, does it, that I should go ahead of sergeants, etc. Of course cavalry nowadays never sees a horse in Flanders, but they could again become cavalry in case we got through. I met Lord Denman at the Cavendish, told him my troubles, what I thought of volunteers, and Mrs. Lewis blew my horn and there you are. Mrs. Lewis is the most remarkable person I ever knew. When I arrived she said, "Hello, Caspar, I knew you'd come. I've known you'd come. I haven't guessed wrong on anybody yet. But you won't stick with those swine, all they do is have their pictures in the papers."

The War—What struck you most?

1. The great premium on brains and science and the small premium on strength and bravery. This was the most gruesome thing of all.

2. The superiority of defence over offence. I have been in — a tiny village about five hundred yards from the Germans. Every single house is down. Yet there were hundreds of soldiers about. On the first two Boche shells they got three men. Then they put in two hundred in ten

minutes and only got one more. The way they get to cover is astounding. This was called a "light bombardment." Just the single shells flying around never seemed to get anybody, or rarely so.

3. The fact that the brave men who are nervous are lunatics, though still good fighters, while the phlegmatic man is fit and very jovial and a better fighter. You see you can't do anything when you hear one coming except drop flat. Well, most of them literally are totally unaffected by a shell coming near them as long as it doesn't connect. Others equally brave shake.

4. The greatest game of brains and trying to outguess each other, for that is all it is. This all applies to what I saw, for while I was within five hundred yards of the firing trenches, I only had one peek in them.

5. The fact that in view of what is going on now few are being killed *at present*.

6. The fact that I have no more idea when it is going to end or how it is going to end than if I had never seen it.

Of course the hundreds of real things I do know I can't write. I had two letters stopped which I wrote you that had nothing in them that I could see.

I spent yesterday with Olga. Alberta is glorious. I love her, but she is in with the wrong set as far as things are concerned. She thinks Lord —, who is chairman of Belgian something or other, is the person to see. Well, who you want to see is somebody who has just come back from the trenches if you want to get anything. Soldiers are running this war. They will take the civilian's money, but they won't take his advice, or his assistance, except from a distance.

Now, Mother and Father, I do hope you can see that what I feel is a real call has come to me. I do hope you can

do what parents here do. I believe in a Future Life and I believe that those who have died here fighting hard but clean have got a chance of being rewarded. At any rate they have done what seems to me something very fine. Any unmarried man who feels as I do and ran away would have a taint of cowardice on him which would damn him, or me at any rate, forever.

Of course all this is simply facing the worst. I haven't the slightest feeling that I will be killed. Mortality is very low now and will be all winter with the exception of one more big fight. For months, at any rate, I shall be leading a strenuous life physically and also studying hard.

One good thing, by being a cavalry regiment I won't get sent to the Dardanelles.

All love to you both. Do try not to break down. Why not come over here where you can see me and where you will be with others in your same fix? I shall be in Norfolk and being an officer (my word, isn't that amusing?) I could see lots of you.

CAP.

Had lunch at the Embassy. Page didn't seem very neutral, but then we were en famille.

When Caspar went to see Lord Denman at his headquarters, Blickling Hall, Norfolk, he found Lord Denman ill and unable to see him. Although Caspar passed all the tests of horsemanship he could not pass the red-tape between him and a commission without Lord Denman's personal assistance. In his annoyance he returned to London, leaving word they could send for him when they wanted him. They never sent.

Several friends in London promised to get him a commission through this or that influential friend. Bored by

their delay and being keen to get into the War he went off by himself to enlist. As he walked along that cold, rainy morning to the Recruiting Station at the Horse Guards Parade, he said he pulled his hat down over his eyes and said to himself, "It's bad enough going off alone this way, but I'm glad I haven't a girl, with wet bedraggled feathers in her hat, hanging on to me and weeping."

II
THE TOMMY

EPSOM, OXFORD, EDINBURGH, O.T.C. AT OXFORD

London, Oct. 29, 1915.

BURTON,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Just enlisted Tommy.

BURTON.

8, Portman Square, W., Oct. 29, 1915.

DEAR MOTHER,

As I wired, I have just taken the King's shilling. In other words, I am a private in the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers. My address will now be Private C. Burton, Public Schools Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, Epsom, Surrey, England.

Waiting for a commission is slow work and I think I will get it just as rapidly this way, as my application is still in.

To Englishmen it is hard work to sleep in a tent with some Cockney, but I shall love it.

I must stop, as I must go directly to fall in behind a band and march off to Waterloo.

The die is cast. No changing my mind now unless I want to be shot as a deserter. All love.

CAP.

London, Nov. 13, 1915.

REGIMENT going Oxford for winter, probably going France March. Wish you could come. Could spend evenings with you. Probably get commission later, but don't care.

BURTON.

*Marston Street, Oxford,
Nov. 15, 1915.*

DEAR MRS. BURTON,

WE had a very great pleasure: Caspar dining with us in the King's uniform. He was at our High Mass yesterday and surprised us afterwards by appearing at the Mission House. I think it is splendid of him not to have waited for a Commission, but just to have enlisted.

I hope he may get a Commission presently, for, though he makes light of it all, there must be many things that are trying to him in his Tommy life. He told me that he delighted in every moment of his life as a soldier. How very glad he will be in years to come and how proud his children will be to think that he had a personal share in this great war. I think one feels more enthusiastic and more confident every day as to the great final issue, but it is a very long and terrible business.

.

I hope we may see you and Mr. Burton here presently. Caspar said there was hope of it.

I am most truly,

GERALD S. MAXWELL,¹
S.S.J.E.

Oxford, Dec., 1915.

DEAR FATHER,

I DON'T know that I have any excuse for not writing. It is simply my old weakness, or whatever you want to call it, of putting off writing.

You know I was told that I was needed at once by the Ambulance Corps. On arrival in London I was given only

¹ Father Maxwell was the Superior General of the Society of St. John the Evangelist.

three days to get ready. Well, by hustling I was ready. I then found that the military authorities would not allow me to cross, and, mind you, this was not because of my nationality. Meanwhile Alberta had gone to Paris for two weeks. I did what I could.

At least six Harvard men I knew told me to chuck the Red Cross and enlist (they all started as I did). I should have done this then and there, and could at that time have easily secured a commission (the regulations were less stringent). For the sake of making good on Alberta's job I did not do this. . . .

When I got back unfortunately all my American friends were away in France. Again Alberta wanted me to go to Russia. I refused. I determined to go whole-hog or none, either come home or fight; for amateurs have no business in the fighting zone (and now they are being kicked out). I was ready to enlist at once, but everybody told me to get a commission. . . . Well, I worked a few days trying to see people. Nothing came of any of my efforts, so I walked down by myself and enlisted, which is just what I wanted to do in the first place.

There is only one way of stopping this war, that is to try to lay out one or two Prussians before you get laid out yourself. This is gruesome but true. Only by doing this can this war be stopped, and the awful nightmare of Prussian ideals conquering the whole world (America included) be demolished.

I am sorry for having spent so much money. As I wired you a pound a week is plenty for me now, as I have practically no expenses, except tobacco and movies. K. of K. doesn't give his Tommies much time for amusement.

Now as to when I shall get to the Front; our battalion, the 29th Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools), is a Reserve

Battalion, that is to say we fill up the gaps made by casualties in the 20th and 21st, which are in the trenches. I do not see how I can be sent before February 15th, because I won't have finished the required training before then. After then I may be sent any day, or I may not be sent for months. It all depends on how much of the 20th and 21st gets wiped out. This is the best information I can give you, but this is guesswork. Also I think I have a commission if I want it, but I don't think I do. I love these rough Tommies and rather fancy throwing in my lot with my friends, for friends they are. I daily love England more and more.

It was fine the other day; the Colonel called for a hundred volunteers for the Front, and, as one man, the thousand raised their hands. England is just beginning. In two years she alone will be able to beat Germany and she will never give up.

Don't get discouraged by the papers (of course nobody in the Army reads them). The Germans are getting hell now and they are getting sick of it. If the Government (of lawyers) had not bungled in the Balkans it would be all over but the shouting.

As to my training I must say nothing. I will say, however, that it is the hardest work I ever hope to put in. One item, I weigh in full marching order 218 pounds. I only pray that you are well enough to come over soon. You, of course, alone can judge about this. But don't deliberate. Either come or stay. Every individual and every nation in any way connected with this war who has hesitated has regretted it afterwards. I am not having an easy life, and I haven't a very rosy prospect ahead, in fact I am using all the guts I have. For once I don't want money, but I should like to go to the Front (not the Red Cross Front)

having been with you and Mother here. I don't feel that there is any danger crossing now. Perhaps it would be better to cross by Holland-American or American Line, but this submarine game around England has been killed or nearly so. . . .

I had a walk with Father Strong¹ yesterday. I like him best of any of the Fathers. Wasn't Father Maxwell's death sudden? I can't see how anybody ever thought him cold. He almost kissed me the time I saw him. They, and other Englishmen, seem dumbfounded at any of us serving, yet I have counted nineteen Harvard men on active service (besides a lot having their pictures taken in Red Cross cars).

Well, good-bye, and let me say again how much it would mean to me to see you. CAP.

Pte. C. Burton, 8908 A Company.
29th (R) Batt. Royal Fusiliers, Oxford.

Oxford, Jan. 19, 1916.

DEAR SCHO,

My feet are so badly blistered, owing to a two days' route march, that I am unable to crawl to the nearest pub, so I shall write to you.

As you may have heard, I was in Flanders for a time driving a Red Cross car. As an opportunity for seeing things it was unique. I was with the Belgians, and they let us go places and do things which no other army would have done. There seems to be a general opinion in the States that Red Cross people and nurses stroll about No Man's

¹ Rev. Leonard T. Strong, S.S.J.E., became a chaplain in the B.E.F. He writes after Caspar's death: "He has been called to more effective and blessed work where he is; and I am sure that the call that came to him when he first enlisted and to which he so nobly and unreservedly responded was a real preparation for this early call to the nearer Presence of his Lord. Yes, I know that he had a real affection for me, as indeed I had for him."

Land picking up wounded. Forget it! Except with the Belgians, Red Cross people scarcely get in the outskirts of the shelled zone. The Army Medical Corps, who are soldiers, do all the work, and the Red Cross (who are civilians) have their pictures taken and write newspaper articles. To show you how little the Government thinks of them, — under the Compulsion Bill they must join the Army, while locomotive drivers, miners, farmers, etc., are exempt. For God's sake don't let anybody you know waste money on that lot. Believe me, they have a surprise awaiting them when they get under military discipline.

As to what this damned show is like! Scho, the worst feature of the thing is the unbelievable boredom of it all. Month after month in exactly the same trench, continually risking your life, though the risk is very small except when a "show" is on, without seeming to get any results for your trouble. While I was there I only saw three scraps, one big one and two small ones, and I can assure you that while casualties were fairly heavy everybody's spirits bucked up.

What does it feel like to be under shell fire? I know this is what I was curious about. Well, Scho, bravery in the old-fashioned sense of the word doesn't exist. The bravest man who ever lived may go all to pieces nervously under it. On the other hand, a man not half so brave, who can take the thing philosophically, is all right. You can't dodge the devils, you can't do anything; you are either hit or not, so why worry. Moreover, if you do worry, you will probably end up in a strait-jacket. To a large extent I was able to do the latter, but several times I was simply petrified with fear. On one occasion I discovered myself taking shelter behind a rosebush! . . .

Of course we never were any place where a machine gun

could be turned on us. That is the one thing that everybody is afraid of. They are hellish beyond all belief.

As to my life as a Tommy: — not caring to be court-martialled I am unable to give you any details. It is more like perpetually running for the Dicky than anything else I can think of. Only it is very much in earnest. If you want a picture of me, walk along the street until you come to a gang of Italians digging up a gas main, translate the Italian phrases, then find a particularly small and angry one who is saying much and moving very little dirt and you have Burton. I may add that to my long list of accomplishments you may add that I think I can now make a nice bomb out of any one of 57 varieties. One thing I don't fancy is this bayonet business. They don't look nice charging down a field. . . . I saw Dill Starr ¹ and Oliver Filley ² in town the other day. Filley (in the Flying Corps) is slightly wounded. Dill is just back from the Dardanelles. Oliver says he will be glad to get back and get some rest flying over the Germans after playing with Dill for a week.

I wish I could give you some of the dope on the war. All I can say is that I feel more confident of victory than ever. The Germans are getting hell now, but I fear they will be able to hold out until next winter at any rate. Certainly England is growing stronger every day, and if only we weren't governed by lawyers, we should improve still more rapidly.

¹ Dillwyn Parrish Starr, Harvard, '08, enlisted October, 1914, American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, France; December, 1914, private Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve, British Army, Armored Car Division. Promoted 2nd lieutenant, January, 1916, 2nd lieutenant, Coldstream Guards. Promoted lieutenant. Killed in action September 15, 1916, France.

² Oliver D. Filley, Harvard, '06. November, 1914, to February, 1915, American Ambulance Service. February, 1915, enlisted cadet Royal Flying Corps. September, 1917, resigned as major. Distinctions: Military Cross (British), mentioned twice in dispatches. October, 1917, commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, Air Service, Aeronautics, U.S. Army.

My days as a Tommy are about over. Inside of three weeks I will have my commission. In a way I hate to leave these chaps, but, although I can rough it with comparative ease, I must admit that it will be a pleasant change to have a servant, motor, etc., and "swank" about a bit. It will even be a pleasure to wear a wrist-watch, carry a handkerchief up my sleeve and assume a pose of boredom with life.

Please drop me a line, Scho. I am too old and hardened a sinner to be homesick, but life hasn't been all a bed of roses for me, and I would love to hear some news. Perhaps this dejection is caused largely by being on the wagon, or nearly so, as I only drink beer.

Is Eric Pearson's full name E. H. Pearson? If so, he was killed a few days ago. I saw him in July, but don't know his initials or how he spells his name.

Better write me care of Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall. That will always reach me. If you get to The Fly give them my address.

CAP.

8, Portman Square, W., Jan. 30, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN BYRD,

THANK you very much for your doll. Cousin Caspar is a very naughty boy because he doesn't write his letters when he is told. He came here today when I was out. He says he is very well, and the soldier's clothes are very nice. . . .

Caspar isn't going to fight for a long time yet. We are all dictating this and Caspar is writing it.

With love from

FAITH, DROGO¹ and CASPAR.

¹ The Lady Faith Montagu, aged four, and the Hon. Drogo Montagu, aged seven.

Lady Sandwich, from whose house he had enlisted as his official residence, wrote us after his death this account of Caspar composing a letter:

“He didn’t write to me at all, though I have often seen him take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, ruffle his hair and sit down to write to you; looking as if he were taking the tiller of a fishing smack out to sea in rough weather. Then what a letter; sometimes you’d read it to me long after!!”

By February Father, Mother and her devoted maid, Emily, were in Oxford with Caspar. He was just out of hospital, where he had been laid up for three weeks. Had it not been for this providential illness he would have gone out to France with a draft before Father and Mother reached him. As it was they had nine happy months with him in England and Scotland. During this time he wrote almost no letters, for they were with him.

While he was a Tommy in Oxford he was hard at work in training every day, but was able to dine with them. Every evening he turned up at their lodgings dead tired and footsore. He said he hated the life of a Tommy, but was glad he was leading it. He loved his new friends in the ranks and had no desire to leave them and become an officer. His friends, in the ranks and out of them, disagreed with him. His Sergeant Major, whom Caspar used to take to dine with Father and Mother, was emphatic in his opinion that Caspar should get a commission. As an old Army man he could tell Caspar how to go about getting it. Still Caspar was eager to go out as a Tommy. An Oxford friend, Mr. G. Boyce Allen, was the person to convince Caspar that he ought to be an officer. Caspar always disliked bother, red-tape and responsibility. These seemed to him unavoidable in getting and in holding a commission. He



*Mc. G. Burton, 8908, A Company,
29th (R) Batt., Royal Fusiliers*

preferred the discomfort and irresponsibility of a Tommy. Mr. Allen argued, "A man of your education and experience is not giving his best if he does not get a commission."

That argument convinced Caspar, for it appealed to his generosity.

While he was still a Tommy he had to be in billet at 9.30 every evening. Imagine Cap having to be in every night by half-past nine! All glory to the British Army for such a victory! Mother drove to his billet one day to see if he were ill, as he had not turned up for dinner the night before. A hansom in Cranham Street was an event. All the women of that slum hung out of the windows. The wife of the workman, in whose house Caspar was billeted, dropped Mother a curtsey and said, "Oh! Mam, are you his mother? I always thought he must be a gentleman because he never complained of anything."

That seems to me the perfect tribute to Caspar. Living and dying "he never complained of anything."

This remark was not surprising, but inside the house revelations awaited Mother. In a letter to me she writes, "I was shown his room (oh! my!), but above all I was taken in Granny's room (aged eighty-one). She is toothless and a regular Mrs. Gummidge. She said, 'He is a nice boy. I haven't no fault to find with him. He lets me kiss him each night. It comforts me so'!!! Caspar, who has discouraged me kissing him, ever since he was five years old! He can do no braver act in France. He ought to have the D.S.O. How strange it all is! All the discomforts of home and none of its joys."

Of his Oxford friends, when he was a Tommy, he often spoke of the members of the Conservative Club. They were mostly choirmen, upper college servants and the highly respectable of "the lower middle class." He had

become a member of the Club in order to have some place to go evenings before Father and Mother joined him. As a Tommy he was not eligible to a "gentleman's" club or a first-class hotel. Shortly after he was admitted to this club (initiation fee two bob), whether as a result or as a coincidence is not known, there was posted this notice, "For the duration of the War no more new members will be admitted to this club owing to the shortage of beer."

On April 3rd Caspar was ordered to Edinburgh. On the 7th Father and Mother found him very ill in the Craigleith Hospital. It had been the Poor House and looked as if it still were. There, under dreary discomfort, they found him wonderfully plucky. He was in acute pain with adhesions from his old appendix wound. There was even talk of "boarding" him out of the Army, as physically unfit. Caspar was determined that this should not happen. He persuaded the commanding medical officer to wait and see if he did not improve. Fortunately for his military career no operation was necessary and talk of him being physically unfit stopped.

Day after day he carried on the dull routine of barracks life as one of the 5000 Royal Fusiliers in Edinburgh. Although he often brought this or that fusilier to the hotel for a bath, a loaf and dinner with Father and Mother, his talk at this time was all of the Scotch. He loved them and their humor. He acquired a large repertoire of priceless Scotch stories, gathered indiscriminately from Lady Constance Emmott, the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, Lord Guthrie, Mrs. Haig-Ferguson, the Jocks or some chance acquaintance on the street.

All this fun was a blessing to him in those days in Edinburgh, for it was a time of discouragement. Draft after draft of men went out to France, but he had to carry on in

barracks. This was because he had been recommended for a commission, and so his name was on a list of men who were not to be sent out. He was bored and discouraged. He was "sore" that his friends had ever persuaded him to apply for a commission. He had enlisted to fight Germans, and this commission business seemed to be permanently frustrating his purpose. Finally, to his great relief, he was assigned to a draft for France, got the usual six days' leave and went to London. There his friend, Col. Allen, of the 4th King's, saw him, heard his story, went straight to the War Office, cut all the impeding red-tape, and, as a result, Caspar was sent on July 11th to the O.T.C. at Oxford.

That promotion came to him as a sort of honor, on his twenty-ninth birthday. It bored him, for it meant the postponing of his escape from training and his going out to France. He honestly did not want to be an officer.

He was billeted in Keble, and after his life as a Tommy he spoke of sleeping on a mattress on the floor as if that were almost enervating luxury. He found, however, that the discipline and the work were anything but enervating. Father, with a not unwarranted curiosity, one day asked Caspar how he learned he must obey. Cap replied: "One dreary day in the meadows beyond the railroad, I was standing, waiting orders, and turned my eyes to watch a freight train crawl off to London. I got 'pack drill' for three days. It was the most innocent thing I had ever done and the heaviest punishment I had ever had."

The discipline, the work and the study put Caspar in finer trim than he had ever been in his life. His whole being was alert. He had at last an adequate motive for using his brains. It always used to exasperate me that he would not do so. I knew he was capable in college of doing A work; instead, he could get C's by overhearing what his

friends said of the courses and proceeded to do so. But in the O.T.C. he recognized that study was connected with his purpose and so he studied as never before. The result was that, when it came to the final examinations, he passed third in a class of five hundred cadets. He disclaimed any intellectual superiority. "The other cadets," he said, "had not been to Harvard. We do not get an education there, but we do learn how to pass examinations."

He was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, King's (Liverpool) Regiment, and on November 6th went to Pembroke Dock, South Wales.

III

THE SUBALTERN

PEMBROKE DOCK, FRANCE, HOSPITALS, READING, FERMOY

*Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly,
London, W., November, 1916.*

DEAR SPENCE,

THANKS for the cable! For the first time I really am glad that I was finally persuaded to go in for a commission. I am also rather glad that I won it, rather than having it given me by some "brass hat" that I met at dinner.

Father looks and I believe is very well. . . . In his delightful way I think he is as keen about the war as anybody. I wish he would get a regular job in a hospital, for I think he has real genius with that sort of thing. I don't think they will go home until after the war. Really I pity you having to stay in America, our poor, dear country! What is going to come of it all? One thing I can assure you of, we are hated both here and in France almost as much as the Huns.

I feel, and all the Americans in the Army feel, that we are really doing two things; our first job is to kill Huns, but we are also accomplishing something by being in the Army. For every Englishman now knows that there are lots of us with them, and their gratitude is almost embarrassing at times.

When I used to think that I didn't like these people I had only known the upper classes. . . . But the Tommies!! You can't beat them, and they are going to win this war in spite of everything. If only a combination of French brains and British privates could be got together!

LETTERS OF

The regiment that I am going to is the one of all others I would rather be in. With the possible exception of the Connaught Rangers it is the toughest in the Army, but I don't think I am exaggerating in saying that it is as good as any when it comes to fighting. Nothing very gentle about that lot. . . .

Love,

CAP.

Isn't there anybody enterprising enough to murder Wilson?

*Nov. 14th, 1916.
B. Coy., 3rd King's
Bangston Camp,
Pembroke Dock.*

DEAR MOTHER,

.
WELL, I am unable to find out what is being done with me, but the best opinion seems to be that I will be here two weeks to two months, but this is only a guess. There are three thousand King's here and B. Coy. is in huts about one mile from the town. Major Whalley is in command of B. Coy. He is charming. There are five subs under him, all nice. Had a good game of bridge last night; spent today as orderly officer; easy job. The men strike me as the best soldiers I have seen, but no first-class jail would take them, I am sure. . . .

*3rd Batt., The King's Regt.,
Nov. 19, 1916.*

NOTHING more as to when I may be going, but I find that the general opinion is that I am not likely to be here long, and that they must give me some leave before I go.

I am so happy here and so comfortable that I am ashamed to say I am not as anxious as I was. Major Whalley and the four Subs here I like enormously. Spen-

cer, the chap I room with, is one of the Sergeant Majors that Col. Allen sent back for a commission. He is one of the finest chaps I have ever met and very good fun. He is an old Army man and has been invaluable in putting me on to things. He worships Col. Allen; said that if he has any fault in the world it is being too kind to his men.

Major Whalley, an old Army man, is delightful, and I think we hit it off very well. I am fortunate in being at Bangeston Camp under him instead of at Hdqs. at Pembroke Dock. You can't imagine how well we live and are looked after. The work is intensely interesting and very easy and light. But the thing which pleases me most is that I had never believed it possible that a unit of the British Army could be as perfectly run. These men get just about twice as much training in a day as we got in the R.F.¹ and I haven't seen half an hour wasted yet. Literally everything (particularly cooking) which I thought poorly done in the R.F. is perfectly done here. As an example the other day after lunch the Major said, "By the way, the General of the Western Command is coming this afternoon, but carry on as usual." And we did, without losing ten minutes' training!! The men are the hardest lot I have ever seen anywhere, bar none. Tough does not do them justice. The nice youth of the rosy cheeks does not exist. I should think over half of them are "light duty" men waiting to go back. The rest are mostly wild Irishmen. A large proportion seem to live in the guard room when they are not working. In orders yesterday was, "No. 10096 Pte. McGuire has proceeded to H.M. prison Wormwood Scrubs." But one only has to look at the faces of these men to know that properly led they are the best fighting material possible.

¹ Royal Fusiliers.

Now for a curious thing! We had a concert the other evening. A commander (the Naval C.O. of the entire naval base here, which is considerable) came to dinner. He spent seven years commanding the British cruiser in Newfoundland. I have spent several nights in a log hut which he built in Main Brook, Hare Bay, for salmon fishing. He left his heart there. He has a house across the road from our camp. I go across in the evening and we get out his charts and spin yarns well into the morning. His poor wife, she hates me already! He even knows the same fishermen I know and worships Doctor Grenfell's work, although he scarcely knows him. He even has a rock marked in on his chart of The Labrador which I nearly hit once, as did he. He is the man who stopped the scheme for the "Open all the Winter, shortest route to America" scheme. His boyish delight in my being able to tell him that I had watched this same ice for months, and in my backing him up in saying that no boat ever will be built that can even look at it, was touching.

I had a good look at Pembroke Dock and Pembroke yesterday. Pembroke, Ont., is modelled directly on them and is an improvement! Never was anything so desolate! The best hotel is impossible. I will call on Mrs. Whalley this afternoon and see if she knows of any decent lodging place. I will let you know about this later.

I had a nice note from Col. Allen and one from Maj. Curtis which I enclose. . . .

*3rd Batt., The King's Regt.
Nov. 25th, 1916.*

NOTHING new here as to going to France. I suppose that one day when I am least expecting it, I will get my orders (with a few days' leave) to go.

Had a long talk with three of 4th Batt. men the other evening. They all worship Allen. . . .

I had another evening with Commdr. Pearson. Great fun it was too.

Major Whalley, not a bit of a natural pessimist, says the war will last at least two years more!

He defines a V.C. as a decoration for an act which if unsuccessful would require a court-martial. Rich, isn't it? He is very curious; he is perfectly aware of the fact that I am an American, but doesn't officially admit it.

We have two Jews here that the men call Potash & Perlmutter.

We have a "hard guy" Sergeant named Murphy here. The other day I overheard the following to a class of recruits, doing very badly:

"Boys, you mind when I had me photo tuk the other day. Well, I sent it to me Mither; she wrote me back saying, 'Tim, ye're looking all washed out, them recruits will be the death of you, yet.'"

Between ourselves you can just about thank Commdr. Pearson and this place for the safety of Falmouth and the Irish Sea from submarines, I fancy. We have all the paraphernalia for U-boat hunting here, including a huge R.N.A.S. Aerodrome. . . .

*3rd Batt., The King's Regt.
Monday, Nov. 27, 1916.*

I was told yesterday unofficially, by the Assistant Adjutant, that I had been selected for France. If this is so (Major Whalley doesn't think it is) I may be warned any day now. As soon as this happens I apply for leave and would be in town within twelve hours or so. But the whole thing is pretty much guesswork. Still I think you had

better stand by in town till I can find out something definite. . . .

The work here is so light that I have taken to doing Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting with the men simply to keep fit.

Davis, a chap I knew in Oxford, is here with the Shrops. Had dinner with their mess last night. They certainly don't know how to do things as well as we do them. There is a lot of difference in that way between Old and New Army. If you dared to call this lot New Army you would get your head taken off. I don't see why it isn't New Army, but apparently it isn't.

Love,

CAP.

This rumor proved to be true. He went up to London on a seven-day leave. On his trip up from Pembroke Dock he characteristically lost his entire kit. That left him with two razors and a revolver, "better equipped," as he said, "for a nigger brawl in Bucktown than for a world war." Of course his kit turned up at the last minute, without his having done anything to get it. He was busy seeing Father, Mother and many friends, having good-bye parties at the Cavendish Hotel, and going to Hinchingsbrooke to see his cousins there before going out to France.

Father and Mother went to Folkestone to see him off. His gratitude to them for not giving themselves the emotional luxury of a dramatic farewell he expressed in his first letter from France. He himself, after the War, added most of the footnotes to the letters that follow. These notes are indicated by asterisks.



*2nd Lieut. Caspar Burton,
King's (Liverpool) Regt.*

Dec. 10, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER,

I GOT here yesterday and found Wynne¹ here, and we are now sharing the same tent, but he has just received orders to move on early tomorrow morning. I am afraid we shall be separated, but there is still a chance. Wish I could tell you of all the interesting things about here, but of course I can't. Literally things are perfectly done, as near as I can see.

I haven't seen David,² nor can I find out where he is, but every instant of my time is filled up with work and I shall probably only be here a short time.

I can't tell you how much I appreciate the sporting spirit with which you and Father saw me off. I shall try to show my appreciation of it by writing often.

My address for the time being is 24th Infantry Brigade Depot, B.E.F., France; just put King's (Liverpool) without the Battln. . . .

CASPAR.

Dec. 12, 1916.

I AM going away from here for several days on a job, but shall be returning. It ought to be rather an interesting³ job, as it will take me to a part I have always wanted to see. Things look brighter for the 4th I think, but nothing is certain.

Am afraid I have lost Wynne for good.

Lots of love,

CASPAR.

*¹ Arnold Wynne, 2nd lieutenant, King's. Killed in Arras show.

*² Captain David Margesson, M.C., 11th Hussars, writes: "I always felt Caspar's going to the War was one of the finest and bravest acts I knew of. It put to shame a good many people in this country who considered themselves good Englishmen. It was a glorious thing to do."

*³ Took a draft of men to Ypres salient.

Dec. 20th.

I AM here with the 4th Batt. I fought a winning fight, and so here I am. I also managed to get put in the same company with Campbell,¹ and we sit next to each other at mess and sleep next to each other. Great luck, isn't it? I have had a most interesting time and am now really in the thick of it all, or will be soon!

It seems a delightful lot of officers and the men are the right sort to my way of thinking.

You might send a parcel of food along and about two hundred cigarettes a week. I find the food very good, but as everybody insists on your eating their food it more or less behooves you to have some of your own.

I have never dreamed of such mud, but it is freezing now I am glad to say.

Dec. 21, 1916.

DEAR MON,

WET again today. The mud is as bad as Newfoundland in May, but the terrible churning up this country has had makes it worse.

Tell Helen ² that Campbell is more British than I ever dreamed he could be. I fancy he has done extremely well.

I enjoy seeing a lot of the French again. They are still going strong.

Where we are we are out of reach of anything decent, but ten days ago I was in a partly shattered town a long way from here. I admired again the French woman. She is marvellous. I dined in a café, the roof of which resembled a sieve. I had a *perfect* dinner. Madame was every-

^{*1} Campbell Robertson Fraser, lieutenant, 4th King's. A Scotch friend who had lived many years in Texas. Killed at Meteren, April 16, 1918.

² Mrs. Campbell R. Fraser, his American wife, who became an intimate friend of Caspar's.

where looking très chic. Monsieur, who was a wash-out, did nothing; but when you paid your bill Monsieur was sent for to receive the money. By George, if I ever marry I think it will be a French woman.

Give my love to Alberta.¹ Tomorrow is her birthday, I think.

A letter written on December 26th, describing his first Christmas in the trenches, was lost. To replace this he wrote the following account for Mother's War Scrapbook:

We left Susanne about 10 A.M., and were put in motor lorries and carried just behind the hill at Maurepas. We "disembarked" there and marched through Maurépas about a mile and as it was still light we halted there. I had heard a great deal about destruction of villages on the Somme, but I would never have believed it possible. There literally isn't a brick standing in Maurepas, in fact the only thing which could indicate that it had ever been a town was the wheels of what was evidently a baby-carriage. As we were halted the Boche artillery was fairly active over Combles, about a mile ahead of us. As it grew dusk we marched on through Combles and eventually up near Rancourt. Our guides met us and led us up to our positions. It is pretty hard to judge distances on a place like this, but I should think that from where we left the road to our Coy. Headquarters was not over two miles. Yet it took us about four hours to do it. I never have conceived of such mud. When we got to our Coy. Headquarters we found a very good deep French dug-out. The short trench above it was almost knee deep in mud. Campbell went

¹ This means, in Caspar's code, Going up to front line tomorrow.

off at once with his platoon to occupy an isolated position about two hundred yards on the right flank and about two hundred yards in front of Coy. H.Q., and Lashmar took his platoon to another isolated position about two hundred yards directly in front of us. Both of these positions were nothing but shell holes connected up. Things were very quiet that night except that we were on the left flank of our division and had lost touch with the division on our left. We had heard that the 2nd Rifle Brigade had been forced to evacuate their first position, but it had not been confirmed and I was sent out with Pte. Machin to try and get in touch with them. We floundered about, going by my compass which I had set on a very problematical bearing. It was most confusing, as we were tempted to follow along old water-logged communication trenches, but after all a compass doesn't lie and by jumping over these trenches we finally ran into the Rifle Brigade trying to clear out and make defensible a trench only a few yards behind the one they had abandoned. I, of course, reversed my compass and started back, but we went a bit wrong and floundered about in the mud for some time, almost lost, before we stumbled on our trench.

The next day was very quiet except that the Hun constantly shelled the ruins of Rancourt, where as a matter of fact we had nothing; but then, as Campbell says, if we had the sense which the Germans apparently credit us with having, that's where we would be instead of in these mud holes. Bangham sent me over after it was dark with my platoon to relieve Campbell, as it was considered that Campbell's position was the muddiest one of the lot. Campbell went back to the dug-out to have some food and expected to come back and relieve me, but Bangham wouldn't let him. He turned up about 1 A.M., and was very

angry and equally amusing, to give me advice and instructions about holding this position. It wasn't at all a dangerous position, but it certainly was uncomfortable. The mud was so bad that the only weapon in working order was the Mills bomb. We got a bit of shelling about daybreak and again about noon, but it was fairly obvious that the Boche didn't know where we were.

About 9 P.M. I got a chit by an orderly saying that I was to put up the barrage signal, simply as practice for the artillery, sometime between 10 and 11, and was to report on the elapsed time and the effectiveness of the barrage.

The artillery reply came in a few seconds over a minute and it seemed to me that it was perfect. I wonder what the Hun thought we were up to?

At about 1 A.M. we were relieved by a platoon of B Coy. Certainly a most peculiar Christmas Eve. We had a beastly time getting back to the support trenches, where we arrived at near 5 A.M. Christmas morning. We found a very deep and dry but small dug-out, on the chalk walls of which was written:

“Do You Know Dolly?”

As there wasn't enough room in the dug-out Campbell and I found a little hole in the chalk underneath, where some of our men were sleeping, and we curled up and slept like tops.¹ We got up about 11 o'clock Christmas morning and made a determined effort to try and get the rifles and Lewis guns clean, but didn't have much luck. Incidentally the

¹ Pte. H. Astin, his military servant, out since Mons and wounded three times, writes after Caspar's death, of this night: “I can remember so plainly the first time he went in the trenches on the Somme, just on the right of Combles. The conditions were very bad at the time because it was December, but he was cheerful all the time and we slept alongside each other in a very small shelter in the trench. The men soon got to like him then because he was always one of themselves.”

Sergeant-Major got hit by a nose-cap which must have been almost spent.

About this time our batteries really cut loose and gave the Hun a pretty bad dressing down. We were relieved by the 2nd Argylls about 10 o'clock at night. They were grouching terrifically over the fact that they had no rum ration and were very amusing. We marched back to Maurepas and got fixed up very comfortably, in fact we had a plum pudding and really had a very jolly Christmas dinner.

It was daylight of the 26th. We weren't, of course, in at all a dangerous position, but I must say I really enjoyed it. This is most inconsistent and is a tendency to be guarded against. The Prussian doctrine of war being a glorious thing is like many other doctrines, it has just enough truth in it to make it doubly dangerous.

From a letter from Lieut. Campbell R. Fraser to his wife:

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I had arranged with the Captain that when my platoon was relieved that night, I would carry on with the other platoon for the next twenty-four hours; the reason was that Caspar's platoon was coming in and it wasn't fair to give him a front line job in an isolated position in his first tour in trenches. But much to my annoyance about 8 P.M., I heard some one calling my name at the other end of the trench, and here was Caspar with a guide come up from the supports line. The orders were that I was to go back to supports for a hot meal, and that later I was to take up his platoon and then go back with my own. I felt rather sick over it, because the plug back to supports, which I had to do three times in all, wasn't worth the price of admission, and then I knew the line, and he hadn't seen it.

So I plugged back to see if I could change the order, but couldn't, and after all, the trench was safe as a church, only I should have liked to have been there along with Caspar. He is a most game little sport, and we are all very fond of him here. He made an instantly good impression. An American who volunteers for trenches rather appeals to these fellows, especially the professional soldiers. . . .

Dec. 27, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER,

WE are well back now for some rest and everybody seems bucked up.

I have just read Wilson's note. I don't think I was ever so disgusted!

Could you send me a pair of leather gloves with a warm lining? My others went West. Also send me about one dozen pairs of socks and two dozen handkerchiefs. The only way to keep from getting bad feet is to keep changing and I find that the fact that I have had practically all my toes frozen before is going to be a source of trouble. As for boots, I don't see that anything between slippers and a diver's suit is any good. However, if your feet are O.K. you are very comfortable.

It seems a terrible thing to say, but I rather enjoyed this last affair. Certainly "cunning" was never at a higher premium.

Love to France.¹

Jan. 1, 1917.

DEAR FATHER,

MANY Happy Returns! I haven't been able to write for several days, but am now way back of the line. Our lot are

¹ His cousin, Mrs. David Margesson. This phrase is Caspar's code for out of front line.

resting, but I have been sent off with a fatigue party to do a lot of boring and bucolic labor. It is a bore, but I don't see how it can be helped and besides it won't last over two weeks.

We are near a town where the most perfect cathedral in the world is. I enjoyed seeing it again. . . . I ran into most of the Escadrille Américaine of the French Flying Corps, but didn't see Cowdin or Rumsey. They are a great lot. I also met an old friend who used to be a bartender in the Lenox Hotel, Boston, and is now plying his trade in —.

Everybody is hoping that our Division will be moved to some other part of the line, but it is only a hope.

I haven't heard from you yet and am not giving you my present address, because I shall be leaving here probably before you could reach me, and then I never would get the letters.

I have a perfect gem for a servant. He is a dyed-in-the-wool crook, but we get on beautifully. He beats the gun every time when it comes to getting me the best of everything. Never does he go out that he doesn't return with an egg, a spare strap, a canvas bucket or something. Where he gets them I don't know, for he has the strongest principles about parting with coin to French people. In fact he positively refuses. He is now washing all my things himself, as he simply would not take them to any of the French people near here. He is also a good cook, and to see him collect heaps of firewood from a place where there isn't a house left standing is a sight for the gods.

I will try to write every day now.

January 9th, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE been in a Casualty Clearing Station for a week, but get out tomorrow well. A lot of my men have gone sick

with dysentery, and I have every reason to suppose I had it. The men have all gone to the Base and possibly England, but I persuaded them to keep me here, and now the tests have been made and I am O.K. I join my Battalion tomorrow. I am so glad I worked it as I did. I am still a little weak, as they starve you, but will be top hole in a few days. I have no doubt that the men "swing the lead" a bit.

I got my letters yesterday and don't think I ever enjoyed letters so much. Somebody has got the parcels, who I don't know. Possibly our own Mess is enjoying them now.

Tell Father I like Balkan cigarettes, the kind they have at the Cavendish. It seems good to get in a bed again even in a tent. I can tell you I am feeling pretty happy, for I really had wind up.

I had several notes from Alberta, but I really can't read a word of them. Also a lovely letter from Ruth and one from Judith.

Went to the movies the other day. They had a Western picture — Indians attacking wagons, etc. In the midst of the attack when the settlers were getting licked, my servant just behind me shouted out, "Where in bloody hell is them Lewis gunners?" He is a gem. In the last trenches we were in, there really wasn't much trench at all and water knee high, he said, "Well, Sir, there's one good thing about these trenches, we'll never see a brass hat ¹ here." I don't know how I will ever live without him. Instead of putting my things away he stands and looks at them and then both he and I know exactly where everything is.

He never refers to stealing or pinching anything. He calls it "winning." "Think I'll just go and see if I can win some coal."

*¹ Staff Officer.

Tell Helen I think she really ought to know the worst. Campbell, on his own initiative, went to see the movies and stayed through them sitting on a very narrow board!

France, Jan. 9th, 1917.

DEAR BESSIE,¹

I JUST picked up a magazine and saw a thing by Amy Lowell about sand. Tell her to substitute mud for sand and it fits in here very well.

We are out of the trenches for a few days: they say we are "resting." They lie. In fact we are so far back that we are in the "Parson, Trained Nurse Zone."

What I am really writing you for is to tell you of my terrific and growing admiration for your Church. I saw a lot of both the French and Belgian priests, and where we are now we see much of the French. I have knocked about a bit and met some splendid types, but never anything to touch the R.C. priest in this War. Sometime I hope to tell you about them at length. In fact if I didn't believe that some of the doctrines of your Church are fundamentally untrue I would become a R.C. tomorrow. Your Church certainly works, but I hope I am less of a pragmatist every day and I won't accept anything because it seems to work. My great hope of this war is that pragmatism or whatever you call most modern thinking is getting absolutely shelled to bits. One thing isn't about as good as another and everybody here knows it.

On top of all this to read Wilson's speeches about both sides fighting for the same thing is particularly exasperating. For God's sake use all the influence you have to keep the U.S. from meddling in peace. We are really beating these blighters. They are putting in the most unpleasant

¹ Mrs. Charles Bruen Perkins, of Boston.

winter they will ever experience — unless it is next winter. I certainly think their discipline is going to crack long before the fighting spirit and cheerfulness goes from us.

Certainly the Boche doesn't show the slightest desire to fight on our little bit of front. All he asks is to be let alone and that we won't do. But he is as clever as ever and the conditions here at any rate are absolutely impossible, or so it seems to me.

I never cease being astounded at the British race. Xmas night we were relieved. We were in a trench, the walls of which were very largely built of Hun dead, and not very freshly dead either, and yet our relief was delayed under shelling because the bottom of the trench had been untidy! I could only think of Sunday School picnics. But they really are rather old dears and they certainly have sticking power.

My servant is a great joy to me. He is T.A. boiled down. His humor is a thing unequalled. I heard him say to a French girl yesterday, "I don't know much about making love in French (which is a lie), but give us a kiss for a starter."

There is very little danger here now and I don't expect there will be any until we push again.

I get terribly homesick at times. I notice that a few big ones coming over, and particularly those exceedingly horrid machine guns, tend to increase this feeling enormously.

I do love the French bourgeoisie woman. Talk about nurses, Red Cross women, etc. Why French women run restaurants and excellent ones too at great profit ten miles nearer the line than any of these much photographed ladies in riding breeches ever get. When they get shelled out of one house they move to another. It is a pleasure to be

robbed by such clever women. I really believe they are clever enough for me to marry one of them. I believe a French bourgeoisie could manage the life out of me without my knowing that I was being managed at all. Of course they are not interested in Suffrage, etc. They absolutely rule France and everything they come in contact with already. They are absolutely sound, absolutely practical (more so than anything on Beacon Hill), and absolutely fascinating.

Give my love to all the Perkins family. How I should love to see you again!

If anybody tells you I am in this show for fun, adventure, etc., make a note of his or her name. I want to have a word with them "*après la guerre est finie.*"

Mother seems in splendid health and Father like a different man since he landed.

CASPAR.

Jan. 17th, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE been back with the Battalion several days now and am absolutely O.K. It took me a bit longer to get fit than I thought it would.

I found three parcels of cigarettes, one of food, a lot of glorious socks, etc., and some toilet things, also lots of letters which I loved getting. Also a splendid torch. I left my Sam Browne belt in a public bath at — on my way here and I fear it has gone West. Astin, my servant, I am sure could "win" me one, but I have forbidden him to do so. I never wear one here, so will wait till I get leave, as I will have to have one then.

We move tomorrow, and I have got a temporary job which will give me a two days' horseback ride ahead of the

Battalion.¹ Ought to be good fun and will put the finishing touches on getting me fit. . . .

This is a terribly dull letter, but spending two weeks in a W.C. doesn't tend to make you sparkling.

I think the post in these parts isn't as good as it might be, as all the men are complaining of parcels going West.

I shall be glad to get down to work again.

Give my love to Alberta,² I think, if I remember, next Tuesday is her birthday.

Lots of love,

CAP.

Jan. 21, 1917.

FINISHED my job and am with the Battalion again marking time for a day or so. Glad you saw Campbell. . . .

News! I find that the chance of getting three days in Paris after we come out of the trenches are excellent. Some-time from about the 10th to 20th of February most likely. Have a look about and see if you can get to Paris. Plan to go there and then if I can turn up, splendid, if not you ought to enjoy it at any rate.

I am absolutely fit, and love getting news. Will write you again tomorrow. Snow on the ground and frozen! I feel like an old circus horse smelling the tanbark. It is splendid, no mud. Saw the most marvellous flying today I have ever dreamt of. A famous French and a British Airman were showing off. . . .

Jan. 29, 1917.

CAMPBELL came in yesterday afternoon. Also seven parcels arrived. I think this accounts for the lot. Where

* ¹ Temporary charge of 1st Line Transport of Battalion.

² Code for Going into line Tuesday.

they have been I don't know. I have a fine job, only temporary, of course, but still! I am acting Transport Officer and am living behind the line in a splendid dug-out built by the Boche, and believe me the German officer who had this built believed in Safety First. I have about six hours' hard work a day and that is all. But the responsibility I find wearing. Finding your way for several miles with nothing to guide you but dead mules is not all it's cracked up to be. I am not in the trenches and *anything* back of the line is better than in it. . . .

I didn't look for this job. They found out that I knew something about horses, and — here I am. To show you how safe it is, our Transport Officer has been here twenty months and has never been hit. In fact he is the only officer left of the original Battalion.

My servant is having the time of his life. There are dozens of dug-outs which have been vacated near here, and he goes "souveniring" every few minutes. He has a huge pile of relics, and has already given me a pair of spurs, a crop, a flask, a compass and a watch! I hope he hasn't been gravedigging, but I have my doubts. . . .

February 4th, 1917.

I HAVEN'T been able to write for some time, but will be able to do so now. Paris leave looks years away now. In fact I have got over thinking about it, but you never can tell. Campbell has gone away on a course; it came at a lucky time for him.

By all means send a S. B. belt if you care to. I haven't needed one, but could have used one once or twice. Don't get a thick, heavy or a "yaller" one.

Somehow or other I am so heart and soul in my job that I can't seem to get up any interest over politics, etc. I

haven't seen a paper for ten days, but would rather enjoy one now and then, also a book or so, *not about the war*. Don't send an avalanche of papers and books, as I can't stow them away.

I am hoping I get my leave to England before leave closes, as I suppose it will do.

I have noticed an interesting fact. Ask any Jock how far a place is and he will say — kilos. Ask a Tommy and it is always miles. Here is another true Scotch story. During the last push we were relieving the — — — Highlanders. Our Coy. Commander said to the Scotch guide who was conducting the relief, "What sort of a time have you been having, Jock?" A pause, then, "Our relations wie yon — have been verra strained, Sir." A long pause, then, "There's only me and twa privates o' the platoon left, Sir."

Here is a definition. "Cavalry" — A fairly large and very smart body of men maintained in the more fashionable parts of France at considerable expense to add color to an otherwise drab army. They still live in the delusion that a mounted man armed with a fishing rod and knife can fight a Boche in a shell hole with a machine gun.

Astin disappeared yesterday for the day without leave. At dusk he returned with four Mallard duck!! He has built a sort of system of wire nets, oats, etc., and it seems to work.

Still cold and it makes me feel like a king.

Don't get blue. The primary duty of everybody who wants to win this war is to be optimistic about life in general and the War in particular.

Feb. 6th, 1917.

I FEEL as if I must get more news about America or "bust." I don't think I ever was so excited in my life. I am

so happy I can't keep still. What is America going to do? Send me *anything* about the situation.

Is Wilson going to ask for Americans who are now serving with the Allies? For of course they can do nothing themselves. Tell Walter ¹ to write me his views at once. I can't seem to get any perspective on the situation here.

Fritz seems annoyed! At least he gave me a pretty hot time last night.

Feb. 10th, 1917.

I CAN'T make out yet what America has done or is going to do. I expect we shall have to "wait and see"! In the meantime there is nothing to do but "smile at yourself and carry on." There seems to be a curious feeling going about that the War is nearly over. What it is based on I don't in the least know. It certainly does not sound or look here as if it was anywhere nearly over.

A Lewis gunner came to me the other day to see if I would cash an American Express order for seven francs. Such a fine lad, comes from Somerville, Boston, and has been here seven months. There are, I am sure, thousands in the ranks. God bless and spare them.

Here is a typical Scotism. Last night in the dark a Lance Corporal of the —— and —— Highlanders came

¹ Walter G. Oakman, Jr., Harvard, '07. September-December, 1914, Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps, with 2nd French Army. December, 1914, Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve, British Army, Armored Car Division. Resigned as sub-lieutenant October, 1915. October 25, 1915, lieutenant, Coldstream Guards. Wounded three times. Distinctions: Distinguished Service Order. Mentioned in dispatches. At the time of Caspar's death he wrote: "I know, of course, that he would put up a gallant fight to the end, — being Caspar he couldn't do otherwise. And I know he has gone on to whatever the next stage may be with the same good heart with which he went into the War. There were not so many of us who were together early in the War that we can lose one without missing him, and among us there was certainly no stouter or braver man than Cap."

up to me and said, "Could you tak a mon back to —— in a limber?" Then a long pause. "The mon's deid." ¹

Whether my present job is permanent or not I don't know, but I don't think I have made many blunders yet and am kept pretty busy. I like it because it is both hard and exciting work while it lasts and then it is finished with. Moreover, it is work which requires "cunning." Then I think what I know about horses helps. Moreover, it is much safer in that when the push comes we don't go over the top; in fact it is a safer job all round. I didn't go looking for the job; it was offered me and I think I should be Quixotic if I hadn't accepted.

Our transport is known throughout this Division as the "God's Own." Its luck has been absolutely phenomenal. But Captain Boumphrey deserves most of the credit. He is one of the craftiest men I have met and he has put me on to some very sound tips. He is really Brigade Transport Officer now and thank God looks after all the red-tape, etc. He simply tells me where to go and what to deliver and I do it.

Monday, Feb. 11, 1917.

WHAT does all the American thing mean? Have you any inside information?

Here is a puzzle competition. I am staying at a place whose name describes the weather.² Guess it and get three green coupons. We hope to go back for a rest soon. I am afraid there will be no Paris leave for me, as my English leave will be due about the time we get really back for a long rest.

* ¹ A man who had died in the front line from unknown causes on which an autopsy was to be performed. ("A man — which" reveals Caspar's idea of a corpse. *Editor.*)

* ² Frise.

This will make you laugh. I find I take a great pleasure in having such a splendid kit. I am even getting a little fussy about things.

It is very expensive messing here. Captain Bournemouth has lots of money, is of a hospitable disposition and we always have guests for meals. During most of the day men are dropping in for a drink. It all adds up, but we do live well.

One thing I like about the King's is that the men are intelligent. They have the intelligence of the newspaper boy, the barkeeper or the barber. They are in marked contrast to a splendid county Battalion with whom we are brigaded. Those chaps "compris" absolutely nil except just what is their own business.

A Lance Corporal in my Platoon was badly wounded. His name was Lopez and he claimed to be a South American, but if ever I saw a yaller nigger from the U.S.A. he was one. I had great confidence in him. Yesterday noon I went to inspect the mules and horses. I was a bit late, as I had been up all night. This is what I found. The Huns left this place in such a hurry that they left in a dug-out about twenty typical German trombones, horns, etc., now of course absolutely spoiled. Nevertheless my men were standing in a circle imitating a German band playing the German Hymn of Hate which they were humming. In the centre was a hard guy named Riley wearing a Boche helmet and standing on some ammunition boxes conducting. They had a large audience and a chap named Gabriel was going about to imaginary houses holding up a huge battered horn and soliciting contributions. He eventually came to a crowd of about fifty — Highlanders and was just about to solicit when Riley, with an oath, stopped the band sharp with "Gabriel, you bloody — — fool! A fine bloody — — collector you make! Wasting yer time on

bloody —— Scotchmen. Don't you know sure that there ain't no farthin's in French money?"

This broke off the band and I appeared and found the horses filthy, particularly his pack mule, who is a lady, but goes by the name of Lousy. He curses that mule continually until things get a bit hot, then he starts calling her "Me dear," etc. He is a great lad and has won the D.C.M.

Feb. 13th, 1917.

I CAN'T remember what you said Bill Wendell was doing in Paris or what his address is. I would like to write him.

Have found out that there are very few officers ahead of me for leave, so that I have hopes of getting it about the middle of March.

Henry's ¹ fame amused me, and to tell the truth made me quite what I suppose is homesick. At any rate, I know I did my work last night with my mind wandering in a curious way. Before me seemed to pass like a kaleidoscope memories of all the good times I have had. This seemed to go on for hours! Then I got rather morbid and got to thinking what a damnable mess I have really made of life; then I got to wondering what was going to be the end of it all after the war, for it never seems to occur to me that it may all end here. (I don't think it will.) At about this time external circumstances made me acutely conscious of the fact that there was a war on and I got my eye on the ball again. It's a weird old war. I don't want another, but I am really not having a bad time in my curious sort of way. Of course I am better off than I might be.

The belt is getting licked into shape splendidly. Astin ticked me off for putting it on before he had polished it this morning.

¹ Henry Wilder, of Boston, had won some golf championship.

Will you get me a pair of spurs, some that are "almost too proud to fight"? The Colonel, who can't ride for nuts, ticked me off for having none on this job.

We ought to go back for a rest in a few days.

Love,

CAP.

P.S. If I don't mention Father's boils, etc., it isn't because I don't think of you, but it just isn't my way to do this sort of thing.

Feb. 14, 1917.

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I HAVEN'T had a letter from you for about a week, but I suppose they will all come at once.

There has been a Sub staying here for several days who has absolutely got my wind up. He is a perfect gentleman, well educated, I believe is, in a stupid way, brave; I am sure he is a splendid son; but he nearly drives me wild. He is the most hopelessly bored man I ever saw; he potters about his kit, nagging his poor servant, keeps talking about how the "blighters" need watching (meaning the ranks); he speaks at great length of the uncleanness and filthy habits of the French, thinks that a mixture of blood is always fatal, hence America's weakness, and all this in the kind of English voice which nearly drives me mad. Of course I have called him everything from a damn fool up, but it isn't much of a relief cursing out this kind. I will say that nobody here likes him.

All leave is closed, but I suspect only for a short time.

Found out yesterday that one of my mule drivers is a barber and had a much-needed hair cut. I must say he is a better mule driver than barber, but he honed my razors very well. A nice chap he is; he tells me he taught his trade

to his wife and she is keeping his shop open. He also does a bit of tattooing as a side line.

I also had the Sergeant Bootmaker sole and nail my field boots which are a great joy to me.

Had a holiday last night. Captain Boumphrey went up the line to see the C.O.

Today is the most perfect day I have ever seen and the R.F.C. are everywhere, as are the Boche aeroplanes. I have been watching what the papers call "aerial activity" with my excellent glasses until my neck is stiff. It is the one side of this war which is really thrilling and dramatic. No wonder men are so keen to get in it.

I am interested in censoring letters to find so many references such as, "Well, I hear old Bill has been finally combed out, the —"

"Hope this finds you in the pink as it finds me."

CAP.

I have made several bets that America will declare war by March 1st. This paper is très bon. The only envelopes I have seen which don't get stuck together. Send more in a week or so. . . .

Feb. 15th, 1917.

Two letters from you and a parcel from F & M last night. Tell Father the cigarettes arrive O.K. and are splendid, just about the right number per week.

So glad John and Daisy¹ were with you. You must have enjoyed them.

¹ Mr. and Mrs. John R. Moreton Macdonald, of Largie Castle, Argyllshire, where Caspar had visited them during his Tommy days in Scotland. While Caspar was still alive John wrote: "We shared your anxieties during the war, when Caspar was at the front, and we share them now, however far away we may be. It can only be left in God's hands: if he goes, we know he was willing to make the sacrifice and that you were willing he should make it; and if he stays, even to a

I don't think for a minute Germany will sink these "test" ships. Why should she? They know what they are sinking and it wouldn't be worth their while. In fact I am pessimistic about the whole situation, but I can't do anything about it, so I am not going to allow myself to worry. We can only hope and pray for the best to happen.

I have never in my life seen such gorgeous weather. It makes me feel like a fighting cock. Apparently it has the same effect on everybody, for things are bucking up a lot.

We are probably coming out tomorrow for just a few days' rest, but one never knows.

life of modified activity, which is what you fear, I gather, Caspar will have the courage and the wit to make a job even of the most unlikely kind of life."

On hearing of Caspar's death he wrote on Good Friday: "Spence will have helped you: — and Caspar himself. I can imagine what a gallant fight he made, and how cheerfully he would greet the unknown. He was a splendid fellow: — true to what was best in himself. He made the cause his own, and not for the love of fighting or even for the love of adventure so much as for the cause itself. There is a certain fitness, then, that he should have given his life for it — he was ready to from the start. . . . We shall never forget Caspar — God rest him, as I am sure he does; and more than that, I am sure his spirit is finding openings undreamt of here. He was in our Maundy Thursday Mass: and the Archbishop's Good Friday addresses today brought our minds to him again; when he dealt with the whole passion as a revelation of Love, I prayed that you too might have the power to see the love in this cross of yours. We shall be with you again on Easter Day: I can imagine how this Holy Season is very specially real to you."

In another letter: "It was good of you to write. It means such a lot to hear these details. He was a plucky fellow, a hero as you say, and he gave his life for the cause. I am thankful you have all these splendid memories of his last months and no bitterness. He always fascinated me, I don't know why; it was a kind of physical fascination; great *vitality* always has that effect on me. He was remembered by name at the altar here at Easter with all that long tale of brave young friends that the war has left us. I think we may all be thankful — I am sure you are — that he was not fated to linger on, a creak: though he would have made a wonderful job of it, I am sure."

And in a letter to me he writes: "Caspar, you know, exercised a sort of fascination over me. It was the whipcord quality about him that captivated me, I think. How well I remember all the incidents at the time he was wounded, and the visits I paid to him at Grosvenor Place. It was hard on you to get him back and then have to give him up again. He was a very definite hero: — a word one may use in private correspondence: and, if he had never done anything else, his service, and his gallantry and gaiety would have been a lifeful. One can't imagine that sort of spirit *dead*."

I hear people in England seem to think the War is nearing an end, and that people generally seemed bucked up. Is this so? What has Leverton ¹ to say about things in general?

Send me Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Grey." I read part of it, then somebody won the book from me. There isn't much danger of my kit being too heavy as long as I hold this job!!

Find out Oliver Filley's address for me, please.

Just heard that we are having a very few days' rest.

No leave is being given. By the time we really get back for a decent rest my leave should be due, but I don't for one minute suppose I will get it.

I do like doing my work at night. The night always makes me feel keen and somehow or other I always feel as if I was just as good a man as the next fellow in the dark, and perhaps a little better.

The Transport Officer of the —— Highlanders is a character. An old Army man, of excellent family, he ran through a fortune, got disinherited, was with the North West Mounted Police, was a remittance man, broke ponies in Wyoming and Arizona, made another small fortune which he has stuck to and is now married. Every time he sees me he shouts out, "How is Gawd's country this morn-ing?" We are great pals. I think he is one of the finest horsemen I have ever seen, and believe me, I never want to have that man point a revolver at me! He gave an exhibition the other day.

Wouldn't it be funny if Mrs. —— was the American who caused America to go to war. Seems rather a cattish thing to say! But with the exception of you and Father I would be glad to see any friend I have drowned if it would get America into the War.

¹ Leverton Harris, M.P., Assistant Minister of Blockade.

Tell Walter I see his lot ¹ walking about, but that I haven't ascended to the height of meeting any of them as yet.

I made a terrible blunder the other day! I gave Astin the devil for not waking me up in time. He has been worthless since! He does everything just wrong. I was a damn fool; he knew he had overslept and was sorry for it and if I had said nothing all would have gone well. He was, I believe, a wonderful servant for a long time for a Captain Beck who was killed. The next three officers he had all fired him; they couldn't get him to do anything. I reckon it will take me a week of pretending that things are O.K. to get him around again. Just to rub it in he spent yesterday afternoon turning Captain Boumphrey's dug-out into a wind-proof, rat-proof affair, from the dreariest, windiest hole I have ever been in. He's whipped me and I know it, and he knows that I know it, and he knows that I know that he knows it. Well, I must be off.

Good-night,

CAP.

Feb. 17th, 1917.

DEAR DAD,

I GOT your two letters yesterday. It looks as if you had "wind up." Of course I would rather be in an American Army than here, and I shouldn't in the least mind being in the ranks, as I think I could win my way up. But!!! (1.) It doesn't look at all sure to me that America will declare war on Germany. (2.) It doesn't seem likely that in case she does she will send an Expeditionary Force. (3.) In view of the promises I have made I personally would be unable to take a single step. Of course if the American

*1 The Cold Stream Guards.

Army formally asked for all the Americans who are here, I should go, and it would be the happiest moment of my life. Unless this is done I shall carry on here to the best of my ability. This is final and I am sure I am right. It isn't as if America was in danger or anything of the sort. As for wanting to go to "organize" a non-combatant army, hands up! The one important matter is to whip the Boche, and until I am sure that the U.S.A. is going to take an active part in this job I shall stick on here doing my bit.

We are back for a few days' rest. Went to hear the "Shrapnels," our Divisional Concert party, last night. It was very good. One song was — "Why do we build our trenches so near the Allemange?"

Another was —

"Send us back to the dear old Salient,¹
It's many miles from here.
Send us back to dear old Poperinghe,
There you get good beer (and your washing done).
Send us where there ain't no High Wood
And you get your tots of rum.
Oh, we'll stick in the Salient as long as you like
If you send us away from the Somme."

I will write Oakman.

Sorry you have had boils.

Oh, send me two refills for my Orilux light, J. H. Steward, 406 Strand.

Feb. 18, 1917.

JUST had a letter from Father saying you were laid up. Hope it doesn't amount to much.

Went to Church Service this morning. I can't tell you how bad it all is. Out of two Battalions only three men

¹ Caspar added these proper names after the war.

stayed on to the Communion Service, which was voluntary. The Church has certainly missed out.

Tell Father that I am sure I should enjoy Judge — but I know the breed. "Watch your spoons."

No time for more.

Feb. 19th, 1917.

THERE has been no English mail for two days, a performance which is getting all too common.

I devoured the Life of O. Henry in one evening. Not brilliant, but written by a man who was very painstaking about collecting facts. While we have produced O. Henry and Conrad we can't be called sterile as regards literature, by future generations.

I don't think from your last letter you realize what we do in the transport. The A.S.C. Ammn. Column, R.E., etc., bring up food, water, fuel, cartridges, bombs, trench mortars, flares, tools, boards, wire hurdles, netting, nails, pickets, beams, logs; in short everything you can think of. All of these vast organizations behind the lines bring these things up, but they don't deliver them; that and that only is our job. In some places it is not at all difficult and in some places it is. How we are going to make out in a few days in the terrible mud we have now I don't know. But it is the record of our Battalion, that through the entire war rations have never failed to come up one single night. It is a fine record and one I shouldn't like to see spoiled. There are only five officers ahead of me for leave, but as there is no leave going it doesn't help much.

Campbell is expected any day now. I have been training (?) all the stretcher bearers of the Battalion while we are at rest. I have given the Battalion Doctor a hand several nights when I was up with the rations and lately he has

taken to sort of saving up cases that needed an anæsthetic till I got up. So I have let myself in for a bit more work. We don't have any R.A.M.C. men with us, our own men do all the stretcher bearing.

Just going to play some bridge.

Feb. 22nd, 1917.

AGAIN no English post. Getting a bit thick, isn't it?

There are lots of rumors about our being moved away from this part of the line way off from here. Personally I think they are well founded, but they are only rumors. Of course the optimists are happy and the pessimists are saying — Well, you can guess what they would be saying.

Astin has been really ill with a fever for two days, but showed his pluck and stuck it like a man and is O.K. again. He has come around to his old form. I really had wind up for fear he might go "down the line," as there is nothing in the way of a hospital or even a casualty clearing station near here.

The Battalion is moving tomorrow, but I am with the Transport again. As long as we are overstocked with officers as we are now, I haven't any choice in the matter. If we get into the push I think you will see me back, or if we get into another part of the line where transport is a cinch I will probably go back.

I think you probably picture this routine trench warfare as a far more dangerous thing than it is. Why it isn't more dangerous I don't know, but it is a fact that it isn't really dangerous. What you can't possibly imagine is the mud. Get on the highest hill you can find and for miles in any direction you can see nothing but mud, mud, mud. Mind you, this only applies to places like this, every yard of which has been fought over. I really think Dante is the

only person who ever lived who could ever have painted it. As T. A. says, "This is a fine ——— country we are fighting for."

We all have new anti-gas appliances. They are fine. I confess the old ones got "wind up" with me, as I always thought I was suffocating in them. The new kind I would just as leave wear all day.

Played bridge again today with Boumphrey, the Doctor and the Adjutant, and I had a splendid game.

Cold tongue, pressed meats, sausages seem about the best things to send.

Feb. 24, 1917.

BACK doing business at the same old stand! But what a change from before! The mud in this particular spot is beyond belief, but we are very comfortable!

I must have been a pretty sight last night coming back from the trenches. The following was my costume — rubber boots to the hip (all the troops are wearing them now). These were held up by my old belt in which was slung my revolver (used for the unwarlike purpose of despatching wounded mules) and my electric torch. Farther aloft I wore a Tommy's fur jerkin inside out and above that my tin hat. Cover the whole, including face, with a layer of mud one-eighth to one inch thick and you can get a picture of what I looked like at 4 A.M. this morning.

Never again! Tonight I am wearing low shoes, Tommy's trousers and tunic, with nothing under them. Wet is just like cold or heat. If you try to avoid it you are lost. If you make up your mind not to fight it or think about it you get on quite well.

My God, it is heartrending to see troops coming out of the front line after a few days in a place like this. How the

men stick it I don't know! Don't ever let anybody tell you an officer has to go through anything in comparison. In short, whether we get into the push or not we should all be glad to get clear of this part of the line.

I don't think I told you that Reddick, the boy I was billeted with in Cranham Street,¹ came to see me at ——. He has a job in the Field Baths. Nice lad, I am glad he is out of it all.

There hasn't been any English mail for seven days now, and it is getting on everybody's nerves. I suppose I will get a batch of stuff when it does turn up.

Everybody has got over talking about America now. It looks as if I shall lose my bet. Never again will I back a school-teaching, tee-totalling Presbyterian!

Yesterday morning two of D. Coy.'s officers went sick. I volunteered to Captain Bangham to go into the line with the Coy. He went to the Colonel, told him I had volunteered and formally applied for my return to D. Coy. The C.O. turned him down. It looks as though I need have no qualms of conscience about holding down a cushy job!! I must say that, in a childish manner, I was flattered that Captain Bangham told him I was "too good a man to be wasted on the Transport." Of course the C.O. curses me out almost every night, but I am on to him now. I stand up for myself and don't cringe. I find that he tries to terrorize everybody, and has no use for anybody that is terrorized.

Sunday, Feb. 25, 1917.

Just a line before I go out. Am too busy for more. Been on the jump all day. Here is the best trick Astin has pulled off yet. He was getting me up this morning when he told

* ¹ When billeted in Oxford as a private in the Royal Fusiliers.

me to look out of the window. I saw a Jock sergeant carrying off a log of wood from in front of the servants' dug-outs. I was going to stop him, but Astin told me not to. I forgot all about it. About two hours later Astin asked me if I would come with him a few steps. I there saw the same Jock just finishing chopping up the same log, whereupon I went up and told him I had seen him steal the log and made him bring it all back nicely chopped into kindling wood! When I spoke to Astin about it his only comment was, "Well, Sir, I didn't come over with the last draft."

We have just heard startlingly good news from a bit along the line. You will have heard it before this reaches you.

D. Coy.'s Sergeant-Major was killed last night. I was only a few yards off at the time. A fine chap; the second Sergeant-Major, D. Coy., has lost since I have been here. Too bad; he had been out since almost the beginning. It was only a small grenade, but it caught him square.

Got a letter today and spurs. Thanks.

Wrote Bill Wendell and letter was returned. I wonder if Mildred Bliss ¹ would know?

Feb. 26th, 1917.

I JUDGE there is a parcel and also a package of cigarettes on the way, but the post is so bad here at present that I suppose they may turn up any time in the next two weeks. . . . I am expecting Campbell any day now.

To tell you the truth I don't write much about the people I am with because I am not greatly interested. I like and admire most of them and hit it off very well. I made

¹ Mrs. Robert Bliss, wife of the First Secretary of the American Embassy in Paris. She writes: "Truly Caspar was a soldier to be proud of, and from the day he enlisted until he carried his colors over the highest top of all he is one of the Americans one is gladdest to have claimed as a friend."

the discovery years ago that a real "pukka" Englishman (not the cosmopolitan type) never really cares for a foreigner, so I play the "Arthur Ditman game" ¹ with them and it works. It would take a lot to convince me that any Englishman was a real friend of mine, in the sense of my American friends, so I don't care any more for them than they do for me and we get on beautifully. These men are just incidents in my life, pleasant incidents it is true, but just incidents.

The real reason, though, is that I am so keen on the War, as an abstract problem, that I haven't much time for interest in individuals. I am far more interested in all the details of the War which I see about me than I am in the individuals who are prosecuting it. For instance, I admire and like the men under me and would hate to see any of them go West, yet I am more interested in getting my supplies up than I am in the possibility of casualties. It would be an incident if several of my men were killed, but it would be more than an incident if I failed to deliver my rations and ammunition. In short death doesn't seem as dreadful to me as failure to do whatever job you are given to do. For each little failure prolongs the War, each little failure strengthens Prussian power. You can't imagine how one small failure ties things up everywhere. It is a very perfect, but a very complicated machine, this Army, and one broken cog in the mechanism does a surprising amount of damage.

I will write — sometime if I can buck myself up to it. Did it ever occur to you that I am a bit shy with girls? I don't know that I am, I don't suppose I am, but I am not quite natural with them, I don't really believe I know any more about them than I do about Sanskrit.

¹ A family joke. Translated it means pretending to be indifferent.

Feb. 27th, 1917.

WE are living in stirring times and no mistake. I only wish I could tell you some of the things I think I know and some of the things I am guessing about. But I don't really know much except that I firmly believe the War is at a very critical period, and that it is a time to be optimistic. As an example I was within about three kilos of a terrific scrap most of last night (very quiet where I was), yet I haven't any idea of what happened except that there are 57 different rumors afloat today.

Another parcel arrived yesterday from Jackson's. Now I am not crazy nor am I joking! No more parcels! I live very well without them, and I think everybody has got to go in for food economy. I don't really care anything for parcels, anyway; so this is final except for cigarettes which I still want sent. Also you might send me a flea belt, as I am at present a bit lousy!

It looks as if my bet about America and March 1st are going West!

Campbell turned up yesterday, but I only saw him a moment. Perhaps it was because he was tired from a long walk, but he looked older somehow. I think he is immensely liked in the Battalion and is a very, very efficient officer. He would be even better as an Adjutant or Coy. Commander. I think his age is a big handicap to him, and he deserves all the more credit for sticking it so well.

We are hoping to get well back for a rest in a few days. The men certainly have it coming to them.

I am afraid my pony is going to be taken from me, as he really is an extra charger that we are not entitled to.

Feb. 28, 1917.

LAST night I got sent on a new sort of job and my regular party was put under an N.C.O., a nice conscientious chap but stupid. He tried on a little scheme which always tempted me, but for which I hadn't fallen. Result two men wounded, one horse killed, two mules wounded. This chap was leading the horse which was, as he expressed it, literally blown out of his hands, and he wasn't touched! Marvellous, wasn't it? Everything got all balled up and I had to go out again after I returned from my own job. I felt sorry for this poor chap, but he was asking for trouble and he sure got it, although it turned out very luckily on the whole. The mule between the two that were hit was loaded with explosives. I am betting dollars to doughnuts they give the same spot hell tonight, but I won't be there. Nor will I be near it.

Mrs. Starr's ¹ letter was splendid, but very tragic. I don't know whether I did right in writing her as I did, but I meant every word I said and somehow or other couldn't help saying it. Don't get wind up about the push.

Glad you are enjoying Sandwich. I have written you every day except one for a long time now, so you can check my letters.

March 1st, 1917.

I GOT a letter from you enclosing one from Mrs. Grenfell, and one from Mrs. Harris (which I can't read). I am

¹ Mrs. Louis Starr, Dill's mother. Apparently Caspar's letter of sympathy to her was a help. She writes to Father and Mother after Caspar's death: "Caspar too was sweet. And his own going has been just as gallant and glorious as on the field, and it only differs from Dill's in that you had him at home to tend and serve. This will comfort you as long as you live. And then your pride in such a passing! Hiding his condition and going into another Army! It was magnificent. You will in time hold up your heads and thank God for his heroic memory. Caspar will share it with you and be near you. It comforts me to know that our two boys are meeting. Heaven must be a lovely place with all these happy laughing boys there."

sorry for the Doctor! This is where he belongs and he knows it. Of course the R.A.M.C. can't fool with people for a few months at a time unless through some side-show. This old War is a jealous mistress: she takes your whole and doesn't leave anything over. My word, what a regimental M.O. he would make for the front line! The good he could do would be incalculable. I am just going to write a long letter to John Evans. I liked Miss Bowdoin. I don't think I have ever once thought of anything connected with the North for months. It seems all so remote. In fact everything seems remote when you are in this show.

Such a nice man named Lorney Campbell of the —— & —— Highlanders was killed last night. He was six feet four and a magnificent man, one of Connie's¹ clan, but not family I should say. Things are sure warming up a bit in these parts. In fact as I was coming home shortly after midnight one of my mule drivers remarked to me, "Well, Sir, March isn't coming in very lamblike." There are so many rumors about nowadays that I have given up paying any attention to them. . . .

It looks as though I have lost all my bets about the U.S.A.

Am glad you are having a good time at Sandwich. What Dad needs is men and not thinking about boils. I may be prejudiced on the subject of boils because most people in Newfoundland have them continuously and never pay any attention to them, and here also even a good group of boils doesn't even get a man light duty. A boil isn't a pleasant thing and it tends to make one put in a good deal of thought on it, but the more thought that is put on it the more apt another one is to appear. Father "bears" everything in a way that is incredible to me. It is marvellous, but it is very

¹ The Lady Constance Emmott, before her marriage The Lady Constance Campbell, whom Caspar visited at Inverary.

nerve-racking to have to "bear" things. Think of that old classic, "I am an old man and have had many troubles, but most of them never happened." Boils come under this heading. Many things, such as me, Father has had to bear, and Heaven will be his reward, but it doesn't help anybody to get "wind up" over a boil; and you get more "wind up" over one of Dad's boils than he does himself.

March 2nd, 1917.

YESTERDAY morning in the entire camp our total supply of cigarettes was four Woodbines. After the post came in I had 400 cigarettes, Captain Boumphrey had 300 and Kendall had 200!

Yesterday afternoon Lashmar, one of D. Coy.'s officers, blew in. He stopped a tiny bit of whizz-bang with his leg, got some anti-tetanus serum shot in his arm and came here instead of going to hospital. Of course it amounts to nothing, but he would have got several weeks off if he hadn't applied to come here. So now I have the job of looking after his wound.

Of course you know by now of the Huns falling back. I can't tell you anything, of course, and opinions differ greatly. One thing is sure, however, it has put any amount of guts into everybody here. Personally, were it not for the psychological factor, I think it a clever move on his part. He sure is getting hell along here and he has terrible wind up, but Miss Krupp is still turning out plenty.

I saw a few cavalry the other day. My word, they did look smart alongside of our lads. But you should have heard the remarks our lads passed to them. Such as, "How did you manage to get exemption?" "You'd better be careful or Lloyd George will put you on munitions, then you might get near some high explosives"; etc.

I haven't the vaguest idea now how long we shall be here. It certainly seems more than possible that plans may be changed. Oh, well, I have got over dealing in futures, the present and my job are quite enough to hold me.

I hear more American rumors, but they are very vague.

March 2nd, 1917.

DEAR ALICE,¹

As I censor daily many letters from gentlemen to the young ladies with whom they "walk out," thanking them for parcels, I know exactly what to say, so here goes!

"I hope this finds you in the pink as it finds me. I received your most welcome parcel on coming out of the trenches, and it was a fair treat. Me and me mate et it all at one sitting."

But seriously, thanks! We live, to my thinking, very well, but still, as the song goes, "Every little bit added to what you've got —" I dare say I live quite as well as you do. I am most curious to know how you are making out. I am sure you have had your troubles, and what is more I am sure they are what I call "pesky" troubles. They are the kind I haven't got the pluck to stick, but I admire anybody who can stick them. We have our troubles here, principally ones "made in Germany," but they are not "pesky." I should love to hear what your work is like, so if you get any spare time please drop me a line. I should like particularly to know your opinion (your absolute frank opinion) as to what I ought to do in case America really does go to War; by that I mean raise an Expeditionary Force to try to kill a few Huns. As for me going to organize anything, it is a joke. I couldn't organize a dinner dance! If America was in danger, of course I should be there, or if

¹ Miss Alice Bowler, of Cincinnati, at that time in England with Mother.

anybody could convince me that America was actually raising a force for killing Huns I should be there, but I "hae me doots." You can't imagine how cheap I should feel if I were to apply to get out of this delightful little party into an army in training, which would probably never even reach this peaceful spot before peace was declared. Still, I should swallow hard and do it if I thought it was the thing to do. But it really seems to me that the principal thing is to try to kill Huns. Well, can you do it in an American Army, if there is ever such an organization? I simply ask for your opinion, which I value highly. It is very hard to get a proper perspective on things out here.

I have really had a good time out here. It isn't as bad as it is cracked up to be. But still I haven't been in a push yet. I am one of the poor deluded fools who firmly believe that "Miss Krupp" hasn't made my pill yet. I get horribly scared at times! In fact, I almost get sick with fear! But one thing always pulls me through, I always say to myself, "If all these Englishmen can stick this, surely an American can." Sort of puts one on one's mettle, that thought.

I should also like very much to know what you think of Father's condition, as I am really worried about him.

If I can manage to get a nice Blighty wound I shall try to get to your hospital.

Well, au revoir until we meet again.

CAP.

March 3rd, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

ONLY time for a line today, as I have been distinctly busy.

All kinds of rumors about America, but I can't find out anything definite. But now that I have made up my mind I don't worry much. . . .

I had a most interesting talk with a French interpreter attached to Division about conditions in the French Army. Of course I can't write about it.

Last night was the most curious one I have spent on this job. I give you my word for about five hours not a gun was fired anywhere near. I kept thinking of "The Deserted Village," and also there was a sort of nasty feeling suggestive of an oily sea and a main boom jibing back and forth with a rotten low black cloud on the horizon. It put the wind up in me as nothing yet has. Curious, wasn't it? But my hunch was fairly good, for after I was out of it all, hell was literally turned loose.

Our Battalion has just been reported as having less trench-feet during January-February than any Battalion in the Division, so we are pretty chesty today.

It looks as if I were going to be able to keep my pony after all. I really am glad. Astin, with a twinkle in his eye, has just told me Division has issued a "Wind Dangerous" signal with the remark, "I hope I am not getting your wind up, Sir." I may tell you some red-hat holds down the difficult job of ascertaining which way the wind is blowing and hangs out a little sign to which nobody pays the least attention. As if every T.A. isn't aware of what direction the wind is blowing.

March 4th, 1917.

THINGS are sure lively around here now. We got about 150 Huns last night and a lot more were killed, I believe, without heavy casualties. The gentle Hun is certainly having a poor time in these parts, but his artillery is going strong.

Rumors are flying around so fast at present that one would go crazy if they took them seriously. But I suppose there is some truth at the bottom of them all.

How can Wilson back down after this Laconia business? I suppose he will, but I don't quite see how.

I fear we are not going back as soon as I thought and we may have several more days in the line. The Division certainly has earned a rest and really needs it, but will they get it?

I suppose you will be back in town by the time this reaches you, and I really think there is more than a sporting chance of my being there in the next three weeks. But I am not banking on this too much.

No post yesterday. By the way, will you send me about six of these writing tablets, as several chaps like them and I would like to give them one? Also send Astin, "Pte. Astin, D. Coy., 4th King's," some Gold Flake. I am curious to know what sort of a letter he would write thanking you. Let him know that you sent them.

March 6th, 1917.

WE are supposed to be going back on the 8th. This is the latest at any rate. How long we are back for and just where we are going is another matter.

The Hun is getting very annoyed the last few days, and seems to have any amount of stuff to fling over. Personally I wish he would try to start something big here, as I think he would get all he was looking for, but I don't believe he will. At any rate we have given him a pretty good hiding in this section lately.

I got the Times describing the show you were mixed up in.¹ What amused me and everybody here were the references to Northcliffe being so used to shell fire that he doesn't mind it at all.

¹ The bombardment of Ramsgate by German destroyers. Father and Mother were near, at Sandwich.

I hear nothing more about the U.S.A., so judge Wilson's patience is still holding on. I can't make it out at all, but I have got enough to keep me busy without worrying about something I can't help. . . .

I just found out yesterday that one of my mule drivers is an American. Comes from Portland, Maine, and has been in about every spot or rather port in the world, but as he remarked to me, "This is the only place I have ever been that I don't want to see again."

It is really a pitiful sight to see grass trying to grow in tiny patches in this God-forsaken land.

March 9th, 1917.

Just time for a line tonight. I got a letter of Mr. Irving's. He seems a bit pessimistic to me, but it is hard to get a proper perspective at this distance.

We are going back day after tomorrow! Really back! Back where the guns can barely be heard. Of course as usual our Brigade is going to be in an absolutely dead town. But I suppose they are right, as we and the 1st — and the 2nd — Highlanders and the 4th — are a bit too much for a decent French town. It has been tried out and doesn't work out very well.

As to leave, I will get it in the next month or not at all. At least that is my dope on the situation. But it isn't as bad as if I had a wife.

The mail is terrible! I got a letter from you dated the 25th and four days later I get one dated the 20th.

The latest rumor is that we are going to a perfectly hellish part of the line, but still we will be able to get mail and leave.

What in the world did Campbell write about me? I haven't done anything.

March 9th, 1917.

I DIDN'T have a second yesterday to write and only have about two today. Moving a Battalion is no small job. We are back so far now that I saw a civilian today — the first since January 21st; also a pane of glass. We are not very comfortable, the men, I mean, but still it isn't so bad to be where those 5.9's can't reach you.

Campbell has very bad feet, but seems O.K. otherwise. Simply a large crop of blisters.

Have come to the conclusion that the old house mover has the worst known job.

March 10th, 1917.

THANK goodness, we are settled, even if it isn't much of a place.

I now know more or less what our plans are, but I can't say a word except that after a rest we are making a big change. In short, I don't think we shall be in action for some time, but I think we will see a bit of a scrap then.

Leave is still stopped and I have adopted the mental attitude that I don't expect any until après la guerre, but will be pleased when it does come.

Certainly we deserve a bit of a rest (not I, but the Brigade), as we have been continuously in this section longer than any other unit in the whole Army.

Tomorrow is Sunday, I shall try to go to the early Service. To have to march the Company to the compulsory service is almost more than I can bear. God knows I don't blame the Padres, but the system is terrible! And nobody seems to see it as I do.

I must say it annoys me to see Hun prisoners living in more comfort than our lads. They are not a bad-looking lot. Personally I don't hold any sentiment against the

ordinary Hun private. It is the Prussian powers who are responsible for the whole damnable doctrine of Militarism who are the guilty ones. Of course this doctrine has been so thoroughly inculcated in them that they get thoroughly Hunnish, but I don't really believe they are morally guilty.

March 11th, 1917.

FINALLY the mail arrived. I loved getting your letters and Dad's. I also got Kitty's and a letter from Lady Isabel.¹ I shall answer them.

¹ The Lady Isabel Margesson and her daughter, at whose house, Barnt Green, he had visited. Lady Isabel writes: "You know how much I loved and how greatly I admired your beloved son. All his heroism in coming to England and in going through the endless privations of a private's training just in order to satisfy the call of the Ideal within him, can never be forgotten by any of us who knew him and heard his easy, delightful, and almost careless description of those awful experiences of training and of war. He made so light, like the true hero that he was, of all his great actions, of his sacrifices, of his courage, of his wonderful comradeship and understanding of his men. I loved hearing him talk of the Tommy—he was so discriminating in his praise, so delicately sympathetic of his point of view, and he made me see quite a different Tommy to what I had seen before. How his men must have loved your Caspar and how much he did for them."

In a later letter she writes: "You tell us that most moving story of how your precious son knew of his own death sentence and of how he had hidden his knowledge from you in his tender loving wish to save you and his father and, more than even this, he had kept his cheerfulness and gaiety so that no one should even dream of what he knew. We are profoundly touched by the thought of this wonderful story of such high heroism. What must it not have cost him, day in, day out, to carry out his purpose! I know of no action so hard as this, to live the daily ordinary life with those you love and to betray in no slightest degree your secret of fate and suffering. Dear Byrd, one's heart aches for him as well as thrills with admiration when one thinks of the cost that he paid with such willingness even unto the end—that he might express in this way his deep love for you and his father. Surely the welcome of 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' must have been his when he passed into the Great Beyond. We thought, no, *we think* of him as a hero going out to that cruel war, but how little we knew of the far fiercer ordeal that he had to face and overcome as his share of the awful struggle which our men had to face for our sakes. . . . You have your Triumphant Joy in that your dear Caspar has shown the world what Sacrifice means, what a Great Soul can achieve."

Kitty writes: "Father and I have just come back from visiting the battle-fields to be greeted by the sad family news about dear Caspar. We are distracted for you, and grieved for our own loss too, for as you know he had crept into our hearts, and we loved him with a grateful love for the imaginative way he had joined our

The Service today was too ghastly! A mound of sandbags built up for the Padre and all the rest of us standing ankle deep in mud. I am just a good enough Christian to have it really pain me to see the Church making a mess of things.

I am glad you have been having such a good time at Sandwich. I really hope I shall be returned to my platoon. I haven't much of a conscience left, but what is left does trouble me. My job is no cinch, but still it is better than I deserve. It amounts to being under shell fire for a few hours each day, but I miss machine guns!

Tell Father that I have been having a very good time with bridge.

March 14th, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

I GOT two letters from you today, also the letter from Louie Bryce. I am very fond of her and would like to see her again. I am so glad she is happy. . . .

I think I will call off my "No parcels" order, as nobody seems to see it as I do. As I eat their parcels it seems the thing to do to do my share. So that's that.

I am really glad that you are at Sandwich. I am sure it is just the place for you. My advice would be to stick there as long as possible.

Leave hasn't opened at all and I am not optimistic. It looks as if I won't get any leave till after we do a bit of pushing. "But what's the use of worrying?"

Army, and had made himself one with our hopes and fears. . . . I can't believe now that he is gone, he was so vital in himself, and had such an eye for the lights and shades in others, and *how* he took them off, and made one laugh over them! His has been one of the names so often on our lips in our visit to the front. What heroism and what endurance, one can hardly see the country for the ghosts and the fine qualities that still seem to haunt the air."

It isn't turning out to be much of a rest for the men, as the training is distinctly strenuous. It is rather unsatisfactory training my platoon and then getting shifted to another job. But still it is what I am told to do and I can't avoid it.

Walter never wrote me, but I wrote him. I fancy he is "crooked." . . . I get a wild note from Mrs. Lewis every now and then.

Nobody seems interested in America any more.

March 15th, 1917.

JUST got two letters from Father about you. I am so sorry! If I thought you were really strong I shouldn't worry in the least, I should be simply sorry that you had to go through pain. As it is I am not only sorry, but I am really worried, for I fear the pain may pull you down. I shall be most anxious not only for the next few days, but for some time.

Our family does seem to go in unnecessarily for minor ailments. I think the ghost of Dr. Bradford pursues us. We never die and we never get well.

I don't seem able to write about anything else.

March 16th, 1917.

No post today, so that I haven't an idea how you are. I am very anxious, that is for me, but I can't do anything. I can't even hear from you, and couldn't do anything if I could. If anything really serious should ever happen you could always telegraph me.

Big things are in the air for us. I can't even hint at what we are apparently in for. All I can say is that everything points to the fact that we will be doing very hard work, but won't be in action for some time. I am apparently per-

manently back to my platoon, as the Transport can get on without me at our new game. We have to get our kits down to thirty-five pounds, and dump the rest. I wonder if I shall ever see it again.

We were marching past a huge military cemetery the other day. Behind me I heard Astin say to a pal, "I wonder what they all died of, 'Erb, must have been a epidemic of measles about here."

Am enjoying Campbell more than ever. He sends love often.

March 17th, 1917.

Two letters from Father today. I am quite relieved. I hope it doesn't take you long to pick up. I am afraid that if we get on the move in a day or two I may not hear from you for some time.

By the way, will Father look in my "lares and penates" and get three books, "Infantry Training," "Field Service Pocket Book" and "Field Service Regulations, Part I"? They should all be there, if not please buy and send them to me. . . .

The war news is so big that I couldn't really tackle it even if I could write what I wanted to. One thing I do *know*. In one sector where the Boche is retiring he didn't put in a pleasant winter. Also he held far stronger positions than we held, and he certainly didn't give them up because he was too comfortable there. We shall see! I fancy we shall see from front row stalls after a certain time, but I don't think that time is very near.

I was a regular Hun today or rather on tonight's parade. After I had made a thorough Hun of myself I remembered that it was St. Patrick's Day and that my victims were Irish. I feel very cheap now.

March 18th, 1917.

Just come back from Church Service and thought we might get the rest of the day off, but no such luck.

Don't get excited, but it really looks as though leave might open. If it does open I am now well up in the list, what with casualties, transfers, etc. But we shall see.

It is very amusing to see these officers trying to reduce their kits. For an Englishman to give up what he considers the decencies of life is a sacrifice the greatness of which is incalculable. But we are going to be down to very little. I may send my spare things to you. I haven't decided yet.

I am really getting interested in licking my platoon into shape, and I think it is coming on splendidly. I don't know how efficient my methods are and I am sure they are not orthodox, but of one thing I am sure; my platoon is loyal to me. I am really anxious to test my methods in some really hot show. As an example you know I couldn't "tidy up" a bare kitchen table. Well, I have explained my weakness to Sergt. Foote and put him in charge of this department. Today the Colonel inspecting huts reported mine as the neatest of the sixteen. I had done nothing except that I think I have won Sergt. Foote's¹ loyalty.

It is curious how many of my men ask me about prospects in America after the war. I should love to be in a position to get some of them good jobs.

Sometime I will tell you about Corpl. Malloy,² an old soldier and a Scot of Scots. He was a Sergeant and was accused of deserting and sentenced to be shot early in the War. He didn't try to desert, he simply met a pal from Glasgow and got drunk and disappeared. His sentence was not carried out and he has now been pardoned and has two

* ¹ Killed on the 23rd April on Arras front.

* ² Wounded with me on 20th May on Arras front.

of his stripes back. He is the best N.C.O. in the Coy., I think, and I kid myself that he would do anything for me. I certainly admire him. Sometime I will tell you his story in detail as I got it from him in a shell hole one night. And yet they say there is nothing dramatic in this War.

Tell Helen she "backed a winner" when she married Campbell.

March 19th, 1917.

GOT your letter today and was greatly relieved.

I got a letter from Kitty Margesson, but never one from Kitty Anderson.

Have had a very bad day; one of those days when you find that you have forgotten all sorts of details.

I would love to be in this job of "following up." I would particularly like to see how the Hun has been living opposite where we were. I have so often wondered whether he were better off than we. Seems so curious to be fifty yards away from a place and have no idea what it is like. It also seems rather hard that we who did our best to make the Boche unhappy during the winter should be denied the pleasure of reaping the fruits of our labor, but I suppose it can't be helped; at any rate, as the song goes, "Send me where the Allemange can't chuck bombs at me," and that's where we are at present.

They tell me we shall go a long way still. Some talk of leave, but nothing definite.

March 20, 1917.

I ONLY wish I could write about the Hun retirement and what I think about it. As I can't, you must consider that I have filled up about four pages about it. Nothing else seems worth writing about. How I would love to be following them up! It must be rare sport.

I really will try to write the de Gisberts and there are dozens of others I ought to write to, but I dare say I never shall. I do loathe writing so much!

It seems so funny at night to see the flashes of the guns and hear only a rumble and know that they can't reach you. It makes the whole show seem so unreal, and as Astin says, "It makes you feel awfully brave."

Leave is not open yet and it looks to me as if it is a case of now or never.

It has been an easy day today. Had a good game of bridge this evening, and, as T. A. says, "it isn't a bad old War tonight!"

March 28th, 1917.

I COULD really give the old old excuse of being too busy to write and not be far off it. In addition to my platoon training I am now training scouts for the entire Battalion, and, as we spend all the evening in Conferences, I really am busy.

We are back still farther in billets, living in real houses and I am actually sleeping in a bed. Astin got the fags and wrote a letter to Father which I censored without reading. I am curious to know what he had to say. He certainly is a great lad. Two Indians turned up having lost their way. He spoke their language apparently, for they grinned and nodded and off they went. Of course we used to be with the Indians when they were here, and he had picked up the language apparently.

I don't think there is a possible chance of leave.

I enclose a letter from Mrs. Seeger.¹

¹ The mother of Alan Seeger. After Caspar's death she writes to Mother:

"51 Rue de Varenne, Paris.

"So, Byrd dear, you have come to join our ranks, and your brave, splendid boy has given up the life he so willingly and freely offered, for the cause of decency, and justice, and honor. Eva writes me he was ill a long time, and my heart goes

Tell Father I get the Times and enjoy it. Don't send any books, I haven't the time and it looks to me as though we were going to have a busy little spring and summer.

I am greatly relieved about you. . . .

April 3rd, 1917.

I HAVE not written in a very long time, I know. I have a perfectly plausible excuse. I, or rather the Division has been on the move, covering a good many miles each day and after we have halted I have generally had to ride on ahead and reconnoitre a route for the next day. I could, of course, always have found time to write you, but have been so tired that I haven't had the guts to do it. We have always been behind the line and may be so for some time, but when we do go in I think it will be into something distinctly large. At any rate we have moved, so that we are now in a different part altogether and a part new to me.

We are back where there are civilians and no ruined towns. In fact it seems hard to realize that there is a war on at all.

I saw a lot of refugees from the reconquered towns before I left. I shall never forget the sight. A number of young girls obviously syphilitic; nor shall I forget the look on their faces when they saw some Boche prisoners.

In our billet last night was a young French soldier, "en

out to you in love and tenderness when I think of all your hours of anxiety, and suffering; it is the easier way when the call comes in a moment of exaltation on the battle-field, in the heat of action, but after all life is one great battle-field and the hardest battles are behind closed doors, in the silence; his battles are over and with honor; it is for us to "carry on," even we old ones, and try and not make the world sadder for our griefs. . . . I never forget Caspar's brightness, and thoughtfulness, the day he took Elsie and me out on the river at Oxford, dear, dear boy. I send dear love and thoughts to you both, and as Alan told me, you must 'hold your heads high,' and try and only be thankful to have had so brave a son.

"Your old friend,

"ELSIE ADAMS SEEGER."

permission," he has three sisters in —, one of the big places we are hoping to take soon. Poor lad! No wonder we hear the French are going very strong. Curiously this lad was wounded in the very trench I was in at Christmas, just a few weeks before we took over from the French. I like the French bourgeoisie more and more; they are wonderful creatures. But how did the Scotch and the Jews ever get their reputation for closeness? These women are charming, hard-working, efficient, good fun, but not only close, but crooked as far as money is concerned.

Did Astin write you, or rather what did he write? I now remember I censored the letter without reading it. I have discovered two new talents in him. No. 1, he plays the violin. No. 2, he can converse with Sikhs! You see we were once in a division in which there were several Battalions of Sikhs. He is a wonder.

As to America! I am all on pins and needles, but am more optimistic than I have been yet.

*Good Friday,
April 6th, 1917.*

WELL, it really looks, doesn't it, as if the U.S. finally meant business. It certainly is about time. I am very optimistic as to what she can do. In fact I think it may well be the straw which will break the camel's back. We shall see. Certainly they will make some terrible blunders. Only wish I could be there. But I can't unless they ask for me.

We are still on the move, but I think we will soon be at our destination, which will not be far from the P in Push, I fancy. I really think that a very successful push will about wind this miserable show up, and high time too.

You amuse me about your objections to my being called

Woodrow. Don't you know Englishmen well enough to know that when they take liberties like that with you they like you? It is only the polite Englishman who is dangerous. (See Kipling.) At any rate, the nickname was given me because I have so frequently aired my views on Wilson.

I have been getting lots of parcels lately, thanks.

On the whole I am very optimistic about the war, but it looks as if we were one of the lot selected for winning it, but I really know nothing.

Good Friday.

JUST another line to let you know that I got your letter of April 2nd. How it got here I don't know. I will try to write tomorrow, but may not be able to. It is now 3.30 A.M. and we move at 6 A.M. You are right. I am the "Jack of all trades" of this Battln. and master of none. But it "ain't no bed of roses." I am now training Battalion "runners." When I tell you that a new man fell out exhausted on our march yesterday and died later, you can guess that we are moving.

April 10th, 1917.

WE have about finished our journey. "We are living in a farm." Well, the "stunt" is on O.K., and we are near it, waiting, and I dare say a few more hours or days at any rate and we will have box seats. I am very optimistic. I really believe we have got the old Hun this time. I really think a time will come in the next few days when he will be surrendering in droves. At any rate, everybody seems very confident. Certainly it is a momentous time. If I can do my bit in it and at the same time keep my skin whole I shall be mighty pleased with myself. I saw some of David's lot on our way up, but not the 11th. My word, they did look

fit and smart and efficient. I only hope they are able to turn the trick. If we can give them a chance they certainly look as though they are ready. . . .

This is the first big attack that this Division has not started in at the beginning and the old hands don't know what to make of it.

I shall be on my own in the Transport this trip, as Boumphrey is on a special Brigade job. It is the biggest responsibility I have ever had; namely, to keep a Battalion supplied with ammunition, bombs, etc., food and water in a push is not so easy. Fortunately in a push you can more or less do it in your own way as Red Hats ¹ are scarce and their red-tape which is so binding and annoying at other times becomes very elastic.

I quite agree with Col. Lassiter.² I shall wait until an American Force arrives in Europe and then, while still holding my present commission, apply to get attached to it. It would be very easy if I could get some American Army official to ask for me.

When America declared war Caspar went to his C.O. and said, "May I have twenty-four hours' leave, Sir?"

His colonel replied, "You may have forty-eight, and will you invite me to the party?"

April 20th, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

IT seems a hundred years since I wrote you, but this time I am not doing any apologizing for not writing. I have been working at the highest pitch I have ever reached. I

* ¹ Staff Officers.

² American Military Attaché at London, afterwards General Lassiter, of the A.E.F.

did over fifty hours without sleep or hot food in a snow-storm, but that was only getting here. You guessed right! We are right in the first line of the offensive. In fact I have just come back from the Hindenburg Line which our lads are occupying. Believe me, it is no myth. How they ever got it I don't know, but there they are and only waiting half a chance with the weather to shove on. Everything is working perfectly and if we can only get a few decent days we will go a lot further. The Boche infantry is beginning to crack, but his artillery is marvellous. Of course he has the range of every spot to a foot, as he has lived here for over two years. I have got my lot out in the middle of a big field without a bit of shelter, and not a shell has come near us yet, that is within fifty yards, while the people who are using the Hun's old haunts get it regularly. As old Thompson, of the Jocks, who has just moved out to me, says, "I don't mind being shelled, but I do object to be sniped at with 5.9's."

About an hour ago a whizz-bang hit about five yards from me and wounded a man on each side of me, both of them beautiful blighty ones. I was almost touching the Jock sergeant who was hit in the calf of his leg. There wasn't a hint even momentarily of pain, simply a broad grin and then, "Mon, I'm for Blighty."

Tell France not to be too anxious about David; his lot were everywhere a few days ago, but have disappeared. I don't really see how they can do so very much. It is all too terrific even to write about. I didn't have any more idea what War is than you have until I got into this. I am for the time being almost deaf from the noise. A battery of heavies fires right over my tent (so-called). Astin is more of a gem than ever. He wanted to go up to the line with me last night. He said it was part of a servant's job to look

after his officer. The truth of the matter is that he has never missed a show, starting at Loos, and doesn't like staying out of the line. My job is not easy at present, but it is a cinch compared to the men in the line.

I am amused at the German question at Hinchbrook.¹ Here's what I should do. I should parade them all at about 5 A.M. I should take one service rifle. I should fix my bayonet and place five live rounds in the magazine in front of their eyes. I should then inform them that the world's record for planting potatoes was two acres per man per day, but that they were going to make a new record, namely, three acres per day. I would then work the bolt several times and then give them the order to go to it. The Boche understands that kind of language. Then after the new world's record had been made I would be friendly, even enjoy being so.

Did I tell you of the episode of Sergt. Gallagher before we left the Somme? A lot of women refugees were being evacuated and a long line of Hun prisoners were filing past them. The French ladies were somewhat crude in their remarks to the gentle Huns, when suddenly I heard Gallagher say in his thick brogue, "Sure it makes me homesick, 'tis all the world like the wife when I roll in on a Saturday night havin' blown in me pay in the booze."

Send me, please —

1 King's cap badge.

Some books (I must get my mind off this show for a few minutes a day).

Parcels (as we are living on iron rations).

2 neckties.

Half-dozen khaki collars.

¹ German prisoners were employed at Hinchbrook, the seat of the Earl of Sandwich.

I want to see this offensive out and then I am open to all American proposals.

It seems curious to be living in a place where all the signs, etc., are German.

One of the curious things is that we get no news; I know what is going on on about a five-mile front, but you know far more about the rest than I do.

I will try to write each day as long as we are stationary, but I can make no promises if we get on the move.

No possibility of leave for months.

April 21st, 1917.

STILL in the same place and nothing doing except artillery, but I expect the next forty-eight hours at the outside will produce something very big. . . .

I am not in the least keen about Wilson. He made a good speech, it is true, but any red-blooded American would have made it two years ago. He is a tee-total Presbyterian schoolmaster and only an occasional witty Scot can carry that handicap and get away with it. I still believe that he plays only for the vote; I think he switched only because he had to. Instead of being a leader he has been a hypnotist to our country. I think he is yellow-livered and a coward and I would like to have him here to prove my accusations. I doubt very much if he would have acted in the same way had the Boche been winning. Our country is O.K. and the time came when they threw off the narcotics administered by Doc. Wilson.

I am really getting to be quite a character in this Division. I really have a very good time. Two days ago up at the line when things were rather hot the Brigade Major came along and shouted out, "Good afternoon, Woodrow, not much of a spot for a neutral." To which I replied: "Sir,

it is my duty as a German spy to gain all the information possible at whatever risk." And so it goes. There is a French interpreter attached to the Brigade whom nobody likes (and rightly so) and they are all scrupulously polite in a way I could never stand. I always tell them that the reason the Boche is getting demoralized is that he knows that some *real* men will be over here soon. A staff captain got me aside the other day and said, "Really, Woodrow, I think in time it will be possible to arrange for your transfer." I said, "Na pooh, I should be made a staff officer and then I would be of no more use than you." They love it.

I've got to go up to the line again. My water cart which I left there has been na-poohed. Damn! But it seems very quiet just now.

April 22nd, 1917.

ONLY time for a line today, as I have been very busy. It is a truly glorious day and I am just realizing how really devilish the weather has been. I expect the biggest battle of the war at any moment. But at any rate I won't be one of the ones to go over the top and there isn't any reason why I shouldn't come through with flying colors. I only hope Campbell comes through O.K. I may be all wrong, but I don't think so far the casualties have been anything like what they were last year. But even at that the "burial parties" are pretty gruesome affairs. One curious side of the Boche is the work and care he has put in on his graveyards, and really they are in excellent taste. Another rather surprising thing is that nobody ever steals the wooden crosses for firewood.

I have been watching aeroplane scraps today until my neck hurts. The air fighting is really getting desperate. Too tired to write more.

*April? I think it is—
April 23rd, 1917.*

THE Brigade went over the top this morning. We gained our objective at all points and already over a thousand prisoners have come back and our Brigade isn't noted for taking prisoners! I never believed such a bombardment possible. They tell me the Somme at its top was like Guy Fawkes Day in comparison. The gem of the whole show is the following. A Jock private was left in charge of a grenade dump. After his Batt. had swept by, a Boche appeared up out of the bowels of the earth. He ended by bringing in alone seventy-seven prisoners, and just to cap the climax I discovered that he had lost the bolt of his rifle. He asked the Staff Captain if he couldn't go back immediately to his dump, as the King's were near it and he was sure they would "win" his grenades. As a matter of fact our Battalion was in support, but at the present moment they are going over, I fancy.

We are now in another army.

Would you like one of my men as a chauffeur after the war? He is an American named Read or Reid and was chauffeur to a Mr. Blake, "the telephone inventor" in Newton, for three years. I *know* him to be a good man in a pinch.

It is a question of "Dog eat Dog" now. This I am sure is the final scrap.

All my envelopes are stuck with the wet weather.

Give my love to Faith. I will write her when I get a chance. I was the only lot that pulled out tonight without a casualty, so I am rather cocky. I have invented a system.

Later.

Between intervals of being shelled Astin has built me a table and a chair, with the sly remark that I can carry on

my correspondence easier. It is four in the morning and I have to stand by to go up at three minutes' notice, so I might as well write a bit more.

I just wrote "write" "right," so I fancy I am a bit more wind up than I thought.

Tell France not to worry in the least about David. They are all gone.

I saw in one place today at least two thousand dead Huns all in a space of two acres. If it only wasn't for their artillery we would have them now. The latest order is "Shell shock is abolished in this division." And a good thing too! I don't believe pathologically such a thing ever existed. It's the same thing as nerves.

This is from the London *Times* account of the 24th April, 1917, the day Caspar wrote at 4 A.M.:

"Nothing could exceed the gallantry with which supplies, whether by carrying parties or by transport, are taken up to our fighting men. It will readily be understood that when we push forward, supplies of food, water and other things must go up across ground the enemy has just been driven from, which he knows well and is barraging. I have myself more than once marvelled at the nonchalance with which the transport moves on through a shelled district, contemptuous alike of shrapnel overhead, or high explosives. Of course there are losses, but it makes no difference and the whole army is loud in its praise of the behavior of its transport."

April 26th, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

WELL, it is all over and thank God we didn't get it so very badly. It was one of the most desperate scraps of the

whole War. Campbell is safe and we are way back of the line for a rest. This poor old Division is very badly cut up and our Brigade the worst of any. The poor old Jocks got the worst of it, but really won the scrap. It was a terrible sight seeing them come out so few, but so full of fight. Personally I don't see how we can be shoved in again for some time, but you never can tell. One of the curious things is that the boys all heard that I had been killed and apparently believed it, although at the time I was in an area where only an occasional shell was dropping and they were several hundred yards ahead in the midst of the Boche barrage. As a matter of fact I had a very easy time of it, all things considered. But let me tell you it was a hard nut to crack — attack and counter-attack, but we hold our objectives. Tell France not to be anxious. David won't be in this show for months, if ever. It is a case of Infantry and Artillery and dog eat dog from now on. My platoon got rather badly cut up. Sergt. Foote was killed and eight others, as well as several wounded. It's an awful game this when you really get down to it.

I realize that I ought to be more interested in American affairs, etc., than I am, but when a Boche barrage is hovering around in your vicinity it doesn't conduce to broaden your views on the ultimate conclusion of the war. Just to get your job done and get into a safe place is about the highest pitch I am capable of reaching, and I haven't really seen anything. But we do want American troops. I know they will fight like devils and I don't think they will need so very much training. Remember the Anzacs at Gallipoli: well, they hadn't had very much. I should love to be with them in any capacity when they first "go over."

We are now back where the Boche has never been since the Marne, but only several kilos off the old lines. Yet the

irony of it! This was for two years a quiet part of the line! And most of the houses are still intact.

May 4th, 1917.

WELL, we are back again after our short rest. . . . Now this is a fact. I am not in as much danger as the rest of the Battalion, but the great thing from your (to me incomprehensible) point of view is that should I be killed or wounded I should be out of the mix-up in the line and I sleep next to the Battalion Orderly Room Sergeant who is my very good friend and who would send off a telegram within fifteen minutes did I not return with my party. So no news is good news *in my case at least*. If you could see us now. I never realized how great Bairnsfather was before. We are just behind one of the big shows of the war ready to go in at one hour's notice. We are all bivouacing in what was once the "Place" of a prosperous French town. In the centre of the Place is my bivouac under an old French market wagon. On the bivouac sheet is written with a piece of chalk, "Mr. WOODROW OF U.S.A. TRANSPORT OFFICER 4TH THE KING'S," with an American flag underneath. Near me Astin has constructed what he calls the Château. It consists of an old four-poster bed stuck on the parapet of the old Hun trench with a bivouac sheet over the posts. The effect amidst the roar and flare of the guns at night is something only Bairnsfather could draw.

Campbell has gone to the rest station with a septic foot. I had a scrap with the C.O. and I thought Campbell was going to get my job for the next trip in. Am afraid he is in for a long time, as I think he is run down and not able to throw it off. . . .

You made a very good guess about us and my last show.

May 7th, 1917.

You say you are satisfied with only a line. Haven't time for more.

May 8th, 1917.

WE are still just behind the lines and can't quite make it out why we don't go in. We, or rather I, have been very busy with a Divisional Race Meeting. It was perfectly done. A beautiful course, splendid races with everything complete. Signs up in all the ruined villages \longrightarrow to Epsom Downs. A lot of men dressed up as costers, women, nigger minstrels, etc. The mule race was won by my mule "Lousy" ridden by one Pte. Gabriel out of a field of 118. I won quite a lot of money, but blew it all in at an At Home. Sent the Mess Corporal out to a canteen and bought up the place and gave the gayest little party you have ever seen. As old McArdle of the Jocks said in a hectic speech, "It took a ——— Yankee to give the best 'Trench warmin'' party ever pulled off in France." I rode, but was unplaced; we have no chance against A.S.C., R.E.'s, etc. My mule, I may add, had a bit of shrapnel go right through its neck last winter.

Honestly the Boche dug-outs around here are the most marvellous things I ever imagined.

Curious how callous one becomes here. The whole sky alight with the guns and one doesn't pay the least attention to them, in fact is not interested as long as they can't hit you.

Am sending this to Oxford, as it will probably reach you a day sooner.

*(Undated.)**Posted May 17, 1917.*

I AM in the front line in the same place that we made our last attack, only a bit farther on. We are so short of officers

that I am back with my platoon. I am going over the top in charge of the first wave in about two hours. I figure there is about an even chance of my coming back, but I don't seem to care, though I am a bit wind up, I admit. . . .

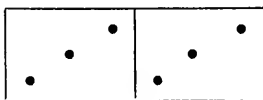
If I am snuffed out, well, that's that. I shall do my bit, I hope. All love. I think there is a chance of coming out O.K.

*O.H.M.S. War Office.
London, 7.15. May 23, 1917.*

C. BURTON,
c/o *Brown, Shipley & Co.,*
123 Pall Mall, S.W.

REGRET to inform you Second Lieutenant C. Burton, 4 King's Liverpool Regt. wounded, May twenty. Will send any further news.

*Secretary,
War Office.*



*33rd Division,
British Expeditionary Force,
2nd Lieut. Caspar Burton,
4th Batt. The King's,
(Liverpool) Regt.*

YOUR Commanding Officer and Brigade Commander have informed me that you distinguished yourself on the field on the

20th of May, 1917.

I have read the report with much pleasure.

*(Signed) R. T. PINNEY, Major-General,
Commanding 33rd Division.*

The following letter, which he wrote two days before the telegram was sent from the War Office, reached Father and Mother almost as soon as the wire and so saved them the anguish of having no word directly from him.

*Monday, 21st May, 1917.
Casualty Clearing Station.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I GOT hit yesterday in the battle which I dare say you have read about. I took the first party down the main Hindenburg Line. Twenty picked bombers, Astin and myself. It was a fight after my own liking, bombs and hand-to-hand fighting and we licked the Prussian Guard, or rather the ones who came after us did, for all my men with one exception are killed or wounded.

I have got a certain Blighty one. Hit in the back by a Boche grenade, some splinters of which have gone into the lung. They tell me it takes months to get over this kind and then months of light duty. It may be some time before I get to England, as I can't even be moved to a pukka hospital for fear of hemorrhage. I had a slight hemorrhage after I was hit, but like a damned fool I walked and dragged myself for about two miles. I am able to write because they won't let me lie down.

Well, Mother, I thought they had me yesterday. Particularly when I fainted once and the sensation was very curious. If real death is like what I was firmly convinced was death I am not in the least afraid of it.

I must be a pretty tough nut, for except for the fact that I can't move my trunk by myself and that it hurts me to breathe, I can truly say, "I hope this finds you in the pink as it finds me." They found five more tiny little bits of shrapnel in me of which I knew nothing.

Keep cool! I did a good bit of work and got a beautiful Blighty. By the time I get to England I shall want to see you more than anything else in the world. For the present I am glad to be amongst strangers.

CAP.

From the results of this wound he died on March 24, 1920.

*From a Hospital,
May 22nd, 1917.*

TO C. H. BURTON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:

JUST a few lines hoping this will find you in the best of health, as it leaves me at the present, although I am in a hospital wounded, not seriously wounded. I had a piece of a German bomb taken out of my face today. Mr. Burton is also wounded, I am very sorry to tell you, but I don't think you need have any anxiety as to his condition, as he will get over it all right, although it is rather a funny wound. I was wounded while I was alongside Mr. Burton and he was wounded shortly after me, he tells me. I was chatting with him while we were in the Clearing Station. The bullet that wounded Mr. Burton went clean through his steel helmet and wounded him in the back. I think he is in this hospital, and when the Doctor says I can get up I am going to try to find him because I am practically sure he will get home. Mr. Burton led the bombers in the attack on the 20th inst., and I was with him all the time until I was hit. I wanted to stay with him then, but they made me come away. Mr. Burton agrees with me that we had a fine hour's sport bombing the Germans until we were put "Hors de Combat." I have nothing more this time, but

will write again shortly. I will now close with best respects to you and Mrs. Burton.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

H. ASTIN.

May 23, 1917.

DEAR SPENCE,

I SUPPOSE the orthodox thing is to write to one's Father Confessor before going into battle. As the next best thing I will write now after stopping a Boche grenade; (principally because I can do nothing else but write). They won't let me lie down in bed and there is nothing to read. Well, I cut things a bit fine this time. A German gentleman whom we failed to "mop up" en passant (we didn't miss many), as his last act on this earth soaked me in the back with a small grenade and as near as I can make out, by all rights I should be pushing up the daisies, but "I ain't," and what's more, I have every intention of getting O.K. again. In fact, I may get in for the last three or four years of the war, but will be out for some months now. Read the accounts of the fighting on Sunday, May 20th, and you will know what we did. We are all pretty chesty in the old Division. I shall never forget early Sunday morning in the quiet with my picked crew of bruisers waiting for the hour. And then in one second every hellish device yet invented all going at once. I had just about forty minutes of it before I got mine. But I don't think I shall ever forget a single incident. It was what we are always praying for, a hand-to-hand scrap (a heavy fog did away with the M. guns). I will tell you about it at some future date.

My point is this. What the American Army needs is "rough necks," thousands and thousands of them. Rub this

in and keep rubbing it in. People of culture are needed in small doses, but "hard guys" are the thing. For instance, the following is the composition of the selected party under me which led the attack Sunday:

Private Wallace, a stoker in civil life.

Private Put, a boilermaker.

Sergeant Malloy, a regular soldier, who has been sentenced to be shot once, for being drunk on active service and reduced to the ranks six times.

Self, you can fill in my trade.

Private Astin, my servant, plays a fiddle in a cheap dance hall.

Private Casey, owns a small "pub" in Cork.

Private Hard, a carter.

Private Michaels, a collier.

Private Hatnough, I think is a burglar, but my evidence is only indirect.

Corp. Lopez, a halfbreed Portugee gentleman of the sea.

Sergeant Gallagher, a Liverpool policeman, etc., etc., — just thirty picked men.

My point is that we were the kind that were picked, and when you get a lot like this seeing red, you don't need much leadership. No, sir, Sir Galahads are not of much use against the Hun.

I am wondering if, after some months light duty or something of the sort, whether they could use me as an instructor in the Harvard O.T.C. I could get leave to go there, I am sure, in case I am unfit for active service again. Of course, I am in wonderful condition and may be able to get well enough in a few months to get out here again, but they tell me that lung wounds are the slowest of the lot.

Love,

CAP.

P.S. I could instruct in Lewis Gun, Bombing, Rifle Grenades, and I should love to give some short talks about "What Ordinary Trench Warfare is Really Like."

May 23rd, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM doing splendidly, but I can see now that it may be two or three weeks before I get to Blighty. It is going to be a long tedious job getting O.K. with *nothing* to be done except rest, rest, rest. Well, I'm in for it, so might as well take it philosophically, but I do want your help. Please be with me as much as possible, but please, oh, please do not try to manage my convalescence. If we can just have a good time together I will do well. I can get over this thing in Craigleith if not interfered with, and on the other hand will not do well in the swankiest of West End hospitals if I am interfered with. I am in for a bad spell, but I will come out absolutely on top. Please remember (1) A poor hospital won't hurt me. (2) A poor doctor won't hurt me (as the stuff is not being taken out of my lung and there is nothing for a doctor to do). (3) Irritability and worry will be a big handicap. So let me alone in my relations with the R.A.M.C. and we will put in the best summer we can. I will never mention any of this again.

It seems so curious reading about our stunt in the Paris papers. Every one seems to think it is the most successful stunt pulled off in a long time. Of course the newspaper report is the same as usual — much accent on the wonderful skill with which it was planned. Take it from me, and I led D. Coy. down 400 out of 800 yards of the objective before I stopped mine, we got there by means of brute force and Mills bombs. Nothing panned out as we were told it would. The picked lot of ruffians I had simply saw red and

after a bit of very skilful resistance the Hun was mentally, morally and physically whipped. Well, I'll tell you all about it when I see you.

I came out of this show with one pair of breeches badly torn, one puttee ditto, one pair boots, one pair socks, one pair underdrawers, a pocket knife, and twenty-five francs. Nothing above the waist except gore. Some sight I must have been.

Well, look for me in two weeks' time. They tell me you have no choice of hospitals now.

May 24th, 1917.

I AM feeling much better today. Only one lung is hit, I am now sure, and the bleeding from the mouth has practically stopped. What a thing it is to be fit. I really have put in a pleasant day today; seems incredible, but it is true, and I have forgotten about the fight; it seems very remote.

I do miss Astin; I think he will get the D.C.M. out of this show. . . .

There is a wonderful old matron here. We are getting quite chummy. I never believed it possible that a trained nurse (L. B. excepted) could have given the order she gave when I was brought here. It was to give me a quarter morphia, lay me in a clean bed, mud, blood, sweat and all, and not disturb me for three hours. God bless her for it, for the long motor ride had nearly "got me"; that is to say, I was nearly, damn it, hysterical with the pain. When I think of it, it seems inconceivable that I should be so comfortable now.

Where we are is truly La Belle France. Our tents are in a splendid old orchard and on my table is the most beautiful bunch of lilacs I have ever smelt. I never went into raptures over the smell of flowers, but as a change from dead

Boche they are O.K. If the Boches do turn their dead into fat (which I don't believe) I wish they would make a collection before we relieve them of another trench. There are Hun cemeteries in all the areas I have been in. They take far better care of their own dead than we do of ours, and on the Somme one frequently saw a splendidly made cross with "Hier ruht zwei französische Soldaten"; never one to a Tommy. In several places I have seen really handsome granite monuments put up.

You can't get around it, the old Hun is an appalling fellow and it is going to take a long time to whack him. . . .

I wrote to Spence last night.

I don't expect to hear from you till I get to Blighty. Don't see how I can very well.

May 25th, 1917.

I AM lying in bed out in a beautiful orchard and really the World does seem good. I didn't quite realize before how grateful I am that I am not "pushing up the daisies." Am doing splendidly. Every day the Doc goes over my chest and every day more of my left lung is clear and doing business. Breathing has become almost a pleasure. It may be some days yet before I get "down the line." When I get there I may be sent direct to England or I may be X-rayed and operated on there. It won't be a serious operation. If the shrapnel has gone very deep they won't operate; if it has only just penetrated it will be as simple as A.B.C. so I am not in the least "wind up."

I am afraid you are having an anxious time, but I can't do anything except write. I haven't even got the money to telegraph with, as I lost my advanced Pay Book in the scrap and £100 in Cox's wouldn't be a bit of use.

Would like to go to Oxford to Hospital. They tell me it

is likely I might be somewhere in the South, as they would hardly send a case like mine a long railway journey.

25th May, 1917.

DEAR ALICE,

I HAVE owed you a letter for some time, but the soldiering business has been distinctly "bullish" in tone the last two months. I am now having a bit of a rest cure, having tried to bounce a Boche grenade off my back and failed. In other words, several pieces of metal, once the property of a certain Miss Krupp, have now permanently taken up residence in my left lung. But they seem well-behaved bits of shrapnel and personally I feel we shall get on quite well, at any rate I intend to take them to Blighty for a visit. We really had a splendid scrap Sunday, the 20th, and as you can see by the papers we made a howling success of it. It was a good old-fashioned brawl, as a heavy mist stopped all the side-shows and we certainly spoiled Fritz's morning for him. I hate most things in this War as much as anybody, particularly standing still and being shelled, but I must say I did enjoy that scrap.

I hear you have been having a devil of a time with a Matron. It's a shame there isn't an open season every year on a certain type of aggressive female.

I am told my wound is a "dead cert" Blighty one. I hope so. I want to be one thing or the other; on active service or in London, I don't fancy a rural convalescence.

Regards,
CAP.

May 26th, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER,

STILL in the C.C.S., but only for a couple of days more. Still doing splendidly. I only hope they don't keep me long

at the Base. It's all very well to say I am a certain Blighty, but with the submarine show on I shall feel safer when I get my orders to sail. Tell Dad he will have to hand over the Diamond Belt. There is a chap next me who has been gassed; well I know what a noise he makes and they say I drown him out completely when I get to sleep.

Did I tell you that a chap here comes from Renfrew, Canada, and has been up to Lake St. Patrick via the Black River? ¹

This is really a splendidly run place. "It isn't done" apparently in an officers' ward to show the least interest in the wounds and condition of any of your neighbors, and what a splendid thing it is too.

I seem to write very dull letters. I don't know why, for I feel very chippy. I do hope Astin has got to England, but I am afraid he hasn't. Poor old D. Coy. will about consist of two men and a boy.

*O.H.M.S. War Office,
London, 3.25 P.M. May 29, 1917.*

C. BURTON,
Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly.

2 Lt. C. Burton, Liverpool Regt. admitted at Red Cross Hospital Le Touquet May twenty-five with gunshot wound in back. Severe. Any further news will be sent.

Secty, War Office.

*Duchess of Westminster's Hospital.
No. 1 Red Cross,
Le Touquet, May 29th, 1917.*

Just a line to tell you that I will be in England about the end of this week. Have been X-rayed and have many small splinters and two medium-sized ones scattered pretty

¹ In the vicinity of the Pontiac Game Club, P.Q.

well all over my left lung. My spine is uninjured and I am sitting up and turning about by myself and *really* feeling fine. In fact I am very much better than I have any right to be. Go to the Ritz and I will let you know where I am as soon as I arrive in England. Don't get wind up; there are several hundred thousand men in France sighing for a wound just like mine. More later.

Love,

CAP.

*Duchess of Westminster's Hospital,
May 30th, 1917.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM still doing splendidly. I must tell you at length of this amazing Hospital. It is the dernier cri in fanciness. There are more good-looking and thoroughly incompetent V.A.D. creations floating about here than ever were gathered under one roof before. Talk about what Alberta calls "atmosphere"! Well, it's so thick here that I think I should put on my gas helmet if I hadn't lost it. Most of these officers try to flirt all day long and seem to enjoy it. Personally five (that is the latest total according to the X-ray) bits of shrapnel in my lung rather dampen my ardor for this form of sport. I am as rude as I can be towards these sweet young things, but for some reason or other I seem to have developed a charm which has been conspicuous for its absence for nearly thirty years. It's pretty bad when you have to get shot in the lung before young ladies show any interest in you. I suspect the fact that I am a Yank has something to do with this. As the Ticker says, "Americans are booming," and I seem to be the first here. At any rate I shall go clean off my head if many more of these sweet things tuck my bedclothes in and mess about

with my pillows. I sigh for Astin and the old bivouac sheet and peace. But finally my sense of humor has won out and I am really getting a lot of amusement out of the whole show. Honestly I couldn't stick it if I took the War as seriously as these Red Cross people.

My doctor is the kind who has never been called Doc in his life. I am sure he is the most fashionable minor surgeon in Harley Street. But he's not going to open me up. He is the kind who would pick away for hours with all the latest instruments. No, if I have to have an operation I want some red-blooded fellow with the courage of his convictions to do it. But I don't think there will ever be an operation. The food, etc., is perfect. There is a regular barrage of Padres here.

Just got your wire and have replied. A Field Cashier appeared yesterday with a special form for officers who have lost Advanced Pay Books!

Paris Plage.

BURTON, *Ritz Hotel, London.*

WIRE received. Operation not necessary. Arrive England four five days time. Will wire Ritz on arrival final destination. Doing magnificently. Spine uninjured. Have money.

Love.

BURTON.

A note from Lt. Col. Beall, 4 King's Regt. to Father:

United Service Club.

June 3, 1917.

I UNDERSTAND your boy is going on quite well. He was not very badly hit. He was doing very good work at the time and I can tell you *in confidence* that I have recom-

mended him for the Military Cross, which I think he stands a good chance of getting.

I am over on a few days' leave.

I have just heard that he is arriving this eve, so you can tell him.

Mother's account of Caspar reaching them.

The Ritz, June 4, 1917.

DEAR SPENCE,

I CAN'T go back of the emotions of yesterday, but that you must have. We went to Mass and then your Father felt so sure Caspar was on the way that he would not leave the house, so I went back to Grosvenor Chapel where I could be picked up at a moment's notice. John and Daisy came to lunch. Daisy in the same state of knowing Caspar was near (we had had a telegram Saturday saying, "Expect me tomorrow") so she and your Father bombarded the War Office with telephones. At four o'clock Lady Agneta ¹ arrived in a flutter to say Princess Christian had sent her to say she would like Caspar sent to her hospital where there was a bed. We had no time for Royal messages, as a telegram was handed us from Caspar saying, "Arrive Charing Cross about five. Try see me." We dashed off. Crowds always for a hospital train. No chance of getting near. Your father went to telephone (I am sure I don't know where) and I walked up to an old guard and said, "I am an American who doesn't know the War Office orders. Can I see my wounded son?" "I'm afraid not, Madam. W.O. orders." "Who is the officer in command?" That beloved man said, "I will nod to you when he passes." So when he did, your father and I went up to him with our

¹ The Lady Agneta Montagu.

telegram, and he was most courteous and cordial and said he would try and stop the ambulance that he was in so we might look in — could promise nothing, etc., but would tell us to what hospital he was to be sent — probably London. I said, "We have just had a message from Princess Christian hoping he could be sent to her hospital." He bowed and said, "I will see what can be done. Wait here." The motors began to come out, cheering crowds throwing flowers and cigarettes into them, the marvellous British Red Cross men and nurses moving as though by clock work and yet with love to help in every place. As each ambulance passed your father said to the nurse in' charge, "2nd Lieut. Burton?" "Not here." Presently the C.O. returned and said, "Please follow me," threw back the great platform gate, ushered us through, closed the gate, and Caspar lay on a stretcher at our feet. We just knelt down there by him and thanked God. He was as gay as possible. Looks worn, but truly not ill, and he had been travelling from 2 A.M. to 5 P.M. We had fifteen minutes there and he said they had been convoyed across by one British and one American ship. He saw his own flag for the first time as his protector. His escape was a miracle. The grenade hit his steel helmet. Broke through the rim and peppered his back entering the left lung in many places, but missing his spine by 'a quarter of an inch. Part of the bits of the helmet driven into the lung. The X-ray today will prove all that and see what can be done. No doubt he will recover. He is covered with a tetanus serum rash and practically nothing else!! Like Caspar, he turned up with nothing!! His clothes all torn off him and thrown away, his kit probably all lost. Bless him! He says Astin was superb. He had to kick him out of the fight after Astin was wounded. Then they lifted Caspar up and he said,

"Follow me to the London Hospital." I must tell you, when they landed, an orderly shouted "2nd Lieut. C. Burton to be sent to Oxford by order of Sir William Osler"; but there was no train to Oxford. The surgeon in charge said, "You must not be moved again. You go to London"; and here he is!

We dashed off to the London Hospital (across the world!) and saw him there for half an hour in an Officers' Ward. He told us of his fight — You must hear it from him!! *They took that trench.* Solid concrete tunnel. When he reached the Casualty Clearing Station it was *full* and he had to be driven thirty-five kilometers. You see the battle was so tremendous and it was there he had the orchard and beloved old matron for seven days. We then went to see Mrs. Starr and to Agneta to send our (whatever you do send to Royalty!!) and tell our joy. When we got back here at eight o'clock Caspar's Colonel had been here and left a most kind note praising Caspar's work.

It was the final touch and we were just the happiest people on earth. We cabled you somewhere en route. Now we have been to Church and your father is out buying pajamas, etc., and having the time of his life providing for his family again! Life will be too short to repay our gratitude to God.

Caspar is simply beloved and too witty for words.

Dearest love, MOTHER.

June 4. Later.

HAVE spent two hours with Caspar. He seems well. The house surgeon says two weeks have done wonders. I never knew any one in my life so interesting. He talks of being up any day. Mrs. Lewis blew in. We all had tea as gaily as possible.

By this time cablegrams, letters and newspaper clippings from America began to inundate Caspar and our parents. One of these tributes to Caspar really adds to the picture of him.

[*Editorial from The Cincinnati Times Star, May 29, 1917.*]

HE WENT BEFORE

CASPAR BURTON of Cincinnati possessed prophetic vision. When this Government was engaged in writing diplomatic notes, to which it received now and then unsatisfactory responses that would be violated a few days later by submarine warfare which seemed contemptuous of the word of Wilhelmstrasse, young Mr. Burton decided to go to war. He wished to be prepared when his country called him after its diplomatic resources had been exhausted, and he knew no better way of becoming prepared than by fighting with our future allies against the Kaiser. His first offensive against Germany was with a Harvard ambulance unit. That service being useful, but not sufficiently belligerent, Mr. Burton entered training in the British officers' reserve. During the recent battle of Arras he received a wound from a hand grenade which pierced a lung.

Mr. Burton is not the first Cincinnati to be wounded in battle in France. Nor, of course, will he be the last. But he serves to remind us of the men who went before. They knew that eventually the die would be cast between junkerdom and this country. They saw distinctly the issue this world war involved. And their passion for the great principles that underlie free government was sufficient to cause them to throw themselves into the breach before time and many words had fashioned a definite issue between the United States and Germany.

The men who went before! Worthy harbingers of the

men who will follow them! It is an axiom that trade follows the flag. But the flag follows those who, like Caspar Burton, recognized Armageddon and sought the great sacrifice in the very forefront of battle.

*The London Hospital,
June 14th, 1917.*

DEAR SPENCE,

JUST a line to let you know how I am getting on. I am doing splendidly. I am really out of all danger and am not of the least interest to anybody medically. So kindly cease praying for my physical well-being until I issue a further communiqué. It is just a question of time before I am fit to go out again, but I am offering odds that I get out again before October and I want gently but firmly to heave a grenade into the midst of at least one little Teutonic gathering before it is all over.

It has been a great pleasure watching Mother and Father blossom out, as they sure had "wind up" about me. But they look like two different human beings already.

I can't seem to get up any interest in the War here in hospital, and wounded people bore me to tears; in fact we all bore each other, and the War is scarcely mentioned.

I shall certainly transfer to the American Army at the first opportunity, but oh, how I hate deliberately running into miles of red-tape. I think the great trouble is going to be to get the U.S.A. Medical Corps to pass me as fit even after I am passed for General Service here, but by means of a barrage of lies and wholesale destruction of X-ray plates I may be able to pull it off.

"Say, feller!" With you I say, Vive la France, etc., but for goodness sake give us credit for doing some of the things that every Frenchman gives us credit for. In the words of

the poet Bud Fisher, "Be reasonable, Mutt, be reasonable." As to your remarks about the late Mr. Casement, I would like to refer you to the rank and file of a certain famous Irish Catholic Regiment I know; but I would advise you before repeating any of your remarks about said gentleman to dig yourself well in and put up plenty of wire unless you were particularly keen on doing a "little Eva" tableau. Few Irishmen like England, but all the best Irishmen have more or less pigeonholed this matter until the Hun is settled with, and believe me, when the real lads get back, black eyes are going to be the fashion in Sinn Fein circles.

If you would like my advice on the chaplain question let me know and I will promise you a sixteen-page essay on the subject.¹

Would like to meet your household.

Love,

CAP.

The barrage of lies, to which he refers, was successfully pulled off by him; as for the X-ray plates of his lung they were smashed on the trip from the London Hospital to the Princess Christian's Hospital. There he improved so quickly that further photographs were not taken. Had those first plates not been broken he would probably never have been accepted for active service in the American Army and so have been alive today. Caspar never regretted that they were smashed or that his barrage of lies was effective. He was determined to "get on with the War."

The following letters from Mother tell of Caspar in hospital:

¹ This essay was urgently requested, but never written.

12 Bruton Street, London,
June 16, 1917.

DEAR MARY,¹

I HAVEN'T the vaguest idea what I have written you or other people, but I have given, I know, no idea of all Caspar went through. He loved it at the London Hospital, it was so perfectly professional. Even in the fearful air raid everything went on as usual, although one bomb fell 170 yards from Caspar. When we got there the dead and wounded were being carried in, but no excitement there. The King and several million other people all rushed to the East End as we did. It looked like a public fête day. Children hunting for bits of shrapnel. No one is afraid, but every one angry that the poorest part of London should have to suffer like that.

Through Lady Agneta Montagu, George's mother, Princess Christian heard of Caspar's bombing attack and said a bed in her hospital would wait for him until he wanted it. I think she wanted to show that honor because he is an American. Caspar knew he wouldn't stay long at the London, but was surprised when they told him that by Royal Command an ambulance was at the door to take him to her hospital.

It is a huge palace some one has loaned her for the war, and Caspar says simply perfect. He has a bed in a room with five other officers and sits up every day. The rules are rather strict as to visitors, but he will soon be out and then in a moment be any place he wants to be. The doctors can form no guess as to how long it will take to get well, but that is a detail when you hear he will get well. All the small splinters they say the lung will take care of in a very short time. It is the two big, sharp pieces that will take time. . . .

¹ Mrs. Robert Mitchell Burton, of Cincinnati.

I wonder if I have written you a dozen times that his Colonel had six days' leave and gave one evening to us. He took knives and forks at dinner, explained the attack and said, "Your son did conspicuously good work." . . .

There was a bit of the Hindenburg Line that they had to take, a concrete tunnel running under the trench. The British and German troops were in the same trench, the Germans having built a barricade in this trench. This the British blew up and Caspar led the attack down the trench. Many officers volunteered, as he did, and he was chosen and allowed to ask for twenty-one volunteers. Forty volunteered to serve under him, from whom he picked his twenty-one men. Other platoons were directly behind them. Twenty out of Caspar's lot were killed or wounded. Men who came after them had it hard. Lieut. Robinson, who took Caspar's place, was killed and has been recommended for the V.C. Every hour this goes on. Some one's time comes, but Caspar says the spirit of the Allied troops — he had been all winter next the French troops — is superb and the Germans are either fighting like devils or giving up in crowds. He talks to us by the hour and I wish I had the sense to take it all down, for he is so intelligent and amusing and seldom speaks of the horror of it all.

Caspar was allowed to go out for the first time on June the twenty-second.

*June 24, 1917.
Almond's Hotel,
Clifford Street,
Bond Street, W.*

DEAR SPENCE,

SUNDAY afternoon and Dr. and Mrs. Starr, your father and Caspar, are playing bridge. . . .

He looks perfectly well and says if it wasn't for X-rays no one would know he wasn't well. In fact the verdict of the doctors is, "far better than you have any right to be." We walked for an hour this morning. Your father, Emily and I had been to Mass when Caspar walked in. He has been moved from 6 Grosvenor Place to an annex of Princess Christian's Hospital at Queen's Gate where he will have more liberty and only be under observation. He says this is a beautiful house run by a charming lady, all the officers taking their meals in mess, a beautiful library, one head nurse, a few V.A.D.'s who do the work and the doctors visiting twice a week. I hope he may have several weeks there, but there is no knowing, they move him so often. . . .

Today Caspar was with Berta for luncheon. Poor Faith had arrived all enthusiasm to see him bloody and heroic. Instead he was dressed and well. He says she lost all interest at once. We talk by the hour. Caspar begged me to find a Mass where he can go, not too early, so I will and we can all go together this week. The joy of it!

On July 3 Caspar was discharged from the Princess Christian's Convalescent Home and given three weeks' leave.

*Ritz Hotel,
Piccadilly, London W.
July 18th, 1917.*

DEAR SPENCE,

AFTER worrying myself nearly to death for some time, I have finally come to a definite conclusion. I feel very strongly that now my own country is in the war, my real place is with her, but I do not want to procure my discharge from the British Army until I am sure there is a commis-

sion in the American Army waiting for me. You see, did I do this, I would simply be a civilian looking for work in the States, and at a time like this, I do not fancy the prospect. Can you by any possible chance either assure me of a definite job in the United States Army (that is, a commission) or would it be possible for me, while still holding my British commission, to be attached to some unit over there?

The British are most courteous; the trouble is at home. Anybody who wants me over there can have me. The British are willing to do anything for an American in their Army these days. I leave the ways and means entirely to your discretion. I am reporting for duty on the 24th of July, and fully expect to be whipped out to France again in six weeks to two months. I shall carry on with this programme unless I hear to the contrary, but I must say my heart is not in the work as it once was.

I would suggest seeing President Roosevelt about this, but you know best. These are the facts of the case. Do your best, as I know you will, but I shall not be in the least broken-hearted if I finish the war where I am, only I feel that I really must make some effort to get under my own flag.

Lovingly,

CASPAR.

His hospital leave was over and he was ordered to Regimental Headquarters.

*Pembroke Dock,
3rd Batt. The King's Regt.
Sunday, July 29, 1917.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I KNOW nothing more than when I left London. I have not been boarded ¹ yet. I may be boarded any day and I may not be boarded for weeks. All I can say is that all the

¹ Examination by an Army Medical Board.

signs point to my being here in this spot for the next fifty years.

I combed out P.D. There is nothing here. Absolutely nothing. As a learned inhabitant said to me, "You might say, sir, as how there's several families living in every house here already."

I went to Pembroke and had better luck. The Lion Hotel there is not impossible and I believe there may be a chance of your getting a really charming little house there. At any rate, I advise your going there and having a look round.

Read the words of "All dressed up and nowhere to go" and you get my mental attitude.

There is absolutely no work for me to do.

*Pembroke Dock,
3rd. Batt. The King's Regt.
August 2, 1917.*

JUST when things seemed darkest and I was very blue indeed the "fairy godmother" Department got busy. I have just been told that I have been selected to go on a "Pioneer Course" at Reading, which lasts eight weeks. It seems like being a traitor to the Infantry to be even temporarily connected with the R.E. Also I shall be more or less a dud at it, I fear, but still Reading is not P.D.; I can get well there better than here and I suppose I am bound to pick up a lot of useful stuff. The only other fellow going from here is a young Lamont, a cousin of Lord Guthrie's, and just about the most attractive lad I know anywhere. Curiously enough he got hit just the way I did and has bits of tin hat in the back of his neck. So really the sun shines on P.D. this evening.

I am on a bombing course here, but would not have been able to go to the Western Command school of bombing at

Prees Heath (which would have been the natural sequence of things) because I find that I can't let myself out throwing. I can just lob them over easily. I find I can do practically anything unless there is a sudden jerk of any sort; if there is it "brings me up standing" every time. Well, many a time and oft have I watched our noble R.E.'s at play and I never saw them do anything sudden yet. Oh, so prettily and easily they gambol about.

So make your own plans irrespective of me until I get fixed at Reading.

I have cancelled the order for rooms at The Lion. My kit has turned up.

I won't have a Medical Board until I get back here.

*Pembroke Dock,
Llanion Barracks, 3rd King's,
Aug. 12, 1917.*

I JUST got your wire and have answered it. As far as I know I am still going to Reading on the 15th. In other words, I have come out in orders and unless I should fall down and break my leg or something I will be there on that date. If you want to see me for anything come down there on Wednesday or Thursday and I will dine with you. I would rather not have you settle down there for four or five days until I shake down.

I have been touring the provinces. I took a draft of crocks to Oswestry, got back here two days' travelling, grabbed a few hours' sleep, and off I went again to Heaton Park in the suburbs of Manchester and brought a draft here. All night, and for that matter all day, railway journeys in Great Britain at the present time are hardly "joy rides," but they beat doing nothing here.

I am told that this course is very good, but that it is very difficult to get to London at all. We shall see.

Don't see how I can see Campbell much as I should love to. Do you know Sonning, just a couple of miles from Reading, where there is a delightful little inn? Also an excellent golf course and quite an American colony.

Father and Mother took a house at Sonning, The Little Deanery, for two months. Caspar arrived at five o'clock each day and stayed until ten. He seemed very tired. On September 19 Caspar was operated upon at the Reading Military Hospital. Lead and copper were taken out of his back. The "junk" had moved in his back and some of it was taken out nine or ten inches from where it went in. Caspar had great difficulty in breathing all this time.

He was discharged from the hospital October 4, with seven days' hospital leave, and went that day to London.

*Ritz Hotel,
Piccadilly, London W.
October 8th, 1917.*

DEAR SPENCE,

I HAVE been thinking about writing you several days since reading your letter to Mother. I want you to understand that I do not feel in the least critical of your attitude, but I do feel very very strongly that you are making a big blunder.

As you know, it is not my usual policy to meddle in something which I suppose is really none of my business. I quite realize all of your arguments about tradition and so forth, but this is where I think you are making your mistake. This war is not in the least like any former war, and consequently I don't think that the opinion of learned and saintly men of past generations applies at all at the present time. I understand that the Bishop of London has always given permission to enlist. It is not that I feel in the least

that the few people under you at the present time are in the least needed, but I do think you will be doing your work a lot of harm in the long run if you don't do all in your power to encourage them to get into active service.

When I was in the Red Cross, attached to the French Army in France, I saw what wonderful work the priests were doing there. Had you seen the contrast between them and our own chaplains, you would feel as I do. Mind you, I don't blame our Church in the least. I think they do all they are allowed to do; but they have lost a great opportunity. If your men are medically fit, send them into a combatant force, but not in the Red Cross or any similar organization. I feel that this sort of thing can be done by the unfit quite well.

You have been so remarkable in never criticising me, that I hate to say anything that you might take to be criticising you. It is simply that I think you can't realize at such a distance what this war is like in the least, and if possible I would like to prevent your making such a great mistake.

I can't tell you how grateful I am for all you have done for me at this time. I now think that I shall get permission from the War Office to go to France and see Pershing, backed up by several very good letters. I hope I shall be able to transfer to the American Expeditionary Force, but if I can't, I will at least have done all I could, and I shan't worry about things if I fail.

Give my love to everybody in Boston, and keep much for yourself.

CAP.

Before receiving this letter the novices of the American Province of the Society of St. John the Evangelist who had

entered the Army were in the Medical Corps. After this those who were medically fit went into the Artillery and the Infantry.

Before Caspar left London for Pembroke Dock on October 12 he wrote to Col. Beall, asking to be returned to the 4th King's at the Front.

*Pembroke Dock,
Cocheton, Oct. 18, 1917.*

DEAR MOTHER,

OF course go to Alberta. I am quite happy here. We are way off in the country three miles from P.D. and two from Pembroke. It is lovely country and the mess is very small and the chaps are very nice; all of them wounded. We have about three hundred men here, all of the wounded, etc., and it is really a place just to get the crocks fit again. I may tell you that I delivered a speech about America to them which was greeted with cheers.

Lashmar is here and it is good fun seeing him again. He had a map of the Ypres district, and long before the 33rd were in he spotted Polygon Wood and said, "That looks like the place Pinney will volunteer to take." And sure enough after three divisions had failed we got and held the whole place.

Lash told me a priceless tale which he has just heard about Astin. The whole Division was on the move. Astin was left behind. They marched all day and everybody, including Beall, thought they were going to another part of the line. Astin didn't turn up and Bangham was very nervous about him. In the morning they went back to exactly their old billets and found that Astin was there and had breakfast ready for them. He said, "Oh, I heard you was a-comin' back again so I didn't trouble to follow on"!!! . . .

We have a big show on here Monday night; sorry you can't be here. I had dinner at The Lion. The food is really good, but it is very dreary and doesn't look clean.

Pembroke Dock, Oct. 18, 1917.

BURTON,

Hinchingbrooke, Huntingdon.

ORDERED go Fermoy Ireland tomorrow. No details yet. Will wire.

CASPAR.

Fermoy, Oct. 20, 1917.

BURTON,

Hinchingbrooke, Huntingdon.

ROYAL HOTEL. Good. Address 217 Infantry Battn. Place delightful.

CASPAR.

*217th Infantry Battalion,
Fermoy, Sunday, Oct. 1917.*

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE no more idea why I was sent here than you have except that they needed a few officers and three of us came over. We are in Barracks; it is a Battalion for training lads who are called out when they reach eighteen and without exception they are the smartest soldiers I have seen in the New Army. It is like a breath of fresh air to get amongst a lot of men who are not war-worn. The officers come from pretty well every regiment. It is, of course, not a permanent thing for me, as I will go out from here as soon as I am marked G.S. The C.O. is delightful.

This is more Irish than I thought anything could ever be. To me it is fascinating and I think you would enjoy it. It seems queer to be living in a free country again; and

as near as I can make out there are no restrictions of any sort.

The Royal Hotel, I believe, is perfectly possible. If not you could get lodgings, I am sure. Tell Dad it is a great fishing place. Yesterday was market day; every woman looked like Ellen! ¹

This is all I can tell you now.

Love,

CAP.

Father and Mother arrived at Fermoy, County Cork, October 27, and left there November 27, to go to London to attend to the matter of his transfer to the American Army.

*New Barracks, Fermoy, Co. Cork,
Saturday, Nov. 30, 1917.*

DEAR MOTHER,

You certainly had a close shave! ² I wonder did you know about it while crossing. Get somebody's opinion about it who knows, but a night crossing certainly seems safer to me.

I couldn't get off in time to hunt Wednesday. I played cards with the three McDonald ³ children. They are a joy. Mrs. McDonald asked me to stay on for dinner, which I did. All your letters have been forwarded on. . . .

I rode a bit yesterday and shall hunt tomorrow if a bad storm now on lets up.

Give my love to everybody.

¹ Ellen Powers was an old family servant, from Ireland.

² Father and Mother crossed from Kingston to Holyhead November 28. A liner from South Africa was torpedoed just ahead of their boat.

³ The children of Col. and Mrs. Charles McDonald, Irish friends.

*Royal Hotel, Fermoy,
Dec. 1, 1917, Sunday.*

I GOT yours and Father's letters, also one from Ned Bell. . . . There was no hunt today, but I have just come in from a glorious ride. I came a beautiful cropper over a nasty bank; both horse and I went down in a bunch, but neither of us was touched. On Wednesday the meet is at Castle Hyde, so I will be able to go. In fact the C.O. has already given me permission. I have a Medical Board tomorrow and will wire you the result of it.

Fermoy, Dec. 3, 1917.

BURTON,

Ritz Hotel, London.

Passed general service.

*Royal Hotel, Fermoy,
Dec. 4, 1917.*

I AM hunting tomorrow, riding a little chestnut that Father saw me on one day. The meet is at Paddy's Cross-road, not at Castle Hyde. I believe two ladies are riding.

I went before the Adjutant and asked what were my chances of being sent to France now that I am G.S. He told me the C.O. had powers to keep G.S. officers for eight months, and in my case he did not think that even if I made a written application to go to France it would be accepted unless another wiring officer ¹ turned up.

I am very depressed at the War news.

Fermoy, Dec. 5, 1917.

JUST back from a most glorious run. We killed after about a ten-mile run over by Ballyhooly. Broderick was M.F.H. and I should think did his job excellently. Matty took a

¹ Caspar was instructor in wiring.

jump that I would have sworn was an impossibility for anything. There was a very pretty girl out, who I think is the finest rider I have ever seen on a side-saddle, but I didn't manage to meet her. A few more runs and I shall be able to ride with these people. But really at present I think I am the worst of the lot. I got pretty well out in front at one stage of the game and was so excited that I tackled something which was a bit over my depth and I landed bang on the horse's neck. Only luck kept me from coming a beastly cropper. The Duhallows are meeting Sunday at Castletown Roche and I am trying to get permission to go with them.

There is a great rumor afloat that we are going to Cambridge. It is much hotter than the last time and I really think there may be something in it.

Last evening in the Royal the Recruiting Sergeant brought in one James Cooney and I stood there in the billiard room and read out the oath of allegiance to King George the Fifth. Some War this! I gave the poor lad, who was in rags, five bob, and I thought he was going to embrace me on the spot.

Give my love to all the Montagus. . . .

Love,
CAP.

I overdid it with the McDonald children; they think they own me.

*Royal Hotel, Fermoy,
Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1917.*

NOTHING very new here. The C.O. still away. The ground is all frozen, so there will be no hunt tomorrow.

I went on Sunday with Gibbons to a party at a farmer's at Conna about nine miles from here and had a glorious

time. The charm of these people is that they have never stopped to think what class they belong to nor do they stop to think where you belong. I am going to take you out to the Cronins' farm when you get back. Three officers have just gone from Moore Park to America to instruct. I couldn't get away on Sunday to hunt.

The following letter from Mother to me tells of meeting Caspar in Dublin on December 18 and of Caspar signing his application papers before the American Consul to transfer to the American Army.

On December 19 Father, Mother and he all returned to Fermoy.

*The Royal Hotel,
Fermoy, Co. Cork, Ireland,
Christmas Eve, 1917.*

DEAR SPENCE,

CASPAR arrived in Dublin with three other officers. They had brought a big draft of men to the steamer. Then we heard the clever way in which Caspar had reached us by a note. The telegraph and telephone wires were all down. He found a travelling salesman who was going to Mallow. The Dublin train passed that way and he got the man to fee the guard to take it to Dublin and give it to a messenger. He left the note open, knowing the Irish mind, and told your Father in the note to pay the bearer five bob. A cabman delivered the note at 5 A.M, and demanded five bob before he would give up the note, so he must have read the note. We got it and he his money. As one of the officers said, "If Burton was Lieutenant Governor he could govern Ireland." . . .

The next day Caspar took all his solemn oaths before our Consul and sent his papers off.

Father and Mother left Fermoy on January 7 and returned to London to work for Caspar's transfer to our Army.

*Fermoy, Sunday,
(Early Jan. 1918.)*

DEAR FATHER,

THANKS! I will do nothing until I get orders. I don't really see how I could. I had a rotten time in Cork, as they worked us pretty hard; made us sit one hour in a gas chamber, etc. I bought a Kerry blue bitch there from Father Cronin that is the most attractive dog I have ever seen. You will fall in love with her. I am also getting a dog ¹ from Lewis ² tomorrow, so I will be able to breed. If George's keeper can't look after them for me I will get Mr. Leigh to.

Here is the best yet. Father Cronin said to me yesterday night, "Faith, I'm a priest, a damned bad one, but still I try to do my work, but to tell you the honest truth at heart I'm a horsedealer." He has got a little mare that is the finest horse I have ever seen or ridden.

I saw the Adjutant of the 3rd King's, and today I fixed it up with our M.O. about papers saying I am G.S.

I was just coming down that brute of a hill in Cork when I met Miss O'Conner ³ almost carrying an old lady up the hill. The old lady, who was a total stranger, had fainted.

¹ This is "Mick," who, like his master, was killed by an unknown enemy. Jan. 21, 1921.

² W. Lewis, Esq., Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary for County Cork, writes, "Poor Caspar was beloved of all with whom he came in contact and his early, but glorious death, is sincerely and sorrowfully felt by all his friends over here, but by none so acutely as Miss O'Conner and her girls at the Hotel. Father Cronin was also shocked at the sad intelligence and all have offered up prayers for the repose of his soul. Personally I feel he is happy, for his life was spent trying to make others so. I was pleased to hear Mick acted his part well as indeed I expected he would. He is a faithful brute."

³ The proprietress of the Royal Hotel.

As a result of my becoming a dog-fancier I shall need some more money soon. Please put twenty pounds in Cox's.

The Duhallow are meeting at Lord Listowel's Saturday and the C.O. has given me permission to go.

The other day the General inspected E. Coy. at work. When he came up to my squad he said, "Well, I understand you don't know what Army you belong to." After he had watched my squad at work he said to the Colonel, "You might tell Burton to get his hair cut before he goes to the American Army." He also handed in a very good report of the work.

Caspar joined Father and Mother in London on January 26. He had been given "leave until gazetted out of the British Army." The following letter from Mother tells of Cap's arrival at the Ritz with a game hip and a fighting terrier.

*Ritz Hotel, London, W.
January 29, 1918.*

DEAREST SPENCE,

SUNDAY morning Caspar arrived, his face gray with pain. He has broken, or rather torn, a muscle in his hip. How he took that trip I don't know, but he did and brought a dog with him! Mick, a "Kerry blue" sporting dog. Such a delightful Irish country dog at the Ritz! We don't always have what we need to eat and now a dog! However, we behaved like trumps and welcomed them both. Even with his bad hip Caspar looks splendidly and I do remember he left one dog in Ireland, so I can count my blessings. He is in bed and must just lie low until he is well. It is provoking and very painful. Such a time to be thrown! It happened a week ago. His horse turned a somersault instead of

jumping a bank. Caspar had to ride back nine miles in this condition.

When he left Fermoy half the inhabitants came to see him off. The priest from Mitchelstown, ten miles off, rode over. His Colonel had given him permission to hunt, so they were all fond of him. But isn't it provoking? Will the U.S.A. wait or pass him? He can't go into a military hospital because then it would take weeks to get "boarded," etc. I am at least having the fun of his being here, and it is fun, for in spite of his pain and annoyance at spending his leave in bed he is delightful. . . .

We had a terrible air raid, but they are so impersonal I can't get up any fear. We heard all the guns at close quarters. What a curious sensation to be in a luxurious room and have a battle raging outside! Caspar couldn't get up, or didn't think it necessary. He was interesting, for he could tell all the different guns, our machine guns and Lewis guns on our aeroplanes, our big guns and the thud of the German bombs. None dropped very near here. . . . At 10.30 we thought it was over so I went to bed, but at 12 the guns began. Caspar and I stayed where we were and talked from our adjoining rooms. The reports have just come and it was bad.

On February 15, 1918, Caspar was gazetted out of the British Army.

IV

THE A.E.F.

LONDON, FRANCE, U.S.A.

ON February 16, 1918, Caspar took his examinations for the American Army, and on March 6 he received notice that he was commissioned 1st lieutenant. On March 17 he went to France to report to American Military Headquarters.

Paris, March 28th, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM in Paris only for twenty-four hours on my way to a new job. I had a most interesting time at my last place. . . . My mind is so full of the big scrap that I cannot think of anything else.

I told the authorities that I knew the ground around the Somme very well, but they are sending me in another direction. . . . Don't let Mick be a nuisance. Get rid of him if you must, although I hate to lose him.

Saw Hoyte,¹ looking beautiful.

Love,

CAP.

¹ Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg. She writes: "I had Caspar constantly in my thoughts all day, almost as if I had been sitting in the room with him. Father came in with a telegram, and I knew what had happened, that Caspar had marched on across the river to join the other goodly Company.

"For him it is relief and the terrible strain and struggle over — he will find so many comrades that have gone before and follow out the epic that he has always striven to attain. I envy him his very great achievements of a life well spent, and carrying before him a light of faith and right that has never failed. . . .

"I only hope and pray that you and Mr. Burton will find the courage to bear through his leaving you, and the loneliness and grief of these terrible days. Your pride, though, in him and what he would have wanted in you, will help you not to

April 5th, 1918.

I JUST got back from a long motor trip and had a most interesting day. I would love to be able to tell you what I saw, but can't even hint.

I had a long talk with Col. Bacon.¹ He is a wonder, and I hope I have somebody who is interested in me.

I heard a good tale about two negro soldiers. An old soldier was explaining to a new recruit about officers. He said, "Well, look y'hear, it's this a-way; a Lootenant he knows nufin and does eberything, a Captain he knows eberything and does nufin; a Major he knows nufin and does nufin."

I think I can answer a few questions now.

(1) I think it will be just as easy to get leave to go to London as to Paris.

(2) I don't think there is any chance of leave for a great many months — say six.

(3) I see no chance of getting wounded.

(4) If I were wounded I wouldn't get anywhere near Paris.

(5) Anything which Americans in London may tell you about the A.E.F. does not apply to me at present.

No time for more, very tired.

April 7th, 1918.

I AM finally in a place where I can write you and will now get a letter off every day if possible. I cannot tell you where I have been, but I have really made a pretty complete tour of France through mistaken orders. When I left Paris for my present billet everything pointed to the fact

grieve, but to share with him the glory of his sacrifice. Caspar could not have lived on through the years; — he had lived too much already to value time, and his life, though short, was complete in its lesson — more he could not want."

¹ Col. Robert Bacon, formerly American Ambassador to France.

that I was to get right into the scrap, but I will say that if I hold my present job I shall probably live to be ninety-two at least. I can't apparently tell you anything about it and there is no use asking *any question*, as I could not answer it and it might even cause trouble. My work promises to be hard, valuable, interesting and peculiarly safe; but things in the American Army are changing so rapidly that what is true today may not be true tomorrow.

Who do you think I had to report to? Major Queckemeyer, Ned Bell's friend, who got me my transfer from the British Army, and his Chief, Col. Robert Bacon!! I am not actually with them now, but my Chief is in pretty close touch with them.

I never had so much I really wanted to write about in my life, but upon my word, they have got me bluffed. As near as I can make out I really can say nothing at all. I apparently can't express any opinion about the war, or our Army or any other army, or in fact anything at all.

We are in the nicest French town I have ever been in, and I have a perfectly splendid billet and an office!!! You may see breakers ahead there, and probably there are, but I have a splendid Sergeant, a telephone and a Field Clerk with filing (I don't even know how to spell it) systems. Do you know, I believe this office stuff isn't so appallingly difficult after all, if you don't have to file things, and keep little books, records, etc., yourself. Besides I can dictate letters with great gusto. Already I enjoy saying, "Let me see the correspondence on this matter." And in some mysterious way the correspondence appears. After this it isn't so difficult to do the rest.

There is only one trouble with our Army. — — —¹ apparently has about 50,000 brothers and they are all well up

¹ A pompous city official.

in our Army. The men, N.C.O.'s and junior officers, are simply gorgeous. Both spirit and discipline are splendid.

We have got a splendid mess here and we certainly live like kings, although these poor boobs don't seem to know it.

April 9th, 1918.

THERE is a young fellow named Ewen MacVeagh ¹ here who knows the Montagus. . . . He got here by a curious mistake. He was in the same battery with Jack.² They meant to send Jack here for the same reason they sent me, but got them mixed up and sent him instead, at which he is very sore. He is really delightful; very young, but very competent. I am really getting to like everybody here very much.

I do hope Campbell is back. That man I feel has really got to live through this show somehow or other.

I am curious to get the latest communiqués from the Cassington front. I expect Mick has by now killed all the dogs in Cassington. I wish I had him here. . . .

I am very optimistic over the war situation.

April 10th, 1918.

IT is hard to write about matters of no importance with such big things going on, especially when the continual noise of the guns goes on. It is a great crisis, but I am supremely confident. That is all I can say.

One thing I can vouch for, the American troops get on marvellously with both the French and British. And the way the men are studying and really learning to speak

¹ Ewen C. MacVeagh, Harvard, '18, became captain, F.A., A.E.F. He writes, "I shall miss Caspar greatly both as a friend and as a man that I admired, especially for the part he took in the War before this country came in."

² John H. MacVeagh, Royal Field Artillery. Croix de Guerre. Transferred to the A.E.F.



1st Lieut. Caspar Burton, U.S.A., and Mick

French is wonderful. Even if the brains of France and England are disappointed with us the common soldier is going to make a real alliance. Gertrude¹ started at the wrong end; it doesn't do any good for the politicians of two nations to "get on." My greatest hope, which seems every day nearer, is that if only we can polish off the Hun, a real alliance, built on the solid foundation of a real understanding and appreciation of each other by the people of the Allies, will be a reality.

April 11th, 1918.

NOTHING new except things which I may not write about. I feel such an ass writing such stupid notes, but really it is impossible to write about trifles with such big things going on. . . .

With all the different jobs I had in the British Army I always had to deal primarily with the human factor. Here that is of secondary importance, comparatively speaking. I miss it.

I don't see that I will ever get promotion here, as with two or three exceptions all the officers here are Regulars and the distinction between Army men and new Army is far greater than it was with the British. Still I am not losing much sleep over that.

Our mess is really excellent and very good fun. Fortunately we are so situated that I don't think the Y.M.C.A. crowd can get at us. The worst of it is they have real

¹ Mrs. Leverton Harris had "at homes" for Americans in London to meet distinguished English people. She writes from Small Downs House, Sandwich, where Caspar was often her guest: "This place is so connected with Caspar, and you know how he appealed to me always. A hundred memories crowd back in on me. One of the things that comes so often is what a friend our England loses in him, in America just now when she needs friends there! He was so gallant himself, and his point of view about the War so sane and fine that he could talk with the power that carried conviction of the qualities that he knew."

power in our Army. There was a guy at — who went everywhere. He gave lectures, being billed as “The Montana Sky Pilot.” And they are killing good men by the thousands and the likes of him are writing and lecturing about their experiences at the “Front.”

April 12th, 1918.

.
If I was allowed to tell you what my job was I don't know where I would begin. Do you remember some cartoons which always ended up, “Let George do it”? Well, I'm George. Every odd and end that turns up I get handed on to me, so that I never do the same thing twice.

April 14th, 1918.

I AM still so busy that I don't get time to write much. I hear that some new officers are due and in that case things will ease up a bit.

We had the gentle Hun over last night, but he didn't do very much damage.

I have been off all day in a side-car and have seen about “umpteen” personages about very trivial matters. Rather a disgusting way of spending one's time at a crisis like this, but I have volunteered for really active service and got turned down, so there you are.

I am very anxious to hear whether Campbell is back. I do hope he is, but I “hae me doots.”

By this time you should surely be getting my letters, but when I will get any, goodness knows. Lots of people have got no mail for three or four months. Really the times are a bit too grim even to try to write an amusing letter. But I am still confident.

I wish I had Mick here, but I would never have been able to manage it.

April 15th, 1918.

I AM off¹ tomorrow on a job which may take me anywhere from five days to five months. All I can tell you is that it is "umpteens" miles from here in the safest spot in the world, I should think. This job fell like a bolt from the blue. It may be interesting, but I doubt it. I will have a motor of my own, at any rate, and will be at the head of the show, such as it is.

I think you will be able to get my letters easily, but I don't see that I will ever hear from you.

April 19th, 1918.

WELL, I have settled down to my new job after an all-day motor trip. I am the only American in a large French city, and consequently am considerable of a curiosity. I am working with the British Staff here and have a desk in their Headquarters. Never have I met more delightful people and never have I met with more courtesy. There are also some extremely nice both British and French Naval people here. In fact I think I have "clicked" for about the best job in the whole Allied Army, and I certainly didn't hunt for it. It looks as if I would live to a ripe old age and die of senility, for Headquarters II American Corps have evidently decided that I am to be the handy man of their Hdqs. I gathered all this from a long talk I had with our Chief of Staff. I told him that I was fit and ready to do some real active service. He absolutely turned me down. He told me he could use right now twenty-five officers who understood British methods and that he had no intentions of letting me get away. So there you are.

¹ He was sent to Cherbourg, attached to British Base Headquarters.

I am living in a very nice hotel, and the food is as good and as plentiful as in peace times; a bit more expensive, but that is the only difference. Everybody drinks cider in this part of France; you never see vin ordinaire at all.

I am just going now with the British Base Commandant to call on the Prefect Maritime, an old French Admiral who I hear is a great character. I went yesterday to a French "at home." Talk about stiffness, it would have made an early Victorian reception look like Mardi-Gras.

Awfully anxious about Campbell and Mick.

April 20th, 1918.

THE more I see of this job the more I like it. I have a nasty sort of feeling that I ought to be in the scrap, but as there is nothing I can do about it I try to convince myself that I am doing what I really should be doing.

I am considering leaving the hotel and going to live en pension with some nice French family. It would be much cheaper and would be an interesting experience. On the other hand, I am very comfortable where I am and the food is really wonderful. Besides, we have a small dining-room to ourselves, about twelve British officers, Naval and Military, and four or five French. It is really a sort of mess and is very good fun. One wounded French officer is a wonderful musician. He sometimes conducts the orchestra at the Opera here. When he does he takes off his officer's tunic and puts on a private's, as a French officer cannot appear in public in uniform.

April 21st, 1918.

I AM finding a lot more office work than I expected, but am wading through it and should have it fairly well cleared up in a day or so.

My French officer friends always call me "L'Armée Américaine à ——" A Captain de Ferrier says that I should issue a communiqué every day from the American front at ——. I am going to the opera tonight with a lot of French officers to hear "Mignon." . . .

I don't think I ever ate better food than I am getting here. And there seems to be any amount of it. Too much in fact.

Really the British are wonderful. They are jumping over themselves trying to help me and be agreeable.

April 22, 1918.

STILL no news from you, but I don't suppose I can grouse when thousands of Americans with wives and children haven't heard in months. I saw by the paper that Congress has appointed a Committee to examine into the delay. Let's hope they get some results. . . .

This certainly is a one-man show. If I can make a success of this job I don't see how anybody else can get the credit for it. On the other hand, if I don't do a good job, Well!!!

April 23rd, 1918.

It is tantalizing to be having interesting experiences all the time and not be able to write a word about them. But you see my position. I am attached to a British Staff and am only using their Postal and Censorship systems through courtesy; so that I have to be far more careful than I would be did I still hold my British Commission. Besides all this I have been in a position where I have known a great deal more what was going on than when I used to be in the line. Still it is tantalizing all the same. Yesterday afternoon, for instance, I saw things which thrilled me,

and later on I heard a genius who is an inventor talk about how some of the inventions of this war are going to revolutionize economic and social life after the war. It was thrilling and not a word about it may I say. . . .

Well, I am glad I am not in Ireland just now, although I have an idea I could fight Sinn Feiners and still be friendly with them.

April 26th, 1918.

.
You write that you hear U.S. troops are to be brigaded with the British, so I don't mind telling you that that is the job I am on. And a very splendid thing it is too. . . .

April 27th, 1918.

.
I HAVE been laid up for two days. A bit of tin hat has worked out of my back. The M.O. here took it out and I don't think made a very good job of it. But I am O.K. now. Apparently they left quite a bit of stuff in at Reading and an X-ray still shows a good deal.

I have written Father Cronin, Father Nolan and Father Grady masterly letters on the Irish situation. They can do more than anybody to stop trouble. They are all good sports and I think possibly they may listen to me. They are the three priests who used to hunt — you, I think, heard Father Nolan preach a wonderful sermon. . . .

May 3rd, 1918.

NATURALLY nothing interests me but Campbell.¹ I have kept thinking of other people who might know about him and have written them. In a few days' time I won't be very

¹ Lieutenant Campbell R. Fraser, reported "missing."

busy and am going to apply for leave for two days. I think I could find the 4th King's in that time and then I could really get to the bottom of the matter.

It all makes me terribly ashamed of myself. Father ought to be doing my work and I ought to be in the Line. It seems a parody to write O.A.S. on my letters. In fact I have written the Chief of Staff asking to be relieved and posted to an infantry battalion. Not much of a thing to do because I shall be turned down, but it eased my conscience.

A bit of tin hat has just been taken out of my back. It was just under the skin and I didn't even have to go into the hospital. They simply sprayed ethyl chloride (the freezing stuff) on the spot and whisked it out. Doctor Watson ¹ once said, "Excellent stuff, ethyl chloride, the surgeon doesn't feel the pain nearly as much."

But I have been through a really terrible experience. I had to go to a meeting at the Opera House. It was a lecture by the Prefect Maritime, Admiral Jaurès, to the new French class which has just been called up. I had to sit on the stage with the British Base C.O., a French General, a Belgian Colonel, an Italian, etc. He finally turned to me and said with many gestures, "Et nous avons avec nous, mes enfants, Le Lieut. Burton de L'Armée Américaine, etc." Well, I was in for it. Fortunately most of the boys were asleep; for, believe me, it was some speech, but they probably wouldn't have understood me, at any rate. . . .

May 6th, 1918.

I JUST got your letter and Father's about Campbell. Pack and Warburton and Kendall ² are three of the people I wrote to. I have heard no news from the 4th at all. I

¹ Dr. Francis S. Watson, of Boston.

* ² All three were taken prisoner.

only fear that all of the people I have written to are not there any more. I have written one or two more letters, but there must be so few left that I know.

If I can ever get leave, which is doubtful, I shall bring Mick back with me, as I should travel both ways by trawler in all probability and I know all the skippers here. He would be a great pleasure to me and could fight dogs here to his heart's content and nobody would mind. . . .

France, May 8th, 1918.

DEAR SPENCE,

It is a long time since I have written you. I gather from bits you write that you are blue about your lot. There is only one thing worse than fighting in this war and that is not being able to fight. That I am afraid is your lot. I quite understand your feelings.

When I used to be in the front line I used to dream of a job like my present one, and now that I have it I long to get back. I have been always and still am a coward. I know this, and it always troubles what is left of my conscience. Yet when I used to be in the front line I can truthfully say I wasn't ever really afraid. It was only when a stray shell burst somewhere near, when I was back a bit, that I minded. My whole life seems like that; I can buck myself up for a big thing, but I tumble over a small thing.

To think that you don't know the South of Ireland! You and I could run that country. You could straighten out the religious troubles and I could fix up the rest. When I left Fermoy there were about one hundred people at the station to see me off. Most of them wouldn't speak to each other, but they all came to see me off and sang, "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow." Never was I so well liked as in Ire-

land and the reason was very simple. I didn't want to reform anybody or change anybody; I just liked them. For instance, a Father McConnel with whom I used to hunt was a terrible Sinn Feiner. On one occasion I was sent with troops to guard a bridge in his parish. And mind you, it was no child's play. Well, I went up to him, bought him a drink, and said, "Father, please be kind enough not to have your shows on hunting days." Well, that man rode ten miles to see me off. An Englishman would have called on him officially and would probably have had a brick dropped on his head later on. The great charm of them is that none of them ever considered whether they are gentlemen or not, or gives a damn. Well, when you get a person like that you get a gentleman or something very close to it.

And the hunting! If you must be a priest why not an Irish one? You used to ride better than I, but believe me, you would have trouble riding that country. The jumps are not really jumps at all. They are huge stone walls. You go like the devil across fields and then slow up as you come to one; then your horse "leps" on top, changes feet and "leps" off, and you never know what is on the other side. Well, the hounds were fed on dead horses which were all killed hunting. And nobody hunts because it is the smart thing to do. You don't have to belong to any club or anything like that. After we had killed, Father McGuire used to pass around his hat. Oh, you must come with me sometime to Ireland. I would never go to England again if I had a chance of getting to Ireland. Poor Ireland, she is always supremely right and supremely wrong.

CAP.

May 18th, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER,

.
I STILL have very little to do. Just buzz about a bit and write a few letters. I wish there was more to do, as I am all ready for troops now if they would only come.

I just saw a good joke in a French paper. There was the picture of an old Frenchman in his nighties in a most uncomfortable-looking cellar, during an air raid. He was saying, "And to think that I once gave two francs to erect a statue to Wilbur Wright!"

We have just started three meatless days a week, but honestly I think we have more and better food on those days than on others. All sorts of odds and ends picked up on the beach and little tiny fish which other nations would throw away! And twice a day as good Camembert as I have ever had.

I am playing bridge tonight with a French Staff Officer, just come back from Roumania via Archangel.

I am afraid there is practically no one left who was in the 4th when I was there.

May 23rd, 1918.

AM getting very fed up with my job. I have done a lot of work, getting everything ready for troops who don't seem to be arriving. They seem to be going to every other place, but they give us a very wide berth. Still I don't see how they can have gone to all the trouble and expense they have and then do nothing. We shall see.

I am seeing more of the French. I have always met them around in cafés, etc., but now there are two families where I go. They are always charming, but in their own homes they are doubly so. At a Captain de Gagnier's

house we have some of the best bridge I have ever had. I also get some great chess with a Captain de Fournier.

There are also some very interesting British Naval men here. . . .

Let me know about Helen.

May 24th, 1918.

HELEN can't have received my letter yet or she would know that Kendall is missing.

I see Balcombe-Brown is also missing, but then I have seen so many names in the casualty lists that it sometimes seems as if there can be nobody left that I know. . . .

The food here is wonderful. Here's what we had for lunch today: Oysters, artichokes, Coques St. Jacques, new potatoes and some of the best Camembert I ever ate. The meatless days you get by far the best meals, as a French chef looks on a meatless day as a sort of a challenge.

May 26th, 1918.

It certainly is a comfort having a good English batman. The Doctor's man looks after the two of us and he certainly is a good man. He is old, stupid and slow, but he spends the whole day keeping your possessions in shape and he certainly turns me out well.

I would like a picture of me with Mick. Send me the one which is the best of Mick. I wonder how he is getting on with Lily.¹ Does she really like him or is she just so good that she pretends she does?

May 25th, 1918.

WHAT do you think I have got to do now? I received a wire telling me to decorate graves, Union and Confed-

¹ A former housemaid.

erate alike, of sailors of the Alabama and the Kearsarge. I couldn't make head or tails of it. I have finally found out that during the Civil War these boats actually did fight off here and the dead are buried here. So I am going to hold a Decoration Day all on my own, and I intend doing it up to the hilt. I don't think I shall make a speech to myself, but I certainly shall march out alone, doff my cap, etc. I am even betting that it rains to add to the realism of things.

I went out mine-sweeping again yesterday on one of the trawlers. What wonderful sea boats they are, and what splendid chaps are on them!

May 31st, 1918.

I FINALLY got one letter from you from the Mitre. Tell Helen that I hear that there seems to be no rule about hearing from prisoners of war. Several people have told me that sometimes you hear in a few days and sometimes for no apparent reason it is months. . . .

There is only one thing to do with Mick. Buy a muzzle and keep it on him when he is out. He may be such a fool that he will still try to fight, but if he is he must take his medicine. . . .

Decoration Day was a howling success! "Everybody who is anybody" was there. Some day I will show you the photograph which I had taken. Later on I entertained at the Grand Café de Balcon, and if I do say it, it was one huge success. Major Leake, the Brigade Major, made a speech (as did everybody) asking me if I couldn't get Congress to pass a law to have Decoration Day once a month.

The French here seem confident, but certainly things are serious.

June 8th, 1918.

DEAR DAD,

.

I AM very enthusiastic about our Army at present. They are doing wonderful things everywhere. For the first time I really feel that we are eventually going to be the people who will be the deciding factor in crushing the Hun.

June 10th, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER,

THERE have been two American destroyers in here. It was good to see them. The officers, all surprisingly young, I saw a lot of and they certainly were good fun. Did I or did I not hear that our Navy was dry? There certainly were no signs of it here, but there wasn't the least bit of trouble. In fact everybody was sorry to see them go.

One officer said to me, "Say, Burton, why don't you get yourself made Mayor of this Burg, you seem to be everything else."

My British naval friends tell me that their ships were as shipshape as a British destroyer, which is high praise indeed.

The picture of Mick is splendid. Will you send me a picture of you, Father and Spence and a few of the house, garden, etc., if you have them? I am not getting sentimental in my old age, but if I am going to live here forever, I am going to try to make my room look like something. It is a splendid, airy, clean room, but oh the pictures!

June 14th, 1918.

I HAD an interesting day yesterday. Some French friends asked me to go to Church for the First Communion

of their Kid and afterwards to their home for a fête. It was all very lovely and I was very flattered by being asked. I love France and the French, except in one thing. I do get awfully tired of the continual fuss. You can never have a meal or even a drink without the head waiter cussing out somebody. In fact you can hardly buy anything in a shop without a brawl. It does get on my nerves. Still it doesn't mean anything, and it just happens to be their way of getting things done.

Still no work to do. If I hold this job I shall be, as Port Officer, the last American to leave France after the War. Pleasant thought!

My landlady is in love with Mick. I am trying to get Captain Scott, R.A.F., to fly him over. That is the only way I could get him across. But he is afraid of getting caught.

June 25th, 1918.

WELL, they weren't such fools as I thought they were. The long expected work has sure come. I think Father at least can realize that it is some job to get 2,000 Americans and tons of belongings off a boat and eventually to see that nobody misses the train. This can be accomplished just about the time the next lot are appearing. Still I can't grouse. I wanted work and am much happier.

July 1st, 1918.

A BIT of time to take my breath today, as there were no troops and, by George, I am glad of it. . . . If I get work at the rate I have been getting it you can't expect to hear very often, but I will try to get off at least two letters per week. I literally have been days without getting my clothes off, but I have got things working a bit smoother now. Our men

are simply splendid and have splendid discipline. I wish I could say as much for the officers. Of course a lot of them are fine, but a lot are terribly, terribly crude and cocky. But on the whole they look very, very good to me and a good many thousand have already gone through.

My job principally seems to be the official peacemaker.

July 13th, 1918.

THE more I see of our troops the more enthusiastic I am. They really are splendid and their discipline is far better than I ever thought possible.

No time for more now.

Aug. 17th, 1918.

BETWEEN you and me the news about Campbell ¹ did not come as a terrible shock to me, as I have had all along a hunch that he was not a prisoner.

As to leave! I thought I had it, but for the present at any rate it won't be granted. In my position, however, it is almost as easy to get English leave as French, so one day I shall blow in.

I have had the privilege of working with a great many thousand American troops. As you know I have not been a great optimist. That is all changed now. They are far, far better than I ever dreamt they would be. And their discipline is up to that of the best British troops I have seen. Next spring they are going to come very close to winning this war, or I am greatly mistaken.

I wish I could have a long talk with you all about them; but I am sure it won't be long now before I get to England.

¹ Word had been received that Lieut. Campbell R. Fraser had been killed in action, while gallantly fighting at Meteren.

Cherbourg, Aug. 18, '18.

Ordered report former Headquarters. Another job.

BURTON.

Flanders, Sept. 2nd, 1918.

DEAR MON,

WELL, I am really back in the War. When I got up here I saw the long line of observation balloons, the bursting Archies, the long lines of transport, the ruined villages, and heard the noise and all, it seemed as if the whole of my life between May 20, 1917, and now was but a sort of dream, and the wonderful thing is that almost instantaneously I have become keen again. I wouldn't have thought it possible, but it is true. It is American enthusiasm which has done it, and whatever we do or don't do I firmly believe that both the French and the British, tired of the war as they are, have caught it also. I am so keen that I went to see if I couldn't get posted to some infantry battalion, not because I felt it my duty, but because I really want to fight with our American boys; but no chance. The Corps has every intention of hanging on to me, as near as I can make out. They have no intention of giving me a really good job, but have made up their mind (or rather his mind) that I am a sort of handy man to have sitting around to do any old job that turns up. I wish I could write my views on the victory here. I know too much about it to say a word. Suffice it to say, that in my opinion there is no possible way for the Boche to be anything but decisively beaten in the end. I don't think he will give in for a long time yet, but I think there is a good sporting chance that he may collapse sooner than anybody expects. I tried to look for Campbell's grave, if such a thing exists,

but it was too hot there today. Shall have another go tomorrow.

Love,
CAP.

September 3, 1918.

DEAR HELEN,

I AM at present very near indeed to where Campbell was killed. I have tried on two days to search the neighborhood in the vague hope that I might find his grave, or at any rate the graves of some of the King's. I am sorry to tell you that I have had no luck; on both occasions it was too hot for me. The first time the shelling was too strenuous for me to get there and today I got there, but got shelled out. It is an awful mess. If by some strange chance I should be able to find his grave, of course it would prove everything, but not finding it would prove nothing. If the Hun goes back a bit farther it will of course be possible to go over it with a fine-tooth comb. I wonder if you know the terrific strategical value of that particular bit of land. Also how very near the Hun came to breaking clean through; also that there was very little left behind to stop him going right on. It certainly was a supreme moment and by a sad chance for you, a happy chance for England, a supremely fine man and a gallant soldier was on the spot. I shan't comment on what Campbell did other than to say it was just what I always knew he would do in a crisis. I have met many brave men, but I never yet met a man whom I considered you could depend upon to be brave always as much as he. Most people have their good days, and their off days, but not so he. I do not know that it is the right thing to say, but it is true, I am so selfish and was so fond of him, that side by side with my sympathy for you is a horrid feeling

that I have had a loss as well. I think we were really more intimate than you imagine.

Helen, I hope to get leave to try and tell you how sorry (not the right word at all) I was. In fact, really to talk to you, if you cared to, about Campbell.

I nearly got it, but I got turned down finally, and now I don't see any chance of ever getting leave.

Helen, I just put off writing you from day to day, but it really wasn't at all callousness. If there was anything I could do to help, Helen, I would do it.

Love,

CAP.

Sept. 6, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM now far, far away from where I was when I wrote you last and for the time being well back of the line in billet.

This is mainly for Helen. The 4th King's are very near here and I had lunch with Col. Beall, who is, to everybody's joy, back with the Battalion, Maj. Browne and Capt. Boumphrey. I also saw Ager and Boardman. They are all that is left of the officers. I saw, however, a lot of N.C.O.'s and men who I knew and I don't mind telling you that I was touched at how glad they all seemed to be to see me. Col. Beall was simply charming and very amusing. He wanted to know when I intended going into the Italian Army. It was very refreshing. I shall never mention it again, but among a very large class of American officers an officer who has served with another Army is looked on distinctly with suspicion. This is the attitude, "What the hell are you, anyway, an American or an Englishman?" If my skin was not so thick this would be hard to bear; as it

is it does no harm except that it will seriously hinder any chance of promotion for me. But what of that?

This is for Helen. *One and all* were terribly surprised to hear that Campbell was killed. They were all firmly convinced that he was a prisoner. I must say they couldn't give any very definite reasons for this belief except that his body was not found. There were, however, other cases of bodies not found of men who have not been reported prisoners.

Capt. — cut loose to me and said that allowing him to go back was nothing less than a disgrace both to the Battalion and to the Brigade. Every one was really affected to hear that he was done in.

The other interesting experience I have had was to visit all the part of the line where I was hit.¹ No wonder it was a tough nut to crack; there were things there we never dreamt of. I will tell you all about them some day. It is comparatively safe there now, thanks to this marvellous push; only a few long-range shells dropping about and no particular method about these.

Give up the idea of my ever getting any English or other leave for a long time at any rate. It might be possible in the winter if the fighting slows up.

¹ Our cousin France, Mrs. David Margesson, writes while visiting the battle-fields: "I remember the severe fighting that Caspar had on this line. It was an amazing sight. I can never describe it. Confusion, desolation, tortured and twisted trees, bits of iron, wire, earth, huge concrete gun emplacements, and all so lonely now and forsaken. It seemed haunted to us as we gazed upon it. And yet we could only feel a sense of glory, not despair, as we looked and thought of you and Caspar's mortal wound and of his imperishable spirit. The village of Fontaine-les-Croisilles lies among this carnage. Until ten days ago it was deserted, but today there are four or five brave people beginning to scrape together a home. It seems incredible, but they are there, patient and uncomplaining. We saw them. Some day you and Harry must come. You will never believe what it is like till you see it, and it will not sadden you too much because you will understand even more perfectly than you do already what your beloved Caspar achieved and overcame in himself to do what he did. Glory and honour be to him and to those other most gallant men."

Sept. 7th, 1918.

HARRY LAUDER turned up today and gave in a barn just about the best performance I have ever attended. Really he is an artist. He finished it off with a speech about the War, its causes, what we were fighting for and why we must win. During the last few years I have heard many such speeches, a few from rather well-known people, but nothing to touch his little talk. The truthfulness of it, the simplicity of it, the deepness of it and the fire of it were stirring.

You can see by this that I am at present well back of the line and will probably be here for a short time. Davie Hayward,¹ a fellow in *The Fly* who I like very much, is here. Also Ralph Bradley;² you know his mother in Boston. . . .

I have been up where I spent the winter of 16-17. In spite of all this year's fighting it isn't nearly so desolate as it was then, for there is grass.

Am very tired.

Good night,

CAP.

Sept. 10th, 1918.

Just a line tonight, as I am very tired. . . .

I had tea today at my old Brigade Hdqs., where I saw some of the old crowd. There is one good feature about being here, I can always get either a car or a horse when I get time off. The best description of my job is that of Corps handyman. Well, it isn't what I would like. I would

¹ George Davenport Hayward, Harvard, '12, became a second lieutenant, Infantry, A.E.F. He writes: "I shall always remember his bright, cheery disposition and his 'carry on' spirit both at work and in rest periods, which taught me a lot and helped us all so greatly to pull together."

² Ralph Bradley, Harvard, '09, became a major, Engineers, A.E.F.

like to get in some regular outfit where I could try to make a place for myself, or at least try to, but *c'est la guerre*, and these guys don't seem to want to let me go.

By the way, Scho is a Major and is at present in a Staff College. It would be funny if he stuck to the Army after the War. I hear he likes it.

Too tired for more tonight.

CAP.

Sept. 12th, 1918.

I HAVE had a couple of very interesting days; have really practically seen the whole of the great advance. I am afraid to say a word about it, for I have seen a bit too much to trust myself to say anything. Tell Helen I have been lately with a Texas outfit. One huge man, a sergeant, knows her father. He says, "He is a mighty fine man, but he sure can get peeved at times."

Here's a tale of a negro regiment. They had been taught all about bombs. Finally the day came when they were to throw a live one apiece. They were waiting their turn in a trench when one fellow threw his out of the trench, out of turn, without even taking out the pin. When the officer asked why he had done this he said, "Boss, I could feel her swellin' in mah han!" But really to watch a nigger battalion is the most amusing experience in the world. If you ask a sergeant a question he salutes you after each sentence and never by any chance knows what you want to know. It's curious, but the French like us better than they like the English, and the English like us better than they like the French. — said to me that the Americans find the French and the French customs interesting, and the English find them curious. It about hits the nail on the head.

Sept. 15th, 1918.

I GOT your letter about Helen's news. I shall try to get to the 4th as soon as possible. I will there try to find any officer, N.C.O., or man who was actually on "the burying party." I will then find out whether this same farmhouse was blown to bits or not. In other words, if this farmhouse was not blown to bits and if other bodies were found there it seems to me that there is still a vague chance that he may still be alive. At any rate I will find out all I can and let Helen know.

I consider that the American success south is of great importance, for (I) It will encourage both the French and British. (II) It will have a very bad effect on German morale. (III) Our troops will learn a lot in it and will be just ripe for something bigger when it comes off.

When I see our army doing things that seem a mistake to me, I console myself by thinking of the things they are really doing well. Foremost of these is the way they scrap officers who don't make good. They are just plain sent home and their commissions taken from them. It is really appalling, but I believe absolutely the thing to do.

You keep saying how anxious you are to see me. Well, I don't really see how there is a possible chance. As far as I know nobody from this Corps has ever got leave and nobody ever even talks about it or really wants it, and even if I ever did get it, it is doubtful if I could get to England.

Sept. 20th, 1918.

HAVE been sitting on Court Martials all day and am on duty tonight, but for some reason or another am very tired.

Dad said he wished I could be "where the Americans are fighting." Tell him it wouldn't be good for his health to repeat that to any of the II Corps Infantry in these parts.

One Alliance at any rate is a finished article. The Americans and the Australians, I venture to remark, hit it off better than any two forces in this whole war. They just simply love each other both in the line and out. They never by any chance disagree on any subject, and all they ask is to be stuck in the line together, and when they have been I fancy nothing very gentle has occurred. On the other hand, this combination, while a tough nut for the Hun to crack, is a still more difficult nut for the military police to crack. The discipline here is really on the whole very good (very different from the British, but good), but to an American a military policeman is just a cop.

Am very interested in censoring letters to find out how much better educated the American soldier is than the British. There is just no comparison, but then they ought to write better letters, for they write so few. The average soldier has a girl or a wife (fairly regular), mother spasmodically, but apparently no American soldier has either a brother, sister or male friend.

Sept. 31st, 1918.

DEAR DAD,

.

I USED to think in 1916 that this particular bit of France was no Garden of Eden, but I didn't have any idea then of what being desolate was like. Still I really think now that things are going very, very well, and that is a big help. I am afraid it is too late to mop things up this fall, but I think there is a sporting chance of something really big being pulled off any day at any one of a dozen places.

Have just come back from the line, and it sure is a pleasure to see our fellows everywhere and to *know*, as an impartial judge, that there are no better shock troops at

the present date in any army. The best tribute to them that I know is that Australian soldiers, even close up to the line, almost always salute you. That is high praise indeed.

I have temporarily lost the old division, so that I can't yet get Helen's information, but when things quiet down a bit I will try to find them and no doubt will succeed.

Will be able to write oftener from now on, as I sure have been on the run for the last few days.

Am at present living in the box stall of a stable of what was once a beautiful château and am O.K., as the roof is whole over my bit of stable and there is any amount of wood about.

I was very glad to hear Mick is getting on so well. If only I was allowed to have a dog here he would be a great comfort and pleasure.

Oct. 2nd, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER,

It seems almost impossible to write a letter at the present time and not tell anything about what is going on. But I really am afraid to say a single thing for two reasons: (1) The American censorship regulations are about eight times as severe as the British. (2) I am in a position where I know too much to trust myself to say much of anything.

I don't mind saying, however, that I can personally vouch for the fact that our boys put up a splendid scrap. And this information I did not get from official sources or hearsay.

I saw amidst many gruesome sights one thing which delighted me: An old British tank covered with Iron Crosses and German lettering saying that it had been captured from the British by a certain German Army. These letters

were large and well blocked. Underneath written in chalk was

RETAKEN BY THE WAACS ¹

Oct. 3rd, 1918.

I HAVEN'T had a letter in a long while, but don't suppose it is to be expected with all that is going on in these parts. There is no two ways about it things are certainly going well. If only the Allies can keep up this terrific pressure, i.e., kill, wound and capture Germans at the rate they are doing, and at the same time gain enough ground to encourage our men and discourage the Hun, I really think the end may be sooner than we dream. . . .

I would love to be able to tell you more about my weird job and just thousands of things I have seen, particularly a few days ago, but that will have to wait. . . .

I lost about the best friend I had here, a Southerner named Byrd, the other day. I find that when I am up with the battalions I like almost everybody.

Oct. 4th, 1918.

I CAN'T go to bed without saying, "How about it?" Isn't the news everywhere glorious? I really believe almost any day may see the old Hun crack somewhere, by that I mean absolutely crack, not only run, but surrender by battalions. Everybody is confident, but not foolishly so, except some of these old birds back where I am temporarily.

I don't think I ever wrote you that several weeks ago I had a chance to visit my favorite church.² It is absolutely intact, and never was such a marvel, as shells from an extremely big and extremely long-range gun (which I have

¹ Women's Auxiliary Army Corps.

² Amiens Cathedral.

seen) literally fell all around it, and they were so big that they would have crumpled that marvellous vaulting to dust.

I got two letters from you today. You certainly are a good guesser, as you were when I was out before.

Saw a pleasant sight today where the Huns had lived in some expensive vaults in a cemetery. I would have done that, but they had actually cut open the coffins and robbed the corpses of rings, etc.

Oct. 8th, 1918.

JUST a line tonight, as I am just about all in, and it really looks as if I am going to be able actually to get my clothes off and get a real night's sleep.

I am about to make the effort of my life and try to get at least one layer of dirt off before I turn in.

My one fear is that the politicians are going to make peace. It would be too terrible, now that we have really got them whipped. *Nothing* short of the unconditional surrender of the entire German Army will do now.

Tell Dad that I have finally succumbed after all, this time, to the charms of souvenir hunting. I have for him a short light German artillery rifle which I think will make the ideal sporting rifle. It is brand-new, right off the fire, so to speak, and I am going to stick to it if I have to throw away the rest of my kit.

Oct. 14th, 1918.

A LETTER from you in some mysterious manner eventually found its way to me, how I don't know, but the British mail can do anything. By a strange chance the boys ¹ you are visiting are the very ones I am now with, and a fine lot

¹ Wounded men of the 27th and 30th Divisions.

they are. They have tackled several very, very tough bits and have hardly made even a small slip.

Have got a good billet in a town where the Hun was comfortably settled several days ago. He left a lot of good stuff behind and the town is fairly habitable, as he left in a great hurry. When we get the dead Huns cleared out (and horses) it will really be pretty decent. Saw with my own eyes a young woman with a Hun bayonet right through her heart. Looks like he is getting nasty again with civilians. If we can only keep going we will get some good towns for the winter and leave the desert behind.

This is a new phase of this war to me. Today I saw in a town, almost in the lines, civilians, who all three years had kept French flags hidden, putting them out. And our boys were wonderful. Just sort of doing odd jobs about the house to help out. More real happiness floating about than I have seen in a long time. . . .

I can't see anything to this peace talk. Nothing but a licking will take the fangs out of Prussia and they are getting it every day and will get more.

Nov. 8, 1918.

DEAR DAD,

As I write this Peace looks very near indeed. Of course any arrangements you make with regard to me are satisfactory, to say the least. As to what the immediate future may bring for us it is pure futile guesswork. I may go back soon after it is over or I may possibly have a great deal to do. I never felt so small in my life, and at that I have seen more per minute than one generally sees in a month.

Since we have been at rest I have been constantly on the move, making trips of a very interesting kind indeed. On each return I have expected my leave to see you. . . .

Shortly after the Armistice he got English leave and spent it in London with Father, Mother and his countless friends there. Those were happy days in what was truly Merrie England. No one was merrier than Cap. His happiness then as always was contagious. We all caught it. Moreover, wasn't the fighting over, men no longer killing each other, and Caspar actually alive? He seemed given back to us from the dead. His wounds seemed only signs of glory and he himself vibrant with life and fun. To have him return to France on November 24 seemed only an interruption in our new happiness that was to be continued indefinitely at home. Accordingly Father, Mother and Emily returned to America in time to give me a Merry Christmas.

Bonnéttable, December 24, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HOPE you got my wire in time for Christmas.

I haven't written for a long time because up to now I have really thought that almost any day would see us on our way. Now I don't know! I think now that we may be here indefinitely. I am very much afraid that this Hdqs. will stay right here, and that as we ship a division home it will be replaced by a new one; in short we may be amongst the last to leave. But really there are so many rumors that it is hard to make anything out of it all.

After Christmas I threaten to write a real blue "grousing" letter, but maybe I will have cheered up by then. Let's hope so, at any rate, for surely anybody who is alive has no kick coming.

We are in a really charming little town here, but it sure is rural. Le Mans, the only suggestion of a town, is twenty-eight kilos away and that isn't much when you get there. In fact I have only been there twice.

The thing which really amuses me is that everybody now wishes they were back with the British! Some day I will tell you all about it, but the penalty for criticism is so severe that I will withhold for the present. I will say, however, that you have to do three hours' work here to accomplish what you formerly could in one hour.

Now that I have made up my mind that I am stuck here I will start and write two or three times a week.

Well, a Merry Christmas and I truly wish I were home. No letters so far.

CAP.

Le Mans, Jan. 23.

BURTON,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Well. Home soon.

BURTON.

Camp Mills, N.Y., Feb. 20.

C. H. BURTON,

3730 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THANKS. Here about three days, then Upton about week. Demobilized. Then directly home. Everything fine.

CAP.

From Mills and Upton Caspar often got to New York and saw scores of friends there. For him they were divided into two classes — those who had been in the War, "all the way in," as he expressed it, and those who had not. He preferred enemies to pacifists.

One story of him at this time illustrates his point of view. He decided to take the bull by the horns by calling at

once on his only Austrian friend Mrs. Charles W. Short, the Countess Camilla Hoyos, who had become an American by marrying Charley Short. All her brothers, brothers-in-law and nephews had served Austria and Germany as either officers or diplomats. Caspar opened the conversation by saying, "Well, Camilla, how many of your family were killed?" When she replied, "None," Caspar said — "Then, as far as I am concerned, the War is a complete failure. Whenever I was at the Front I went out gunning for Ludwig Karl or one of your tribe. They and others like them made this war, and now I find that they are all still alive to make another."

Nothing could be more characteristic of his frankness; yet his charm and the absence of any personal malice in him were so great that even after such talk he and Camilla remained intimate friends.

I was never in New York when he was there on leave; but I did get to Camp to see him. We had not been together for over four years, not since he left Boston for Newfoundland just after Christmas, 1914. We spent about twenty hours together at Upton and both talked steadily all the time, even in our sleep. There was plenty to talk about, both of the past and of the future. At first the present was an ample topic. I had never seen him look so sturdy. He was so broad-shouldered and muscular that for his height he looked top-heavy. I noticed at once that he took little, short breaths. I spoke of it, but he parried my question.

Then came my usual inquiry, "What are you going to do now?" Instead of evading it he replied, "I'm going home and settle down." He looked sheepish as he said it, and as I smiled he added, "You may not believe that, but I am through roaming. Home looks pretty good to

me. This old war has knocked a lot of pep out of me, Spencey."

After that we settled down to talk seriously. He said that he had made the discovery in the Army that men would work for him and apparently enjoyed doing so. He had found that he liked working with men and saw no reason why he should not apply this newly discovered ability to get work out of men, to business. He said he hated the idea of routine office work as much as ever, but he felt that he would not have to do that in business any more than in the Army. I remember his words, "God has created sergeants to do all that."

I had never heard of such a job as he said he was going to find, but he talked convincingly and he afterwards did find just such a position. What made me happiest in all our conversation was his determination to live with Father and Mother. "I have not come through this show alive for nothing," he said. "I won't take a job that prevents me living with them."

When we undressed I demanded a private exhibition of his scars. While I examined his back he talked up all its "points of interest." Up by his neck, almost on the spine, there was a livid blue hole, where the bulk of the junk in his left lung had gone in. To illustrate what that was probably like he had me feel a loose piece of metal under the skin, just below his shoulder blade. It felt like a loose key in one's pocket. I told him he must have it out at once. As usual when I gave orders he told me to mind my own business, that it was his back and his "war souvenir." He didn't want his discharge delayed by another operation. He said he would have it taken out as soon as he was a civilian again. That he did not do at once. Soon it migrated from the surface. I have often wondered if it travelled

to his heart. It was like Cap to wear his medals out of sight. Had it been taken out then, when it was near the surface, it would have left a white cruciform scar, like the others that ornamented his back. I told him they looked like the crosses chalked on the shutter in Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" to show for how many drinks he owed. Then as I looked at those crosses, I saw they were in the pattern of the crosses on an altar stone. In a flash I saw Caspar, conviviality and sacrifice, Rip Van Winkle and our Saviour.

V
HOME

I

FOR A YEAR

1919-1920

"You may not believe it, but I have come home to live," were Caspar's first words to our parents when, after being discharged from the Army, he got off the train at Cincinnati. That was good news, but difficult to believe. Every instinct impelled him to roam and every good business opening offered him involved being away from home. They frequently meant going to South America. That appealed to him, and I know he was acutely tempted to accept an offer that would have taken him to Brazil. The upper waters of the Amazon seemed within his reach. Fortunately for us that job involved working for a German-American, and he said he had seen enough of Germans.

When he was at home in the spring of 1919 he said he thought a holiday was due him and that he did not intend even to look for work until after his Decennial Class Reunion in Cambridge that June. So for three months at home he amused himself, his parents and every one he met.

The pro-Germanism and the anti-British feeling he found broadcast in Cincinnati disgusted him. He felt something must be done to make Americans understand the Allies and be willing to work with them for the peace of the world. He talked on that subject with every one he met. Also he made several public speeches. People who heard them say they were clear, intelligent and convincing. The first was at a meeting for our Allies in the garden at home. Caspar was one of several ex-soldiers to speak. Afterwards he was asked to speak to hundreds of boys and girls at

Hughes High School and at the Wise Social Centre. These speeches were not overlooked by the British and the French offices of propaganda. From the British Great War Veterans of America we received this letter of sympathy and appreciation:

*New York City,
March 30, 1920.*

DEAR MRS. BURTON,

IT is with sincere regret that the New York Command of the above Association learned of your deep loss, and your son's name shall ever be held in reverence and esteem by this Command.

Though the good Lord has seen fit to call your son, I am sure that it will always be a grateful remembrance to you that he fought for liberty and freedom when the world cried aloud for assistance.

Believe us to be

Ever sincerely yours,

F. G. ARMSTRONG,

British Great War Veterans of America, Inc.

Count de Wierzbicki, of the French High Commission, who, like Caspar, had spoken at Hughes High School, telegraphed on March 31: "Just heard the tragic news. Please accept my deepest heart sympathy for you and all the splendid young fighter's family and believe in my own most sincere grief and sense of personal loss."

In May Caspar went to the woods with Father for the trout fishing. It was the place he wanted to go most. Then in June he went to Cambridge for the Tenth Reunion of the Harvard Class of 1909. He had missed all his other class reunions and tried to make up for lost time. Cer-

tainly no one has ever packed into a few days more fun with old friends than he did. What really pleased him most about them was that they saw eye to eye with him on the War. Ranks and decorations did not impress him. What he wanted to know was when men had gotten into the War and how far they had gotten into it. The War records of Harvard men made him more completely devoted to Harvard than ever.

By the time he got back to Cincinnati and to hunting work it was July. Then most of the prominent business men were away. He got bored and discouraged by having long interviews with under-men in firms, for he knew they had not the authority to give him a good job. It seemed futile to try to find a business opening until autumn. So early in August he and Father went back to camp, where they stayed for over a month on their last and happiest visit there together. Father says Caspar never talked more interestingly than during that time in the woods about the War, international problems, and his own prospects in business. While there he wrote his last letter, in time to reach Mother on her birthday.

*Pontiac Game Club,
Doyle Post Office,
Pro. Québec, Canada,
August, 1919.*

DEAR MOTHER,

WE are having as usual a splendid time, but I am very glad you didn't come. If you had you would not have been left alone when we went out, but would have had —— to keep you company. He and William¹ are more than anybody should be asked to face alone. Surely of this Club was it written, "Where every prospect pleases and

¹ A German-Canadian gamekeeper.

only man is vile." Oh, if I only had the authority to handle that German! They can't understand that you have either got to have a German under you or have him insolent.

This ought to get to you about September 5. Many happy returns. Give my best to Spence and everybody.

I think much about work. I feel confident of making good at a job, even if uninteresting, once I have got one, but I feel like a child when it comes to getting one. I don't seem to know where, when or how to begin. I feel like sailing a boat, tacking aimlessly about with no particular object, getting nowhere and not getting much fun out of it. If somebody would only come alongside and tell me where to sail I would trim sheets and hold her nose to it even if it was a rough voyage. . . .

Love,

CAP.

No letter is more characteristic of him — with plenty of courage for "a rough voyage," he felt himself "tacking aimlessly about with no particular object."

Father took the helm when they got back to Cincinnati. By October he had found an excellent business opening, and Cap jumped into it with all his enthusiasm. Although he was entirely without business training he seemed extraordinarily able in his new business, especially in managing men.

It did not last long, for on December 8 he became acutely ill. As soon as he got out of the Army we all noticed his quick, short breaths. Physicians told him he had a bounding pulse and that with all that junk in his lung and with such heart action he must never have pneumonia. Shortly after getting out of the Army he found blood on his pillow

several mornings. He thought that the junk in his lung might have moved. In any case he was worried enough to consult a physician. After a brief examination Dr. Greenebaum told him he must attend to his heart at once. Instead of having a thorough heart examination Caspar left him, saying, "You let that old pump of mine alone. It has seen me through the War and I guess it is good for a long time yet."

Caspar knew his heart was in bad shape. He promised to see a physician in Boston about his heart when he went on for his Class Reunion. All summer we noticed that he rarely played golf or rode. He went habitually to the ball games. We thought that strange, for he had always preferred to play games than to watch others do so. During his illness he told us that he found he could not negotiate the hills on the golf course and that his heart was not up to any real exercise. All summer he lost weight. By autumn the civilian clothes he had bought in London when he was a soldier hung on him like sacks. We were all worried about his health, but he made light of it and insisted that he was all right. After the collapse came he admitted that he knew all along that his heart was in a serious condition. He saved it as much as he could without being an invalid. He said he thought that the end would come suddenly, and that in the meantime he did not want to worry us, or to have us worry him by urging him not to do this or that. He thought he would live as he pleased while he lived and that then he would die as he preferred, suddenly. He had to learn a different way. His error in judgment does not detract from his courage or from his generosity to us by going on with his life cheerfully while knowing all the time that death was much more than a possibility.

When he became acutely ill early in December we all

thought that he was in for a long siege in bed to rest up his heart, as he had had to do in 1912. Distressing as that was, none of us thought he had gone to his deathbed. I did not go home to see him until the middle of January. He looked badly, but it did not seem possible for any one gravely ill to be as gay as he was. His bed was the centre of the house. All interest gravitated to it and all fun radiated from it. Mick spent the whole winter on it. He alone had "the time of his life." He knew just where to find Caspar, and Caspar could not get away from him. His devotion was touching and his fun helped Caspar and all of us through many dark hours.

Caspar not only wanted Mick beside him on the bed, but he wanted all of us in the room. Mother rarely left. If Father were out of the room for any length of time Caspar would ask, almost complainingly, "Why does Dad go over to Bob's or down to the stable? What does he do with himself?" When I was even across the hall writing or dictating he would ask Mother, "Does Spence have to write so many letters?"

This was a new attitude towards people for him to take in sickness. In 1912, when he was in bed so long, he wanted and almost demanded that he be left alone. In 1920 he wanted his family and his friends with him constantly. They certainly wanted to be with him. His cheerfulness and fun were contagious. We all caught it, Father, Mother and I rarely left him. The servants came into his room on the slightest excuse. The Burtons from next door came to the house several times a day, and Emily, Murdock and Clarence Burton usually went straight to his room. Murdock and Clarence played bridge with him most afternoons after work. Emily played too, and declared she didn't mind losing money to Caspar. Bridge went on con-

stantly. Mr. Hofer was always ready to play and never failed to be a joy to Caspar. Tempy and Ruth Briggs often played. In fact there was never any difficulty in finding two good players to make up a game with Caspar and Father. Mrs. Hofer, Mrs. "Charley" and Mrs. "Vach" Anderson played with him and loved to do so, but his stand-by was Mrs. George Hoadley. She was always ready to come. Towards the end of his illness Caspar said, "Mrs. Hoadley doesn't fool me by always being free to come. Of course she breaks engagements to do it." After that he used to speak of her as "the friend who never has an engagement."

Other friends came in shoals. Bruce and Tempy were with him every day. Mark and Sally Mitchell, Ruth Briggs, Marie Graydon, Katherine Anderson, Judith Colston, Marian Field, Hilda Ault, Lincoln Mitchell, Cleves Short, Hugh Whittaker, Russell Wilson, the de Gisberts and dozens of friends were often at the house and with him whenever they were allowed to be. Both doctors and nurses were agreed that people helped rather than hurt him.

Suddenly, on January 23, he took a grave turn for the worse. An embolus went from his heart to his lungs. Fortunately he coughed it out, but he was acutely ill. We were alarmed. Every one except Caspar wanted additional medical advice. He withstood us for a few days, but finally consented. After much telegraphing for advice we got a great heart specialist from Chicago, Dr. Williamson, to come in consultation with Dr. Greenebaum and Dr. Frieland. After examining Caspar Dr. Williamson said to us, "He makes the War more real to me than any man I have seen. Given his physical limitations I think he did more than any man I know for the cause of the Allies."

Such praise was good to hear, but he had a hard message

for Caspar. He and the Cincinnati doctors recognized that Caspar knew too much about hearts and medicines for them to be able to hide anything from him. Also they knew that his chance for life lay in his complete coöperation. To win that they told him all they knew about him and could hope for him. They told him that everything in the way of absolute quiet must be done to prevent other embolic attacks. Another might be fatal. They considered that, if such an attack could be avoided for another six weeks, he would live. They could not give him hope of complete recovery. That was a cruel blow to Cap. What they called "a very restricted life" meant to him not really living. He asked them if he would ever be able to ride again. When they saw his disappointment to their negative answer, one of them ventured, "Possibly, if it were a very gentle horse." Cap turned to me in disgust with, "Can you see me mounting a very gentle horse?"

Shortly after getting the news that if he were to live it would be as an invalid Caspar said to Bruce: "The doctors told me I couldn't ever play golf again. Golf? As if I care! All through the War, whenever I thought I would come out of it, there were two things I wanted to do, go back to The Labrador and hunt in Ireland. Of course there is no chance of my ever doing either of those things again."

Then he stopped talking about himself and was perfectly cheerful. His spirit never broke, even if the life he liked to live were ended. Sport, travel, adventure were what he had planned for himself. At once he resigned from the Golf Club and countermanded an order for a motor. We tried to persuade him not to do that. We told him he would need it in the spring, especially if he couldn't walk much. His reply was, "I'm not going to have Dad saddled with a car he doesn't want."

Caspar's only interest in business was to make enough money to be free for sport and exploration. As he could not look forward to such a life he lost all interest in business success. It had no purpose now.

Fortunately just at this time Mrs. Campbell Fraser had come to our house for a visit. She and Caspar were great friends, from the war days together in Oxford, Sonning and London. She and all of us rallied to Caspar to cheer him up that day the blow fell. We were superfluous. Instead he kept us laughing all day, when we were in his room, even if we had to go out from time to time to gain control of ourselves.

That night, after all the house was quiet, I slipped across the hall into Caspar's room. The nurse had stepped into the bathroom. One reading light on his table focussed on the Crucifix beside his bed. He lay in the dim light, face downward, with arms outstretched, a shadow Crucifix. Without saying a word I put my hand on his shoulder. After an intense silence his voice came from the pillows, broken but strong, "I'm not going to quit, but I never wanted to so much in my life."

After that night he and I were often alone together, friend and friend, brother and brother, Father and spiritual son. Three times that week he asked me to bring him the Blessed Sacrament from my daily Mass in the oratory across the hall. As Father, Mother and all the servants knelt there praying for him I carried to him the Precious Body and Blood of our Saviour.

Those were days when I knew why God had made me a priest. Those were days when Caspar showed me the reality of his religion. He always found it hard, almost impossible to talk to any one about his own personal religion. In fact he habitually talked on all subjects to reveal his

mind rather than his heart. Sometimes it seemed that he talked not to reveal anything, but actually to conceal his feelings. Being so constituted it is not strange that he didn't often speak of his religion. Also he was shy about talking about it, for he felt he had so completely failed to live it. During those times alone with him I often thought of the Pharisee and the Publican.

From this time on not many people were allowed in his room. Crowds of friends continued to come to the house, especially at tea-time. Caspar resented having Mother leave him to go to the drawing-room. One day he said, "Can't you give those people meal tickets and let them go away?"

Every one seemed determined to get as near him as they were allowed. He was not permitted to talk much for fear of bringing on a cough that would loosen another embolus from his heart. It was impossible to be with him and not let him talk, for he was so interesting. He was a big talker, yet he rarely gossiped and never criticised. Moreover, he would not be criticised. To avoid it he would go away to another room, another city, another country, or if necessary another continent.

He did not read much during his last illness, as he had always done before, and he would not let any one read aloud to him. He did not finish many of the books that were sent him. "Reynard the Fox," by Masfield, which Mrs. Barrett Wendell sent him, he read aloud to Mother with enthusiasm. Stopping in the middle of it he laid it aside, saying, "I can't read much at a time. This is what the world was like before Prussianism and reformers spoiled it."

One could not be a monologue artist, and he would take his part in general conversation. Cards worked best.

Bridge and countless games of Canfield were played on the table beside his pillow.

His physicians said there was no chance of his suddenly taking a change for the better. He knew I had work to do and engagements to keep and urged me to go. It seemed best to do so, as staying on would suggest to him that I was waiting there for him to die. In fact he said to me: "There's no use your waiting here. There isn't going to be any crisis. If I get well at all it will be slow work. If I cough off another embolus there is no telling where it may hit. If it goes to my brain it will be all over in a moment, and there's no use your being here for that."

So I planned to go away to keep my engagements. The day before I was to leave I obviously did not want to go. He had been acutely ill again. I thought of telegraphing my Father Superior for further directions. Caspar jumped at that possibility and asked me to telegraph, "Caspar asks if I may stay a few days longer."

I returned to him March 1. He had had grave times and astonishing recoveries. In spite of his spirit and of his power to pick up, he looked much worse, even if he were allowed to sit up in a chair each day. I was not the only one who had gone a long way to see him. Helen Fraser had come from Texas, Schofield Andrews from Philadelphia, Henry Wilder from Boston, Charley and Camilla Short from New York, and Dr. and Mrs. Grenfell had altered their schedule of lectures so as to go to him when they did.

When Caspar received this letter from Dr. Grenfell his eyes filled with tears and his lip quivered as he said, "Please put that away. I want to keep it."

Boston, Mar. 4, '20.

DEAR CASPAR,

I HAVE only today heard of your sickness, and I at once want you to know how deeply sorry I am. You aren't the kind that lets people know you care about emotional things, and yet you can't get away always. We all developed a very real affection for you in the North. Perhaps we did not say much about it at the time — but you came like a bolt from the blue and helped us, and myself especially, when I was in a good stiff fight, and needed all the encouragement I could get. We have been getting on the top of late, and soon shall have "Bay Hospitals" all round Newf'l'd. We were all prinking our feathers, when we heard of your work "over the top" in France. Your name went ringing all along the old Coast. Every one heard of your work in the trench and your wounds.

Now every one will be awful sorry that it is you again "who need the physicians," and we all want you to feel we think of you in your trouble — and whether you value it or not, we pray you may be given that comfort and peace which comes from faith in the dignity and value of life — as the forerunner of continuous life — and sons of the everlasting God. You can't get away from these things, so take it with good grace, that we are serious both in our affection and our prayers.

We are to be in Cincinnati soon — i.e., I am — and we shall hope to shake the flipper yet of a convalescent former comrade — fitted to "carry on" here on earth for a long while yet.

Ever affectionately yours,

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Camilla Short wrote, before she arrived, these words of praise that were also a help to Caspar:

Mount Kisco, New York.

MY DEAREST BYRD,

WHAT can I say — if I possibly could I would take the next train and ask Caspar to put heart into me — he would do that I know however ill he was. I can't help thinking that "The Great Adventure" is still far off from him — he is such a plucky spirit that he is bound to face it as such when it does come, but at the same time to make a big stand for the rest of life here. You know that we *love* him — what more can I say.

Tenderly,

CAMILLA.

Another letter that he especially appreciated came from Mrs. Bowlker, of Boston:

282 Beacon Street.

DEAR CASPAR,

SPENCE has just told me of your long illness, of your tremendous courage, and of your cheerful patient endurance. These are the qualities that I have seen again and again in wounded soldiers, they are the magnificent, heroic qualities of true *men*. I always recognized them in you, and loved you for them, but I cannot bear that you should be put to so terrible a test. It is far harder for you than death on the battle-field or the quick death as the result of fighting that came to James.

I wish *so* deeply that I were near, just to drop in and say, "Well done, and good luck to you in the future."

Don't be downcast; I know so many cases that the doc-

tors have pronounced incurable, yet the patient has not only lived, but grown almost as strong as well people. I shall look forward to this result for you. It is small comfort to be a hero, but remember we all know you as one.

Affectionately,

K. BOWLKER.

The devotion of his friends meant a lot to Cap, and he was touched by their having travelled far to see him. Henry Wilder, in a letter written after Caspar's death, sums up what I think all of us who went to see him felt; "I doubt if any one was fonder of the old fellow and more proud of him than I, and he was game until the end. I went to Cincinnati to try to cheer him up, but one would have thought that I was the one to be amused."

As I stayed on day after day in Lent Caspar said to Mother; "Scho and Henry were only able to stay a day or two. I know Spence is as busy as they are. How can he stay? I suppose he is just letting all his Lenten work slide. And I notice he doesn't write letters this time."

Indeed I didn't write letters during that visit. I wanted to be with him every minute. I often held him in my arms as he gasped for breath. He spoke to me of religion more easily this time. It would not be fair to him to write of much he said, but I must share one remark.

"I met men in the trenches," he said, "who declared they didn't believe in life after death. They lie. They do believe in it. That's all bluff. They know that, when they are alive one minute, a shell hitting them doesn't annihilate them. God knows I've done enough to wreck my faith, but somehow I haven't succeeded."

Caspar expressed his religion in kindness, prayer and sacrifice. He never appreciated the value of sermons,

psalms, hymns, litanies and all the devotions he found in what he called "darling little pious books." I know he prayed when he was alone, especially in the wilderness. When he went to church it was for Holy Communion. In the great moments of his life he wanted our Lord and he knew he received Him in the Blessed Sacrament. Those were blessed Communion he made in March at my hands. There was no divorce between sacred and secular in Caspar's sick-room or in his mind. Life was a unity and characteristic of Caspar through and through. On one side of his bed was the crucifix, on the other a card table. Mick was usually in the room, intensely interested. At the foot of his bed was an improvised altar with two candles burning. Beside him knelt his nurse to make her Communion with him, and propped up on the pillows lay Caspar pale and reverent.

During that last visit together he and I talked without constraint. He could not see that he was of any use in the world. It hurt us to hear him speak of what a source of anxiety and trouble he had been to his family. We tried hard to show him how essential he was to us, to our happiness, and how we loved him. He thought Father and Mother had each other and that my life was full, that none of us really needed him. He dreaded the life of an invalid. Mother, Scho and I tried to tell him that he had always been so busy using his body that he had never half used his mind, and now that he would get his happiness by using it. He did not contradict us, but he was not convinced. I begged him to try to live for our sakes, even if he did not care to for his own. Nothing we could say could make him believe he was not a failure. He knew his family and his friends loved him. That was a real happiness to him, but he could not say so. He knew how to love, but he did not

know how to make love. He felt that in that too he was a failure.

At this time he lost the money he had invested in his new business, solely because he had not been able to take care of it. That was a bitter pill for him to swallow. He thought he had failed again. "I should like just once to be connected with success," he said.

"How about the Allies' Victory?" Mother asked. "You were in the war four years."

"Yes," he said, "and the damned politicians are spoiling that."

Making friends, and dying for them, was the work of his life. Never was a life-work more completely a success.

One of the last friends he made, and one of the most devoted, was his nurse, Mrs. MacAdam. She was a gift from God. She had just the characteristics of skill, fun and complete lack of fussiness that Caspar liked. She had been a nurse in the A.E.F., and so they had war experience in common. I do not think they ever got on each other's nerves in all those sixteen weeks of suffering and gaiety, cheerfulness and dying. One morning she came down to breakfast laughing over a remark of his to her during the night. He had had a night of gasping for breath. To relieve him she held him up in her arms. While in that position he said to her, "My, Mrs. Mac, I'm glad you are middle-aged and plain."

She answered, "Why, I am not middle-aged, and I never thought of myself as plain."

To that he answered, "Well, you are both."

It is easy to see why he died unmarried.

One day Mother came home from a funeral conducted by a Unitarian minister and complained of its coldness. Caspar said to her: "You have lots of troubles, but wor-

rying how you will be buried is not one of them. Spence will bury us up to the hilt and his way will be right. I should as soon tell a great artist how to paint a picture as to tell Spence what to do."

We all recognized that he was thinking about his own burial and giving me a vote of confidence. In this same connection he spoke of how he loathed "sloppy ceremonial" in the Army or in the Church. "Ceremonial ought to be ceremonious," he said. "Deliver me from cozy, homey funerals in the parlor." He disliked equally what he called "exercises over the dear departed." I remember him coming home one day in Boston from the funeral of an intimate friend, and saying, "For Heaven's sake, don't have a programme over my body, but say a prayer for my poor soul."

One morning, shortly before his death, he said to Mother: "I had such a curious dream last night. I dreamed I was dead, and of course I wanted 'C. Hof' for one of my pallbearers. He said he wanted to wear his old brown hat, but Mrs. Hofer was insisting that he wear his silk hat. I was trying to say to her, 'Woman, I don't want the man's hat. I want the man.'"

Although he spoke indirectly of his death during those last weeks, he and all of us talked of what his life would be. When he got up he planned to go to Boston to consult certain physicians there who had had experience in France with chest wounds. He said to Henry Wilder, "I may be on to visit you in the spring, and I'll stay a month — if I come at all."

Mother planned to get Astin to come from England to be his valet. Cap thought that a great extravagance, but he said he could think of no one he would be so glad to have take care of him as Astin.

We all took care of him at this time, in the way of hold-

ing him up to enable him to get his breath and also by holding his head while he vomited. Almost everything he ate came up. The nearest he came to complaining was, "I wish some of this damn stuff would take the subway instead of the elevated."

On March 12 Dr. Grenfell came. He was a great joy to Caspar. I left that same day to return to my routine work. Caspar looked very badly then, but he was sitting up each day and the doctors assured me that he was in no immediate danger of death. I planned to leave at noon, on the only through train to Boston. Caspar was having a bad morning. It was hard to leave. As the time for me to go drew near, Cap said: "You know there is an evening train, don't you, Spencey? It doesn't connect anywhere and you'll probably be hours late, but it will get you back in time for your services Sunday."

Of course I waited for it. All afternoon there seemed nothing to say, as if we were waiting in a railway station. At last the evening came. He and I had a prayer together. I gave him a blessing and there was a last embrace. Both of us felt, I know, that it might be the last, but one could not have a scene with Cap. I was off into the night, leaving him with Father, Mother, Dr. Grenfell, Mrs. MacAdam and Mick — at home. After I had gone he said to Mother: "I tried to send Spencey off feeling good, but it was too much for me. I couldn't quite do it."

That evening Dr. Grenfell began to lecture in Cincinnati. Everywhere he praised Caspar, his work in the North, his service in the war, his gay heroism in suffering. Cincinnati people could never again think of Caspar as only a genial and witty loafer. Dr. Grenfell's words carried weight. He had facts to tell and a great Christian love and admiration for Caspar.

After a few days he went, and Caspar was alone in the house with Father and Mother. It was good that they should have had him to themselves that last week. Fortunately he seemed better than he had for months. Their letters were full of hope, yet Mother's conviction that he was dying grew stronger. Against all the doctors said, her maternal instinct was true. It seemed supernatural.

On Sunday Caspar asked if Father Boggess would bring him the Blessed Sacrament next morning. Early Monday morning he asked Mother to telephone Father Boggess not to come. He had had to have morphine in the night and said, "I won't make my Communion when I'm dopey."

Wednesday noon he got much worse. It was obvious that he was dying. Father and Mother never left him. Twice in his agony he said, "Why couldn't I have gone out over there like Dill and the rest?" At three Mother said to him, "Father Boggess is here with the Blessed Sacrament now, instead of on Monday when you asked him to come. Don't you want to make your Communion?"

"Why, may I receive in the afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes, when you are very ill," Mother replied. Caspar understood, for he said, "I must be very bad then. Yes, I do want to make my Communion."

By that time he was so weak from hemorrhages that he could hardly speak. As he lay silent in Father's arms with his eyes closed, Father and Mother made the general confession for him, and Caspar said "Amen." Father Boggess pronounced the absolution and communicated him. Then Caspar raised his voice and recited the Lord's Prayer so that he was distinctly heard by friends praying in the oratory and by other friends downstairs. From his cross he cried out "with a loud voice." His sacrifice was almost finished. "Father, into Thy hands."

In his father's arms he lay for three hours more as his heart pounded itself to pieces.

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother." The holy mother is ever there, praying.

There were not many words said, no messages of good-bye. Caspar was Caspar to the end, loving, unable to express his love, courageous, generous, true. Twice he looked off with a steady gaze, as if to Someone coming from far away. He said nothing, but love cried out through the hand that patted Mother's and through the other hand that held fast to Father.

At six o'clock the fight was over, the victory won.

II

FOR EVER

“Thirty years among us dwelling,
His appointed time fulfilled,
Born for this he meets his Passion,
For that this he freely willed:
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
Where his life-blood shall be spilled.”

AT last the dawn. The news of Caspar's death had reached me at Albany towards midnight. By the first light that came through the car window I read from my breviary those lines of the hymn for Passiontide. Surely we may reverently apply to Christ's members words written of Him.

At last evening came. As I continued to gaze out of the window,

“The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia, Alleluia.”

That glorious sunset seemed God's welcome to his son. It was as if the angels were clapping and shouting, “Encore, Encore.” The thought came from Chesterton's “Orthodoxy,” to Caspar's mind the great modern apology for Christianity. Close by this passage I find these sentences: “Oscar Wilde said that sunsets were not valued because we could not pay for sunsets. But Oscar Wilde was wrong; we can pay for sunsets. We can pay for them by not being Oscar Wilde.”

So Caspar paid for the sunset of his life, “by not being

Oscar Wilde." He chose, instead of softness, sacrifice. The inevitable end of that is glory.

In the darkness Father and I motored from the station to the house, but there we found light. I hurried to the room where thirteen days before I had left Caspar trying to smile out of an exhausted, broken body. He had won his fight. "The last enemy to be overcome is death."

Caspar's body lay silent and majestic. The flags, under which he had fought for truth and righteousness, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, covered him. A single palm lay on them. Mother knelt beside him. Nobility dries up tears. From a broken heart I could say, Amen and Alleluia.

His friends came in a steady stream. Each and all felt the awe of his presence and the impulse to pray. His room seemed to have become a place of pilgrimage, a shrine to which we all came. Helen Fraser was the first from a distance to get there. She arrived an hour after he died. Three months later she wrote from the Battlefields: "When we were motoring between Amiens and Péronne the look of the country reminded me suddenly of how Caspar looked when I first saw him that Wednesday night, a look of great peace and calm and aloofness, great rest after a terrific battle. All that countryside looked so still. We saw no one for miles and miles, and yet there was no devastation visible out of sight of the towns. All the torn-up country was covered with a vivid green growth and with masses of poppies and mustard. And yet the poppies and mustard didn't give it a banal, merely pretty, look. One knew and felt what was under the gentle covering, and if one hadn't the imagination to be conscious of it the piles of pine coffins stacked up by the roadside wherever any attempt was being made to cultivate the land would have re-

mind ed one of what had raged over this now peaceful country for four years."

M. de Gisbert came bringing with him the perfect tribute. He had two palms of victory, tipped with gold as in the fresco in the Panthéon, "Vers la gloire." They were tied with the Tricolor. On a card he had inscribed:

"Au nom de la France
Adieu
Lieut. C. Burton
Merci "

Standing at the foot of Caspar's body he said to Mother: "Madame, I do not presume to thank mon boy in my own name, but in the name of France. Had there not been brave men like Cap there would no longer be a France."

So he placed the palms of victory on his dear boy's body. In Caspar's completed sacrifice the Tricolor of France was with the flags of Great Britain and his own America.

We all gravitated to his room and were about his bed as we had been when he was alive. Only Mick was uninterested in his body. Mick had lived on his bed all winter. Suddenly he took no interest in it. The person he loved was not there. He had instinct unclouded by reason. He was in the room with us most of the time and subdued, but he never tried to jump onto the bed beside Caspar's body. For him Caspar was gone.

On Friday afternoon we moved Caspar's body from his bed onto a low bier before the altar in the oratory. The flags and the palms still covered him. Around him burned six tall wax candles. All night long we watched and prayed.

Caspar was at last enthroned. All his life he had shunned recognition of good deeds done. In his death he was triumphant. His body looked so little lying there, and yet

majestic. One can use no smaller word. There was in his face and in his form the dignity of accomplishment, the nobility of sacrifice. All through the silent night the flickering candles lighted up the face that was turned to the altar Crucifix.

As I knelt there that night our lives unrolled before me. I had wanted for him success, even if I had chosen for myself sacrifice. What I had professed he had accomplished. The Crucifix around my neck truly belonged to him. In its place I took the little Cross he had worn throughout the War. I remembered my daily prayer for him, "God, give him a great and noble purpose in life, and grace to fulfil it." We pray more generously than we know. It hurts to have our prayers answered.

In the early morning there were the Requiem and the Absolutions in the presence of his body. Only his family, the servants and a few intimate friends were with us there, solely because there was so little room in our family oratory. Father and Mother knelt at his head and together made their Communions for him.

"Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life: and I will raise him up at the last day."

The funeral was from Grace Church, Avondale, where he had been baptized and confirmed and where he had made his First Communion. His body lay, still under the flags and palms, before the altar Crucifix which is a memorial to our Grandfather Spence. The church was crowded with his friends. They loved him and they venerated his sacrifice. Yet he died convinced that he was a failure. God has a different judgment, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Those words are carved on his Cross. We buried him beside our other soldier, his Grandfather Burton, who had

fought almost a century before in the Mexican War. They were alike in many ways, in their weakness and in their strength. Both of them were adventurous, generous and lovable.

“God hath a will to be done, not in earth only, but also in heaven; they are not dismissed from the King’s business who are called from the camp to the court.”

From the hour of his death, and during the six months since, scores of telegrams, cablegrams and letters of sympathy, admiration and love have come to us. It would be impossible to print them all. Already we have included in notes to his letters many sentences from these letters which seem to add to the picture of Caspar. Many more letters remain. From among them we have chosen parts of these few, not because they are dearer to us than the others, but because they show the wide circle of friends who love and admire him.

Letters from soldiers must come first.

From his Commanding Officer:

*Junior United Service Club,
London, S.W. I,
13 June, 1920.*

DEAR MRS. BURTON,

I HEARD through Col. Allen of the sad news that your son Caspar had died of his wounds and I am writing to assure you of my heartiest sympathy. I well remember his gallantry in May, 1917, during an attack on the Hindenburg Line and for which I recommended him for the Military Cross.

I met him again for a short time when he was with the American Army and hoped he had recovered from his wounds. It is more than ever hard to think that after returning home he should have had a relapse.

It all seems a long time ago now and much has happened since, but I shall always remember Caspar and feel proud that so brave a young cousin came and joined the Battalion.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

E. M. BEALL, *Lt. Col.*,
4 Bn., The King's Regt.

From his military servant.

Astin always referred to him as "Mr. Burton" before his death; but after that he was "Caspar," "more of a chum to me than my Officer":

77 *Athal St., Burnley, Lancs., Eng.*
20-5-20.

DEAR MR. BURTON,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 4th inst. last night the 19th. It is with very great regret that I write these few lines. I cannot pretend to tell you here how surprised I was when I opened your letter to see that Caspar, your dear son, and my Officer and friend, was dead. It seems such hard luck after nearly two years of peace to die from wounds received so long since. I have not been able to get it out of my mind at work today. I have had so many little incidents coming before my mind's eye. How plainly I can remember the trench where your son received the wounds that have proved mortal. I can remember the whole "stunt" from beginning to end. It was Caspar who told me to get away from the trench when I was wounded, and then when I was at the Clearing Station afterwards he was carried in himself and of course I could see then that he was seriously wounded and even then he asked me if I was feeling alright. He had a very rough time coming down from the line

with the shaking of the ambulance. That was the last time I saw him. I have often wished I could see him again. I got to understand him very well indeed and he has often told me that I knew what he wanted better than he did himself. He got to be more of a Chum to me than my Officer and I could not help but do my best for him. All the boys in the Company liked him and also the lads on the Transport. I have often thought of him and have spoken of that so much at home that my Father and Mother both feel as if they knew him well. I can remember quite well most of the things in general while we were together in France. I cannot express in words what I feel by the loss of Caspar as he was a good friend to me and what I liked best he was very straight and did not mix things that he wanted to say. I now offer my deepest sympathy to you and Mrs. Burton and truly hope and trust that time will heal the wound caused by your great loss. My Father and my Mother and my young lady wish to offer their heartfelt sympathy in this your time of grief. I shall be very pleased to hear from you again and to see you when you come to England again. I am so glad I have a Photo of him in Uniform.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

HORACE ASTIN.

From the Commanding Officer of his company of cadets in
Oxford:

*Keble College, Oxford,
April 25, 1920.*

MY DEAR FATHER BURTON,

I HAVE to thank you very much for your letter of April 4th, but also to say how very sorry I am to hear of Caspar's death. He was a great fellow — a remarkable fellow and

quite a notable man in that company. I am so sorry that his sterling sense of duty and his patriotism and enthusiasm for the right has resulted in his death. His old comrades in my old company will be very sorry to hear it too. I think one of his old instructors is an undergraduate here now.

Please accept my very sincere sympathy with you and yours in the loss of a fine fellow of most unusual character.

I am

Yours sincerely,

F. W. MATHESON.

From Col. Colston, of Cincinnati, a veteran of the Civil War, and Caspar's friend all his life, came roses with this card:

For my

"Little Hero"

EDWARD COLSTON,

March 26, '20.

The following letters are placed roughly in the order in which the writers were connected with Caspar:

From Miss Furness, his teacher, when he was eight years old, in the Avondale Public School. She first saw Caspar when she was my teacher and he was only two years old. Her letter shows more insight into his nature than almost any we have received.

Avondale, July, 1920.

MY DEAR SPENCE:

HARD as it has been to set down in cold words my feeling for him, I am most glad to pay some small tribute to the boy I loved and the young man I honored.

One of the most vivid memories of the year I began to teach is my first sight of Caspar. He came trotting through your mother's room where we sat just before luncheon, a sturdy little figure in a stiff white dress, head held characteristically high, intent upon some business of his own, which nothing could be permitted to interfere with. His supreme indifference to their blandishments amused your mother and your aunt. "You see, Miss Furness," said your mother, "what you will have to face in a few years."

Half a dozen years later, Caspar came to me in the old Avondale School. The Third Grade — known as the "Second Reader" in those days — was quartered away from the main building in half of what had been the Council Chamber of the Old Town Hall. We were an isolated community over there, unusually self-dependent for those years of conformity to a prescribed educational pattern, and we were a bit freer than most, to go our own way in the paths of learning. Even so, I looked with some trepidation, I confess, upon Caspar's advent, for he had the reputation of not fitting into the educational scheme. In my own mind I was not willing to trim him down for the sake of the pattern, though the exigencies of the system always had to be reckoned with. He never did fit in orthodox manner. The routine work he accepted with more or less grace, but not much enthusiasm. He did it because it was part of the game, but he was no born student. . . . The Second Reader he endured because it must be learned, but stories of adventure or heroism and bits of romantic geography surreptitiously inserted into that arid "Course of Study" always brought the lift to his head, and the sparkle to his eyes.

In a class of unusually individual boys and girls he stands out in my mind as one of the most potent personali-

ties. He attracted the other pupils, he liked them, and they liked him in a thoroughly affectionate, democratic fashion. He always played a game, fair and square to the end, without undue exultation at success, or whining at defeat. Once — and this is the only instance of discipline I remember — he had been bothering every one about him with some bit of impish mischief, and I had spoken to him several times with no effect. Finally I said, "Caspar, since you *will* act like a baby, I must treat you like one." With that I took him on my lap and held him for five or ten minutes till we finished the lesson, and then sent him back to his seat. He said nothing, it was sufficient punishment and one which fitted the offence, but I have always had an uneasy feeling about it in my own mind. There was the faintest shadow of reproach in his eyes, as if a friend had unexpectedly failed to understand, and I sometimes doubt whether I touched too roughly that deep and sacred pride of his. For, little fellow though he was, he had it — a pride of training, a pride of inheritance, a personal pride and dignity of spirit beneath his apparent carelessness of manner. He might be indifferent, but in his code, no gentleman could be discourteous. He might offend, but no son of his family could stoop to meanness. He might do wrong, but Caspar Burton could not condescend to a lie. Whatever the consequences, he faced the truth, and spoke and acted it, with utter fearlessness. He hated anything cruel or unjust. His occasional fierce little gusts of temper, which doubled up his fists or made him defy all authority, were always called out by some act which did not look fair to him, quite as often in behalf of others as of himself.

In spite of his frank and friendly attitude toward us all, I was always aware of a delicate veil of reserve, of a kind of shyness, an aloofness, entirely unconscious on his part,

as much an element in his spiritual make-up as was his fine responsiveness to certain ideas and ideals the others did not always show. What others might think of him apparently entered not at all into his scheme of personal conduct. Yet under his seeming thoughtlessness and stoicism lay a passionate desire for understanding and affection from those whom he cared for, which he hid as effectively as though he had been years older. His indifference, instinctively assumed to defend a deeply sensitive heart, he wore as proudly as ever knight of old his armor. A gallant little figure, with his dark bright eyes, and head proudly erect, he marched through that year, wistful, happy, careless, courageous, destined, I clearly saw, for all the depths and heights of sorrow and joy that await a human soul.

When, a year ago, I saw him again, when he spoke at Hughes High School, he was the same gallant figure of my memories. In spite of pain he held his head as though it wore a knightly crest, his eyes looked into mine with the same light-hearted smile, his voice had the never forgotten intonation, half wistful, half daring, wholly winning. No hero could have been more simple and modest in his estimation of his own deeds. Moreover, through the heroism of the man breathed the charm of the boy. It was as the born leader of men that he had answered the summons to his chivalrous soul. The service with Dr. Grenfell, the noble spirit that sent him into the War, the consecration to the mission of brotherhood after the fighting, they were all his inevitable destiny. All that he promised to be, in the Council Chamber of the Old Town Hall, I saw fulfilled in its finest form.

That last day of all, I sat in the back of the Church, alone. Spring was in the air, with all its sweetness and promise. Throughout the service a cardinal, high up on a

tree just beyond the window at my side, sang glad and triumphant, rejoicing in the light and life that had conquered darkness and death. And in all my grief and heaviness of heart I could not but feel that all is well with Caspar's gallant soul.

MARY BAKER FURNESS.

From Dr. Grenfell:

Chicago, March 25, '20.

DEAR MRS. BURTON,

THE scenes in his bedroom these last days will never be effaced from my memory till we meet again — and I can thank him — who so bravely showed just what the Master would do in pain, in what I am certain he knew was his “*via dolorosa*.” How he succeeded in making you, who loved him dearer than life, able to bear happily those terrible days and even prepared joyfully to face with him, that which you know he feared more than death, a long-drawn-out period of inefficiency and dependency.

God has willed it otherwise. . . .

Dr. Grenfell writes in the July, 1920, number of “Among the Deep-Sea Fishers”:

CASPAR HENRY BURTON, JR.

War is hell and no war is ever over. Its baneful ripples forever leave their imprint on mankind.

Some eight years ago a young Harvard graduate came North to help us in our work in Labrador. By day or night, in summer or winter, over the land by dog-sledge or over the sea in boats, he was always ready to go at a moment's notice to carry help to the man in need. His training in the rudiments of medicine, for he had spent a year and a half

at the Harvard Medical School, made him doubly helpful to us and to the Coast. His irrepressible good nature made him see humor in positions that to others would have been discouraging and repellent. His invariably smiling face made him welcome in every cottage along our long shores. On many an errand of mercy he was the real effective, for he learned to know the long trails, and how to pilot tenderfoot workers to their destination as unerringly as he directed the motor yawls he loved so well, through the tortuous channels of our uncharted coastline. If there was a job to be done that needed tough work, long hours, and that seemed more monotonous than usual, too readily it was assumed "Oh, Caspar will go," and he always did. On one long trip we made together in the sailing yawl *Floradel*, from Indian Harbor to St. Anthony, we pressed on day and night, as we were short to time and eager to make the hospital. It was in the late fall and there was much ice about the thin wooden sides of the little vessel. It was an exciting trip, for in the long darkness storms unforeseen arrived and no friendly lighthouse was there to give us a chance to make harbor till daylight broke. It was my luck to be captain and doctor. A famous Princeton football captain was able seaman, mate and larboard watch. Caspar, as usual, assumed the hard jobs; was cook, steward, and general factotum, below decks — an exacting task enough for any man under the conditions. Still he would join me on the watch. It was on such occasions I learned to love the real Caspar, camouflaged so cleverly behind an attitude so light-hearted to the world that at times it seemed almost cynical. I was content to be sleeping below if Caspar was at the helm.

After three years, war broke out, and with his experience of surgical work he felt the British Red Cross might

accept his services. Freely, without one cent of remuneration, he had ever served our people in times of peace. It was so characteristic of him that he, an American, should at once respond to this new call to serve for the world — and just as gladly he has now laid down his life for his ideals. His hospital of white canvas plastered with red crosses was bombed in broad daylight three miles behind the Belgian lines by a German aviator.

Caspar at once volunteered for fighting service and enlisted as a British "Tommy." He was recommended for the Military Cross for heroic work near Bullecourt. Badly wounded in his successful enterprise of turning the enemy from half a mile of trench, while lying in England in hospital his case was somehow overlooked — a fact his mind only laughed at. Though really unfit to rejoin the army, when America entered the war nothing could restrain him and though twice rejected he was at last appointed first lieutenant and again saw front line service.

But he had been more severely hurt than his best friends knew, and when we met again, he was on his last sick-bed at his home in Cincinnati. Worn and ill as he was not one iota of his optimism and courage had left him. He had suffered — God only knows how keenly — but he had won out, and was prepared to face even the life of a crippled man. We learned many lessons in the sick-room of this brave young hero to whom God has now spared the trial that he feared above all else.

The Kingdom of God cannot be built on earth by words — vital as propaganda is recognized to be — it is what we do that speaks loudly and is heard. The only force that can ever build the universal kingdom that shall be eternal is the force of love and that spreads only by contagion from one life to another. To some is given the gift of tongues.

Be grateful those who have it. To Caspar Burton it was given to see the vision and to follow it. He leaves behind, in the hearts of those who knew him, an echo of that same love that counted itself as naught — that eternal force making for righteousness and peace which is man's highest dignity and glory however feebly here on earth he reflects it.

With the many who have given their lives for ours, we shall meet him in the ranks of those who were faithful unto death, and to whom a righteous judge can say, "Well done."

W. T. G.

From Arthur Gleason, of the Hector Munro Ambulance Corps:

IT was a forlorn section of the world to which Caspar Burton came in July of 1915. He came to Coxyde to help in the work of the Hector Munro Ambulance Corps. Coxyde was one of the dreary villages in the tiny strip of Belgium held by the Allies. It lay just south of Nieuport — the northern end of the battle-line. The one street was churned into dust by the motor lorries that went by in an unending stream, carrying food and ammunition to the soldiers just beyond. Troops were trudging along every moment of the day and night — going to the attack and returning en repos. The wounded came back along that road in ambulances as swiftly-moving as the pain of the occupants permitted. Funerals marched quietly on the village street to the church at the bend of the road. And over the quick and the dead and the wounded, over food and lodging, hovered thick attacking swarms of flies.

It was a strange mixed group to which Burton came. Those were the early unorganized days when volunteer help

was needed and valued. The Hector Munro Corps had a dashing West End society woman, the daughter of an earl, a distinguished woman novelist, a London banker, professional chauffeurs. It had distributed itself over several sections. The Coxyde group, which Caspar Burton joined, had Gilling, an English gentleman, Andrew McEwen, a sturdy Scotch chauffeur, and two Americans, one of them Robert Cardell Toms.

The ambulance run, which Burton made with Gilling, Andrew McEwen, and Robert Toms, was from Coxyde to Nieuport — a distance of four miles. Nieuport was a shell-wrecked village by the sand dunes, and was held by the famous Fusiliers Marins — the French Marines — and by the Turcos. The wounded were brought in from the trenches to the dressing stations in the cellars of fallen houses. Here the Munro Corps found them and put them into the ambulance cars, and carried them to Zuydcoote Hospital — fifteen miles away.

Burton was a delight to our little group. He had a literary background and talked well and with a light touch. He had come from a vigorous sojourn with Grenfell of Labrador. He was trained in medical relief work. He cheered us up among the flies and dirt of the Café du Sport and the straw billets of the peasant's house where we slept, with some twenty other men in service. I shall not forget how good it was to know him in the monotony and misery of that summer of 1915. War is made up of long periods of dreary waiting, and then a swift horror. In those times of waiting, he and I had good talks together. His companionship is one of the few pleasant and healing recollections I have of those evil years. No memory is more certain to live than that of one who gave courage and sanity among almost intolerable surroundings. I shall always remember

Caspar Burton's humor and good will and the charm of his talk. He was gentle and kindly and brave.

Miss Osborne, at whose house 63 High Street, Oxford, he often lodged, writes:

"Well, he gave his life for us. He seemed to see things very clearly, because he had the gift of simplicity. As Father Congreve once said to me of Fr. O'Neill, 'He was the greatest of us, he was the most simple.'"

Mr. Boyce Allen, of Oxford, whose arguments convinced Caspar that he ought to get a commission, writes:

"Caspar's death from his wounds touches me nearly, for he sustained them while in the British service, which he entered so gallantly as a private long before there was any obligation whatever on him to concern himself in the war at all. I always felt his enlisting was a very noble act, for he faced not only danger, but, what most young men mind much more, extreme personal discomfort and hardship, and all for an ideal, higher even than patriotism. His example and that of other young Americans like him must have had an influence on bringing your country into the war and so saving the world from a German victory. You and Mrs. Burton have a proud memory of him. I can speak of that, but not of the sorrow you are bearing now. I can only say that I feel for you with all my heart."

Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who had recommended Caspar for a commission, writes:

"Your sympathy brought us much comfort, and specially helpful and sweet was the example of your dear and truly gallant and chivalrous son giving himself, in a sense more

unselfishly if that were possible even than our own dear young fellows, because he would not see wrong done without trying to fight it. Then his modesty, his humour and his cheeriness, which seem more wonderful now when one realizes how much physically he had to fight against, were very engaging and delightful. I shall not soon forget him."

Lady Warren writes:

"How fine he was and what a joy that one so fine was your very own — your precious possession. How you must live over the joy he gave you. It was so splendid of him, for he simply gave himself for the cause of right. I always felt how wonderful it was that he should have had the perception of what to do so quickly. That is really the wonder of it, it is so much easier to follow than to lead."

Miss Sellar, a friend in Edinburgh, who knew him when he was a Tommy there, writes:

"I have been so truly grieved to hear from Mrs. Haig Ferguson of the great sorrow that has come to you. I have so vivid a recollection of your son and of a remark he made to me with the simplicity of unconscious heroism. I was asking about the motive that had brought him to enter our Army and he said that while doing hospital work — was it with the Belgians — he realized how terrific the forces arrayed against the Allies were, and how perfect the organization, and he could no longer keep out of it, and this with the treble excuse — that he was already doing splendid work, that he was of a different nationality, and that one little suspected, at the time, that he had a weak heart. But the instinct of sacrifice is too strong to a great-souled nature to be denied. With your sorrow must be

mixed great pride and great thankfulness. This War has been a terrible testing time — from first to last to him it was the nobly seized opportunity of showing the greatness of his nature. I am proud to think that for a time he was in one of our regiments, and that our men had the opportunity of coming in contact with such a character.”

Beresford Melville, Chief Press Censor of England during the War, writes:

“I remember him well, his fine early dash to help us in our early difficulties, and his excellent military record, and his cheery optimism when I saw him in convalescence. You must indeed be proud — but Oh! how sad!”

From “The Harvard Alumni Bulletin” May 13, 1920:

CASPAR HENRY BURTON, JR., '09.

Editor, Harvard Alumni Bulletin:

THE rare privilege of viewing at close-hand the marvellous courage of Caspar Henry Burton, Jr., during his last illness was given only to his immediate family, close friends, and his physicians. Never did a patient win the hearts of his attending physicians through an exhibition of pure pluck more than did this gallant Harvard soldier, the latest to join the already large group of Harvard Dead.

I wish to take this opportunity of letting “Cap’s” former classmates and friends know a little of the fearless courage possessed by him. It will be remembered that Burton spent one year in the Harvard Medical School after his graduation from College in 1909. At the end of that year he developed a septic sore throat which was followed by an attack of acute rheumatic fever, in the course

of which his heart became affected. He showed the first of his remarkable pluck, which was to stand him in such good stead later, by the way he met this heart trouble; for he remained in bed flat on his back for almost three months in order to rest up his heart. As he so characteristically said, so many times, "I know just enough medicine to know how to treat my own heart right." Shortly after this, he went to Labrador with Grenfell and worked like anybody else, never mentioning his heart trouble. He never refused to do the hardest type of physical work.

At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the British Army as a "Tommy" and after one year of the hardest kind of training was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant. It was grimly amusing to hear him tell how he hoodwinked and talked down the objections of various grades of army doctors who wanted to throw him out on account of his heart.

That he had many such experiences can be readily understood when it is remembered that during his service in the British Army he was in seven different hospitals, a list of which follows: the Oxford Hospital, the Edinburgh Hospital, a casualty clearing station near the front in France where he was detained two weeks owing to the severity of his chest wounds, the Duchess of Westminster Hospital at Le Touquet, the London Hospital, the Princess Christian Hospital, and the Reading Military Hospital. In fact he was almost continuously in the hospitals from May, 1917, until September, 1917.

When the United States entered the war, "Cap" again showed the stuff that was in him by resigning his commission as second lieutenant in the 4th King's (Liverpool) Regiment and seeking to enter the Army of his own country. "With a chest full of junk and a heart that was

not working right," to use his own phrase, he applied for examination before an American Army doctor. After a long and stormy session, "Cap" emerged victorious, simply because, as he said, "I knew more about hearts than the fellow who examined me." He received a commission as first lieutenant and was assigned to the headquarters of the Second Army Corps. He served throughout the rest of the war without complaining, although he suffered almost continuously with his breathing, a fact of which no one knew until after his discharge in March, 1919.

I do not believe there is a finer display of courage than "Cap" Burton's grit in going through the entire war in the service of two countries with a damaged heart which was made decidedly worse, not only by the hardships of army life, but also by his mutilating wounds of the lungs; all of this hastened his end. It can be truly said that Caspar Henry Burton, Jr., sacrificed his heart and thereby his life for his country.

His Physician,
J. VICTOR GREENEBAUM, '08, M.D. '11.

Part of an address given by Father Powell on Good
Friday on the Sixth Word from the Cross:

IT IS FINISHED

It is but a few days ago that a friend of ours whom some of you knew, Caspar Burton, a man of thirty-odd, fell asleep in Christ. Life had often seemed to him but a sad and evil thing. He thought that he had accomplished nothing. He thought that everything to which he had set his hand had failed, and yet now his life is seen by us, his friends, to have been a conspicuous and triumphant success.

So distinguished a person as Dr. Grenfell, wherever he goes, refers to the astonishing work that Caspar Burton did for men in Labrador, how he lived there a life of hardship, a life of suffering and of endurance, a life indeed of utter self-forgetfulness. It is true that he often did think of himself. He always considered himself to be selfish, sometimes even to those who loved him best he seemed to be so, but it is true that in his greater moments he entirely forgot himself, and those greater moments made by far the larger part of his life in latter years.

When the war broke out there was no hesitation. There was no waiting. He saw his duty clearly. He must take sides. He had no doubt about what he ought to do, and at first, I think I am right in saying that he went in the only way that seemed possible, as a member of the Red Cross. But quickly he understood that he must fight, and to understand that was for him equivalent to a decision. He enlisted as an English Tommy. Then there followed the training, the endless marches and tramps, carrying eighty or ninety pounds on his back, the bunking with the English privates, the sharing of their entire life, shirking nothing, doing it all with amazing courage, playing it as wholeheartedly as in former years he had played golf or tramped after game in the Canadian woods.

Then he was wounded. Most men would have been entirely incapacitated and would have felt that they had done their full duty, but not so this man. As soon as America came into the war he must fight with his own countrymen, and with a failing heart, with lungs still full of shrapnel, as we learned afterwards, he faked symptoms so that American Army doctors should not turn him down.

When the war ended he came home and started in busi-

ness, a thing that naturally he loathed, but he had a clear vision of duty. Then soon followed sixteen weeks of intolerable suffering, all borne without a complaint, sixteen weeks of horrible pain under the microscopic gaze of friends who came from far and wide to see him. Always he played the game, always pretending that it was less than it really was. The nearest he ever came to crying out was once when his father came into the room, and presently, with a smile, he remarked in a casual way, "I hate to say it, Dad, but I think I could stand it better if you would go out of the room." It added to the pain having one whom he loved see his suffering.

Apparent failure is part of the cup that we may all have to drink. Christ on Calvary seemed to those who watched a failure. His whole life must have seemed to His friends a failure. So it was with our friend. But in his own way and measure, like Christ, he died that others might live.

Let this last letter come as a benediction from the great-hearted pastor and prelate, His Grace, the Archbishop of York:

*Largie Castle,
Tayinloan, Argyll,
8 April, 1920.*

DEAR BURTON,

I AM here for a few days' rest and have just heard of your great sorrow. Please let me send you, and through you to Mrs. Burton and Spence, my heartfelt sympathy with you. The pathos of it all comes home to me when I remember all the loving care you had for your boy during the War. But he was at the post of honour at a great time: so his life has not been lived in vain: and now God will perfect

it and train it for still higher service. May He give to you and Mrs. Burton strength and faith and hope. . . .

Yours in sincerest sympathy,

COSMO EBOR.

Caspar himself must end this volume of his letters. Just before going into action one night he wrote to Mother, "Death doesn't seem as dreadful to me as failure to do whatever job you are given to do."



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